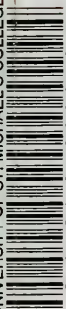
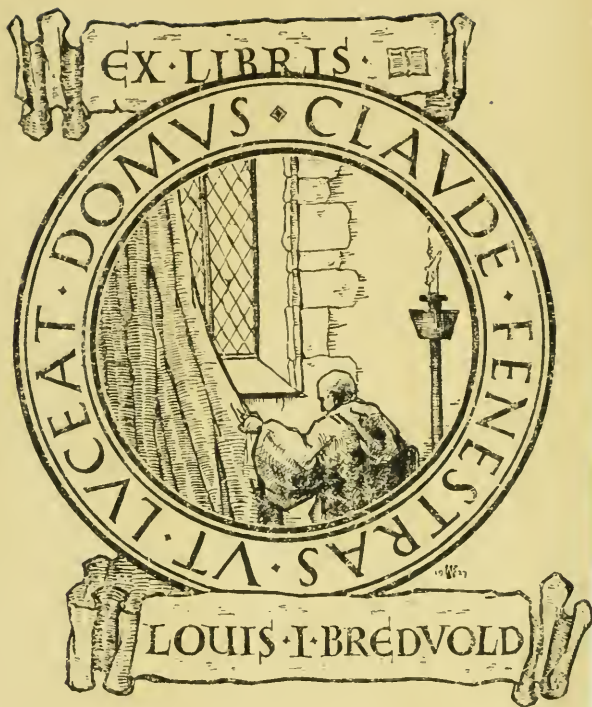


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Spenser
Faerie
Queene
Book II





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SPENSER
THE FAERIE QUEENE



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

C. F. CLAY, MANAGER

LONDON : FETTER LANE, E.C. 4



NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN CO.

BOMBAY

CALCUTTA } MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

MADRAS }

TORONTO : THE MACMILLAN CO. OF

CANADA, LTD.

TOKYO : MARUZEN-KABUSHIKI-KAISHA

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EDMUND SPENSER

THE
FAERIE QUEENE

BOOK II

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Cambridge :
at the University Press
1922

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First Edition 1914

Second Edition 1919

Reprinted 1922

Gift
John Arthos
7-10-59

PREFACE

FOR valuable help in preparing the following edition I should like to express my indebtedness to the Modern Language Association of America, particularly the essays *Spenser's Imitations of Ariosto*, by R. E. Neill Dodge, and *Spenser's Lost Works*, by Philo M. Buck. I have also, as my references will show, freely employed Miss C. A. Harper's monograph on *The Sources of the British Chronicle History in Spenser's Faerie Queene*.

There are many problems still remaining in Spenserian scholarship, but I hope my edition may serve as a genuine help towards elucidating a few; the essay on *Spenser and Aristotle* is original, and will I trust be found of interest to Spenserian scholars generally while the investigation of the sources of Book II is much more full than can be found elsewhere.

I wish also to thank my friend Dr Herford for advice and the loan of books.

L. W.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES,
ABERYSTWYTH.

January 1914.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

A FEW additions have been made in the following pages to the material previously given.

The most important is the attempt to interpret the historical allegory in Section V; I have also pointed out in Section III what I consider to be almost certainly a relation between Spenser's peculiar alliterative system and that of Irish metre; space has prevented me giving more than one illustrative example but a good many further parallels were easily proved.

I wish to thank Dr Parry-Williams for his kind assistance with the problem of the Irish metres, and also to express my general indebtedness to the publications of the "Modern Language Association of America."

L. WINSTANLEY.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES,
ABERYSTWYTH.

January, 1919.

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INTRODUCTION

I. TABLE OF DATES.

- 1552? Birth of Edmund Spenser.
1558 Accession of Elizabeth.
1569 Spenser enters Pembroke College, Cambridge.
1572 Massacre of St Bartholomew.
1578 Elizabeth helps the Netherlands.
1579 Spenser publishes *The Shepherds Calender*.
1580 Spenser goes to Ireland.
1581 Publication of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*.
1584 Assassination of William the Silent.
1585 Drake sails round the world.
Leicester goes to the Netherlands.
1587 Death of Sir Philip Sidney.
Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.
1588 Defeat of the Armada.
1589 Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland.
Accession of Henry IV of France.
1590 Spenser publishes *The Faerie Queene* (Books I—III).
1591 Spenser publishes *Complaints* ("Ruins of Time," "Tears of the Muses," "Mother Hubbard's Tale," "Muio-potnos," etc.).
1595 Spenser publishes *Colin Clouts Come Home Again, Astrophel, Amoretti and Epithalamion*.
1596 Second edition of *The Faerie Queene*, including Books IV—VI, *Fowre Hymnes, Prothalamion*.
1598 Rebellion in Munster.
Spenser's flight from Ireland.
1599 Spenser dies in Westminster.
1633 *A View of the Present State of Ireland*.

II. "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

The extraordinary richness of the Elizabethan period in English literature may be traced mainly to the fertilising influence of the Renaissance and the Reformation, combined with the inspiration of a great age of conquest and discovery.

Spenser is one of the noblest and most inexhaustible among all English poets; inferior to Milton in constructive power he is superior even to him in extent and variety of beauty. His poem owes its immense wealth to the fact that it lays under contribution such a number of different sources. Spenser is one of the most intellectual of all English poets and one of the most catholic; the fascination he has almost invariably exercised upon his poetic brethren may be traced partly to his unequalled gift of sheer beauty and partly to the depth and variety of his thought. It is hardly too much to say that in *The Faerie Queene* there is gathered together the accumulated treasure-trove of three worlds.

In the first place Spenser rifled the vast mediaeval storehouse; the Middle Ages lay behind him but not too far, and he understood them in a way no modern man can hope to do; much that is loveliest and most characteristic in his poem is mediaeval. There is a deliberate flavour of the mediaeval in his style; it has a richness and quaintness like the rich quaintness, gold-inwrought and gem-incrusted, of old armour; he takes from the antique language numbers of strange words, curious Anglo-Saxon or delicate Norman-French, chivalrous and rare in their very sound. He takes the old alliteration, discards it as a principle (as such its day was done), but employs it to add melody and subtlety to his verse; he utilises it with a cunning no later poet, however willing, has ever been able to rival.

From the Middle Ages again, Spenser derives the form of his poem-allegory; he is emphatically a philosophical poet and, as the *Four Hymnes* show, he can, when he chooses, express philosophical ideas directly and admirably, but a long philosophical poem is apt to be tedious and Spenser's allegorical

form gives him many advantages: it permits him to revel in beautiful images and strange imaginations and yet, at the same time, to make each one the symbol of some deep and serious reality.

The allegory of *The Faerie Queene* has seldom been appreciated at its true value; the form would have been a hindrance to a poet possessed of great narrative or dramatic genius, but Spenser did not, so far as the evidence goes, command either; what he did possess was a far-reaching interest in all things intellectual and a most rare perception of sensuous beauty, and his allegory enabled him to render the one in terms of the other. As we can perceive readily enough from his imitators, the poem that is only a tissue of beautiful images soon wearies and cloy; the perennial fascination of Spenser lies in the ever-new depths of meaning that the attentive reader continually discovers. Spenser's allegory, as a form, compares very favourably with the philosophical poem of the eighteenth century or the Wordsworthian epic. It is noticeable too that, when Shelley endeavours to perform the same task as Spenser—to express subtle intellectual ideas in terms of beauty—he is impelled, though he has no allegorical tradition behind him, to invent an allegorical form of his own; *Prometheus Unbound*, *Adonais* and *Epipsychidion* are all really allegories and, as compared with Shelley, Spenser certainly gains by the fact that so much of his symbolism is ready to hand and that his means of expression are, therefore, so much easier and more abundant.

In form, then, Spenser owes much to the Middle Ages and he also employs many mediaeval ideas; he takes, especially, three groups of noble conceptions—religion, chivalry and romantic love.

Puritan as he is, he does not hesitate to draw upon the comprehensive stores of scholastic theology and his legend of Holiness, in particular, owes much to that source; it supplies him with his conceptions of Error and of Pride, with the gloomy and terrible imagery of the Seven Deadly Sins, the House of Holiness with its cardinal virtues—Faith, Hope and

Charity—and the seven Bedesmen with their beautiful offices and services. In the second book it gives him the idea of Phaedria who is Slothfulness or “accidia” and Mammon—the god of the world and worldlings; it is a mediaeval feeling which causes him to rank chastity so very high and to term it: “the fairest virtue far above the rest.”

Mediaeval chivalry, again, Spenser takes with entire seriousness; nothing seems more excellent to him than high adventure sought for its own sake; all the deeds of the romances—duels with pagans, fights with the evil rabble, conflicts with monsters, defence of chastity, strange romantic journeys—all appear in his pages. The mediaeval idea of a knight setting out on a quest is the leading motive in each one of his books and the whole plan is avowedly suggested by the Round Table of the *Morte d'Arthur*. Nor is this mediaeval chivalry a mere artificial recrudescence of the past—an attempt to revive a bygone phase of feeling; it is only an excellent symbol for an intense and living reality—the high-hearted adventure of Spenser's own day. The actual world in which he lived, which he beheld with his own eyes, was as full of perils and subtle snares as the one he depicted in his work.

Again Spenser loves the noble courtesy of chivalry—the courtesy of man to man and of man to woman; his women nearly all reveal the mingled dignity and sweetness of the chivalrous ideal. There is nothing he more resents than churlishness and want of courtesy; it is with him invariably a mark of the base character and the ignoble mind; the “generall end of all the booke,” as he phrases it, is “to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline,” and he never forgets the “gentleness.” He makes “courtesy” the subject of a whole legend. Even the ornaments of chivalry are often present in Spenser; like his beloved Chaucer he delights in rich armour and fighting gear of all kinds; he likes arras, tapestries and curious carvings; again, like mediaeval authors, he loves quaint dress, and he has this advantage—that many of his personages being supernatural he can invest their attire with more than mortal loveliness.

Romantic love also plays a great part in Spenser as it does in Malory and his compeers. Fidelity in love is insisted upon with the same high seriousness; the lover must claim few earthly rewards and be contented with but little; Spenser's knights win their ladies by hard assays and count love as their greatest inspiration. The Middle Ages, however, never really succeeded in reconciling their love with their religion, the two ideals were inconsistent and often, as in the tale of Lancelot, at odds. Spenser, by virtue of his Platonism, was enabled to reconcile his theory of love with his religion. For, just as he embodied in his poem much that was noblest in the Middle Ages, so also he drew upon the great classical world.

His admiration of Aristotle is one of the things he took over from scholastic theology; none the less his debt is not, in any sense, a secondary one. He studies Aristotle on his own account—closely and intimately; he derives from him a system of ethics which has balance and judgment, which is distilled from the real life of men as seen by one of the acutest of human observers. He draws from Aristotle, especially, the mechanism of the second book which deals with Temperance, and of the fifth book which deals with Justice, that is, as we should expect, he derives from him mainly the analysis of the most practical virtues. And Aristotle's great rival—Plato—possesses an influence even stronger. Spenser's Platonism helps him to blend his worship of beauty with his no less ardent worship of good; it teaches him how beauty may become one of the most powerful of all means towards moral excellence; it helps him to consider the loveliness of the human body as the fitting vesture for the still greater loveliness of the human soul; it enables him to view the beauty of the visible world as a symbol of the divine beauty. Hence the audacity with which, above all other poets, he dwells upon beauty and the exceeding greatness of his reward; for, with him, beauty is not cloying or enervating; it leads the way to a high strenuousness of soul.

And his Platonism teaches him also a philosophy for his romantic love which makes that too an important part of the

education of the human mind, a vital experience more profound and stimulating than any other because appealing to unspeakable depths and ante-natal memories. There is one Platonic love (in this true sense of the term) described in each book of *The Faerie Queene*; the knight of Temperance—Guyon—alone does not possess it, but the love described in that book is the love of Arthur. Spenser's Platonism, moreover, gives him the conception of virtue as a harmony and of a well-balanced character as containing within itself all gifts and graces. His Platonism and Neo-Platonism, taken together, give him a great breadth of atmosphere; they add space and depth—an almost infinite space—to his poem, as in the account of the Gardens of Adonis, where all created things are preserved in the weird "interlunar space" between their earthly incarnations, and in the unfinished portion of the seventh book, perhaps the most magnificent of all, where the ever-flowing, ever-changing world of earth is represented as the shadow of a divine and stable, an eternal reality.

Spenser's Platonism, again, lends itself readily to his allegorical method. Allegory is not with him, as it proved sometimes in his mediaeval predecessors, a tedious and indirect method of telling a story; it is exactly proportioned to a world where all things are indeed copies of ideas more real and deeper than they. Spenser, like Plato, was in his heart thoroughly convinced that the true vitality, the true being, belongs to things of the mind, and that the material world is only their faint reflection. Spenser really did construct his poem as Plato said the Demiurge constructed the universe¹—the ideas first, and afterwards, the sensuous world, which is at once their symbol and their shadow. It is Platonism which, more than anything else, gives its real unity to *The Faerie Queene*.

With classical mythology, again, Spenser was well acquainted. At every turn some classical parallel occurs to him; at every turn we discover some beautiful treatment of a myth or some reminiscence of a Greek or Latin poet, but worked out in a really original way. It must be remembered that the

¹ *Timæus*.

men of the Renaissance had nothing of our feeling as to a kind of personal property in ideas; they regarded all ideas, whether philosophical or poetical, as a part of the patrimony of the human race; each poet was at liberty to adapt or translate as much as he chose—all that was demanded from him was that he should remake it with the seal of his own personality.

Spenser, like Milton, is fond of using a classical myth by way of simile:

“Looke! how the crowne which Ariadne wore
 Upon her young forehead, that same day
 That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
 When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
 With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay,
 Being now placed in the firmament,
 Through the bright heaven doth her beames display,
 And is unto the starres an ornament,
 Which round about her move in order excellent¹.”

All this lovely simile is to explain that Spenser's lady-love adorns the group of beautiful maidens who surround her just as Ariadne's crown adorns the other stars; it is longer than Milton's similes but is very like them in style. Very frequently indeed an old myth is taken by Spenser and made the foundation of a new one with a quite novel application.

Thus the story of the Amazons is introduced most effectively in the legend of Justice where Britomart delivers Artegall from the bondage of Radegund; the legend of the Titans and their war against Jove gives Spenser his magnificent goddess “Mutability,” and he contrives to make the myth significant of his finest and deepest religious thought. How difficult it was to perform such a task may be judged from the example of Keats who attempted a similar feat in his *Hyperion*, but who, notwithstanding the great beauty of his execution, failed to make his poem significant because he had not re-vitalised the story by investing it with any new and important meaning.

¹ VI x 13.

In the last resort we are not really interested in the subject of *Hyperion*.

But Spenser's myth has a truly great idea underlying it; the elder gods, as typified by his Titaness, stand for the blind forces of the universe, tremendous but evanescent; in all their vehemence they serve the purpose of those who are greater than they; the universe, after all its changes, returns to the same place from which it set out but with the added content of a rich and varied experience. These cantos alone would suffice to place Spenser among great philosophical poets. In a lighter vein is the quest of Venus for Cupid, which appears like an early poem worked into the main structure of *The Faerie Queene* and which Spenser employs as an ornate introduction to the story of Amoret and Belphoebe¹.

Again Spenser invents a myth entirely of his own in the marriage of the Thames and Medway². This is a piece of patriotism and introduced that he may celebrate the British rivers, but he lays hands on Homer's lovely descriptions of sea-goddesses—Thetis and her kin—in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and these and Ovid he employs as suggestions for his own exquisite fancies. In every case the original material has been worked over and rendered into something new. The myths are thus made to live afresh.

Very similar is Spenser's treatment of classical poets! He draws quite freely upon them—Homer, Virgil, Claudian, Ovid—but what he borrows he elaborates in his own way. The most romantic of Spenser's voyages—that to the Bower of Bliss—is suggested by the *Odyssey*; the features of the two voyages are similar but they are not the same, and, in each case, Spenser has added an interpretation of which Homer did not dream. It is from the same source—the *Odyssey*—that Spenser takes his account of Marinell, who is the son of a sea-nymph and a mortal and over whom some strange peril for ever impends. The mourning of the sea-nymphs for Marinell³ is closely similar to their mourning for Achilles. From the *Odyssey* too, Spenser takes his Proteus who so terrifies Florimell,

¹ III vi.² IV ix.³ III iv.

but the description of Proteus, though suggested by Homer, is not identical; there are many freshly-imagined details, such as the "cold ysickles" on his "rough beard," and Proteus, moreover, has a symbolical meaning, illustrating the thousand terrifying and bestial forms of lust. The modern reader may prefer Homer's sea-god, but the point to lay stress on is that Spenser borrows nothing which he does not transform.

From the *Iliad* he takes less than from the *Odyssey*, but he adopts the myth of the cestus of Venus; changed into the girdle of Florimell it becomes a Platonic symbol; it is a means of distinguishing between the beauty which is outward beauty only and the beauty which is the revelation of an inner loveliness of mind and heart.

Again there is much that Spenser borrows from Virgil. As we should expect, the influence shows itself largely in the matter of style; there are many Virgilian phrases, beautiful and distinguished or subtle and tender. There are numerous incidents and whole passages. One incident is that of the tree which is really a human being, and bleeds when a twig is broken off¹. The descent of Duessa to Hades is suggested by the sixth *Æneid*; it is a worthy rival to the latter in its tremendous impressiveness, its "inspissated gloom"; Spenser has employed the same source, though in a less degree, for the Cave of Mammon².

But, liberally as Spenser has drawn upon the classical and the mediaeval worlds, he does not, on that account, neglect his own. Spenser was by no means indifferent to the life around him, and those who represent him as the poet of a remote fairyland gravely misunderstand him. His work, with all its splendour of ornament, with all its richness of device, is a bodying forth of the life of his own age. He lived ardently and keenly with the men of his time.

Cambridge, when he was a student, had been the chief English centre of Puritanism. He took sides zealously in this controversy. As *The Shepherds Calender* reveals, he was, at the beginning, a most vigorous partisan; he defended

¹ i ii

² i v.

Archbishop Grindal, who had been suspended for favouring the Puritans; he inveighed against the abuses of the church—pluralities and the like—and the whole system of the hierarchy. In *Mother Hubbard's Tale* we see the same attitude, rendered with even greater bitterness. In *The Faerie Queene* his Puritanism reveals itself no less forcibly. There runs through the poem the Puritan conception of life as a great conflict waged between the forces of good and evil; the whole universe is a witness, heaven and hell themselves take sides. It is the same conception as that we discover later in Milton's great epics. The Puritan idea of predestination is nearly always present to the poet's mind, sometimes expressed in religious imagery, sometimes referred to as if it were one with the classical fate.

Spenser views his country primarily as the great protagonist of the Reformed faith; the struggle of Protestantism against the Church of Rome as opposing forces is the conflict between Una and Duessa; the warfare is followed in Europe as a whole—in Ireland, in the Low Countries, in France; Philip II of Spain as Geronyeo is the most hideous of all the monsters against whom the fairy knights contend. Mary, Queen of Scots, as the opponent of Elizabeth, is Duessa and also Radegund, and Spenser justifies his queen's judgment upon her great rival.

Spenser had, as his friends, Sidney and Raleigh, and there is plenty of evidence that he shared their great and comprehensive political ideals. Sidney desired that England should play a leading part in the European polity, while Raleigh had the widest colonizing schemes: to make England realise her high destiny, both in Europe and in the world as a whole was that at which they both aimed. *The Faerie Queene* is a witness how closely Spenser followed foreign policy and how great he believed the destiny of his nation should be. The chivalrous quests of Spenser's knights are only a reflection, not too remote, of actual events. It is noticeable too that Spenser sympathized with what to a modern reader seems the chief blot on an otherwise great reign—

the savage Elizabethan policy in Ireland. The evidence is found in the fifth book of *The Faerie Queene* and in his prose pamphlet, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*. We shall never understand Spenser unless we remember that his monsters and enchantments are not stage-properties but are symbols of realities no less terrible and strange. He could hardly exaggerate the wonders of a world which contained so many unknown seas and undiscovered lands, nor the perils of one which held the Spanish Inquisition, and had witnessed the Massacre of St Bartholomew.

The dramas of Shakespeare are, without doubt, inspired by the heroic and abounding life of the Elizabethan period, but they are no direct reflection of it. The reflection in *The Faerie Queene*, on the other hand, is often very plain. The value of Spenser's allegory lies in the fact that it enables him to translate the rough and crude happenings of the external world into symbols which are of eternal beauty. The fierce controversies of his time have troubled his pages now and again, but it is amazing how many of them are viewed *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Nor are the art and poetry of Spenser's own age neglected; he knew the French poets of the Pléiade and the great Italian writers of the sixteenth century—Ariosto and Tasso; Ariosto, especially, he uses as a quarry from which to extract numberless interesting tales. Tasso's *Armida* has suggested to him his description of Acrasia and her bower. Often in *The Faerie Queene* we see his love of painting, sculpture and music. From its pages alone we could gather that the sixteenth century was a great artistic age.

In all English literature there is no other poem quite so rich, none which exhibits such a variety of interest, which draws from so many and such noble sources. And it is pervaded by a singular unity of thought and style: the fundamental ideas—Puritanism and Platonism—run through the whole; it is essentially an ethical and philosophical poem and, ethically and philosophically, it is a unity. Its consistency of narrative is not equal to its consistency of thought. Still

three out of the six books possess, even as narratives, a considerable degree of excellence and are, in themselves, complete wholes, and though the other three are less successful yet certain portions—those dealing with Britomart, Amoret and Florimell—stand out as really fine creations.

The unity of style is even more striking. There is no other poet, not even Shelley, who is more consistently himself, or who shows so few lapses from the rarest poetic taste. Every now and again there is a passage which is below the usual level: Aristotle's theory of the golden mean imperfectly poetised, a chronicle of British kings which becomes tedious, a scabrous incident from Ariosto which remains as a blot upon Spenser's pages, but these things are comparatively few and even in them there is the unfailing charm of style.

Spenser has always been the poet's poet, and has proved stimulating above all other writers; it is not surprising that he should be so; he is too highly intellectualised for the careless to understand him, but in the whole range of English letters there is no author more repaying.

III. LITERARY SOURCES OF BOOK II.

(a) MEDIAEVAL.

Spenser is one of our greatest metrical artists and the famous stanza of *The Faerie Queene* is one of the greatest inventions of English letters. It was probably suggested by the seven-lined stanza of Chaucer but has practically superseded it; the two great metrical inventions of Spenser's stanza are the fourth "b" rhyme and the Alexandrine at the end.

Spenser also uses very frequently the mediaeval ornament of alliteration; this has been generally supposed to be due to the influence of the Anglo-Saxon alliterative line, but Anglo-Saxon alliteration is monotonous compared with the subtle variety and beauty of Spenserian alliteration, and it is much more probable that Spenser derived his ideas from Irish metre.

Spenser resided in Ireland for a number of years (1580—1599); there is every probability that he heard Irish metres sung and recited and he was, as we know from his Cambridge

experiments, keenly interested in all metrical forms. Whenever Spenser achieves an effect of almost unearthly beauty it will, I think, be found on examination that the effect is really due to a particularly subtle use of internal alliteration and assonance very closely resembling those of Irish poetry.

In Irish metres alliteration is employed initially as a regular system but, besides that, there are a number of subordinate alliterations employed irregularly and frequently; many of them occur medially and the alliterations and assonances are run on from line to line and stanza to stanza. To take an example:

- 1 *Cet mac Matach • magen curad*
- 2 *críde n- ega • eithre néla*
- 3 *eirr trén tressa • trethan ágach*
- 4 *cáin tarb tnúthach • Cet mac Magach*
- 5 *Bid mend inar n'imchomruc (-ni ón ar Conall),*
- 6 *(ocus) bid mend inar n'imscarad,*
- 7 *bid airscela la Fer m • brot,*
- 8 *bid fidnaisi la Fer manath.*
- 9 *Adcichset airg loman londglaíad*
- 10 *fer dar fer is taig seo innocht.*

When we analyse this passage as a whole we find that its alliteration is of the most complicated character. The nasal alliteration in "m" is marked in l. 1 where it occurs three times, returns in l. 4 where it comes twice, occurs in combinations of "m" and "n" no less than *eight* times in l. 5 which forms a kind of emphatic centre to the whole group, occurs three times in l. 6, initially in l. 7 and l. 8 and twice internally in l. 9.

There are also alliterations in the stops "c" and "ch" and in "r" and in "f," most running through the whole passage. The fact is that Irish metre uses alliterations very much as a musician employs notes in music, combining and re-combining in endless variety; there is also a tendency to employ together certain groups such as the dentals, the liquids and the nasals.

We may now compare a stanza of Spenser's:

- 1 So now to Guyon as he passed by
- 2 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde :
- 3 O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,

- 4 That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
 5 Above all knights that ever batteil tryde,
 6 O! turn thy rudder hitherward awhile,
 7 Here may thy storme-bett vessel safely ryde;
 8 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 9 The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

Here we have a very similar effect to the richness and intricacy of the Irish metre. The alliteration in "p" occurs in l. 1 and l. 2, then passes away but only to recur in the last two lines of the stanza. The alliteration in "t" enters in l. 2, becomes dominant in l. 5 and l. 6, passes out in l. 7 but recurs with three examples in the last two lines. There is an alliteration in "s" which occurs in l. 2 and l. 3, becomes dominant in l. 7 and occurs twice in the last line; there is also an alliteration in "f," one in "m" which occurs four times in l. 4, making a most emphatic centre to the stanza (exactly like the Irish example), alliterations in "b," "r" and "w," and all combine together in the last two lines. Many similar parallels might be quoted.

Spenser's diction is quite deliberately archaic; his is essentially, as Ben Jonson long ago pointed out, an invented language, but it should never be forgotten that Spenser was the first of the great Elizabethans and, as such, bound to be an experimenter, in diction as well as in other matters. There is nothing extraordinary in the idea of an invented language as such; Dante invented a language of his own in the *Divina Commedia* and, though Spenser's invention was less successful than Dante's, yet it has influenced other poets very greatly; the multitude of old words adds to the resources of his vocabulary, and really does help to give him a rich strangeness of diction corresponding to his rare distinction of ideas. His words are, many of them, Anglo-Saxon words such as: eke, eld, grate (weep), nill (will not), nathemore (none the more), nathlesse, sprent (sprinkled), swinck (toil), tine (to feel pain), yfere (in company with), sam (together), or they are Norman-French such as: bord (accost), embay (steep), gramercy (thanks), ydlesse (idleness), tassel (hawk), minion (lover), menage (handle), etc., etc. Occasionally Spenser seems to

employ dialect forms. Exceptionally he makes a mistake and uses a word in a sense which it will not bear, or misunderstands a grammatical form, creating an imaginary infinitive, such as "to yede" for "to go."

We may observe that Spenser is not by any means the last English poet to create his own poetic speech. Milton also invented a diction of his own, less archaic and more classical than Spenser's but just as different, both in vocabulary and in idiom, from the ordinary speech of his time; in our own day we have seen an experiment in quaintness, much akin to Spenser's, successfully conducted by the Irish poets.

Of Spenser's peculiar diction, very little could have been unintelligible to the men of his own day and it had many advantages; it provided him with abundance of melodious words, with many new rhymes for his difficult stanza, and it also introduced (especially in the Norman-French words) a special flavour of chivalry and the customs of chivalry. His language really does suggest the distinctive tone and temper of such works as Malory's *Morte D'Arthure*, and thus, by a well-known psychological law, it prepares the way for the subject-matter. This suggestion, we may add, would be much more potent for the men of Spenser's day, who were, many of them, steeped in the romances of chivalry, than it is for us.

Among all his predecessors, Spenser owes most to Chaucer whom he repeatedly acknowledges as his master, a "most sacred happie spirit," "the well of English undefiled"; Chaucer's translation of the *Romaunt of the Rose* seems to have given Spenser many ideas for his exquisite allegorical portraits of women. They are, none of them, directly copied but they are exceedingly similar in style. We may compare "Fraunchyse" with Alma. Of Fraunchyse it is said:

"She was not brown ne dun of hewe,
But whyt as snowe y-fallen newe.

.

With eyen gladde and browes bente;
 Hir heer down to hir heles wente.
 And she was simple as douve on tree,
 Ful debonaire of herte was she."

And of Alma:

"For she was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That even heaven rejoiced her sweete face to see."

The portraits have the same delicacy and tenderness and the likeness between the different figures is increased by the loving care with which both the mediaeval poet and Spenser dwell upon details of features and details of dress.

Chaucer has probably influenced Spenser in his nature description. Like most mediaeval poets Chaucer loves rich and formal gardens, and Spenser also has the element of formalism in his description—he loves an ordered and arranged beauty—but it is worthy of note that Spenser has, everywhere, a wilder background; the greater part of *The Faerie Queene* was composed in Ireland and we feel always the threat of the savage woods, of the wild hills and perilous sea-shore. Spenser's knights and fair ladies are essentially creatures of a rare and civilized world astray in the midst of a dangerous wilderness.

Actual borrowings from Chaucer are numerous. The idea that the court of the Faerie Queene really reached its highest glory in the age of King Arthur is due to the *Wyf of Bath's Tale*. The story of Arthur's romantic love for the Faerie Queene is suggested by *Sir Thopas*, and the *Squire's Tale* is completed in Spenser's fourth legend though in a somewhat unsatisfactory manner. The second book is not so rich in reminiscences as some of the others. The dwelling of Morpheus as described in the *Book of the Duchesse* has its parallel in Phaedria's dreamy country.

Chaucer has

"there were a few welles
 Came running through the cliffes adoun,
 That made a deedly sleeping soun."

and Spenser :

“And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame.....and made a sowne
To lull him soft asleep that by it lay¹.”

In the Cave of Mammon Guyon finds many great iron chests full of gold, but around them men have perished :

“But all the ground with sculs was scattered
And dead mens bones, which round about were flung;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied².”

This is probably suggested by the *Pardoner's Tale*, where the old man informs the three rioters who are in search of Death that they will find him beneath an oak tree; they discover a great heap of gold, which does indeed prove the death of all three.

In the same canto (vii) there is a beautiful passage which recalls Chaucer's *Former Age*. Chaucer has :

“A blisful lyf, a paisible and a sweete
Ledden the peples in the former age....
But cursed was the time I dar wel seye,
That men first dide her swety bynesse
To grobbe up metal lurking in darknesse....”

and Spenser :

“The antique world, in his first flouring youth,
Found no defect in his Creatour's grace;
...Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacriledge to dig...”

When Spenser speaks of the seers who dwell in the house of Alma he locates Imagination³ in the fore part of the head, as does Chaucer⁴.

¹ II v 30.

² II vii 30.

³ II ix 49.

⁴ *Knight's Tale* 518.

In the *Hous of Fame* Chaucer describes the murmurs heard in Fame's dwelling and in the dwelling of "rumour":

"Ne never reste is in that place,
That hit nis fild of tydinges,
Other loude or of whisperinges;
And, over alle the houscs angles,
Is full of rouninges and of jangles,
Of werre, of pees, of marriages¹...."

"There mighte I seen
Wenged wondres faste fleen
Twenty thousand in a route²."

Chaucer also describes how many pilgrims brought "lesinges" and pardoners whole boxes of lies.

In very similar fashion Spenser describes the dwelling of Phantastes:

"And all the chamber filled was with flyes
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round....
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreams, opiniouns unsound,...
...leasinges, tales and lies³."

Chaucer is fond of giving lists of trees and birds, each one accompanied by attributes, of a mythical or allegorical kind and including such items as:

"The oule eek, that of dethe the bode bringeth⁴."

Spenser imitates this list in the evil birds that flock around Guyon:

"The ill-faste owle, deaths dreadful messengere,
The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere⁵."

But the borrowings from Chaucer are much more important in other books.

In his introductory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser declared that the end and aim of the whole book was to

¹ *Hous of Fame* 1956—61.

² *Hous of Fame* 2117—19.

³ II ix 51.

⁴ *The Parlcment of Foules*.

⁵ II xii 36.

“fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline.” He went on to explain that he had chosen Arthur as a model of all the virtues: “I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes and also furthest from the daunger of envy and suspition of the present time.” This being the case we should have expected that Spenser would have made a large use of the Arthurian legends, and especially of Malory’s *Morte D’Arthure*, but, as a matter of fact, he has not done so. We may surmise that the main difficulty which prevented him was the mediaeval conception of love. Spenser’s avowed aim was to teach morality, and he could hardly do this if he exalted knights who, like Tristram and Lancelot, were famous patterns of illicit love. Tennyson was met by the same ethical difficulty in the *Idylls of the King*, and only overcame it at the cost of cheapening and degrading the great heroes of chivalry. Spenser could not have brought himself to desecrate Tristram and Lancelot in any such manner nor could he introduce them as subordinate characters, they being much too great.

Thus only comparatively unimportant features are taken from Malory or, at least, no main narrative. The story of the Redcrosse Knight as told in the introductory letter begins very like that of “Beaumains” (i.e. Gareth); the monster of the sixth book—the Blatant Beast—is Malory’s “Questing Beast”; the famous example of discourtesy in the mantle made of the locks of ladies and the beards of knights is also from Malory, and Spenser has several references to the Lady of the Lake. The story of Merlin also appears to have attracted Spenser very greatly and he makes much use of it, though the most important passage—that describing Merlin’s revelations to Britomart—comes by way of Ariosto. There are also a fair number of references in the first book to the birth and nurture of Arthur. In the second book there are not many.

The birth of Ruddymane occurs under circumstances like those attending the birth of Tristram. Tristram is born in the forest; his mother perishes addressing her last words to

her "little son," and he receives his name from his sorrowful birth. So Guyon finds Ruddymane's mother dying and takes the child away from her side: he receives that name because his hands are red with his mother's blood. The account of Gloriana's festival which she holds yearly is like the yearly festival of Arthur¹. Spenser also makes much of Arthur's sword "that flames like burning brood," though he calls it "Morddure" and not "Excalibur"².

One mediæval author of whom Spenser makes considerable use is Geoffrey of Monmouth. Geoffrey is the main source of the list of British kings who are quoted partly as the ancestors of Arthur³ and partly as the descendants of Arthur and Britomart⁴. Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle is full of legend and of romance; it contains very little veracious history, but possesses much genuine poetic charm. Spenser's narrative follows Geoffrey's with only three considerable variations: the omission of Arthur's reign, the omission of Guiderius, whose story becomes confused with Kimbeline's, and the addition of the story of Bonduca or Boadicea. The omission of Arthur's reign was, of course, rendered necessary by the plot of *The Faerie Queene*. The remaining material is introduced with considerable ingenuity—the part before Arthur being perused by him as history and the part succeeding being revealed to Britomart as prophecy. Another evidence that Spenser drew mainly from Geoffrey is to be found in the forms of the proper names which are closely similar in both, while they are considerably altered in all the later chroniclers such as Holinshed and Hardyng.

It has also been shown that Spenser's method of workmanship was very elaborate and careful; he has revealed an exceedingly wide range of choice in his authorities, varying his outline now with a detail taken from one chronicler and now with a detail from another. Fairly frequently Spenser takes details from Hardyng, Holinshed and Stow, very occasionally from the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and now and again

¹ II ii 42.

² II iii 18.

³ II ix.

⁴ III iii.

possibly from Grafton and Camden¹. Occasionally Spenser derives material from an unknown source; thus it is not known where he found the story of "Debon and Coulin," which he alludes to as if it were a well-known tale; so also there are original details in his account of Brutus Greenshield.

Spenser's general plan in making his selections appears to have been to concentrate attention on the British line; he keeps the interest always with the successive British rulers; he contrives to do so even through the Roman period, which we are never permitted to feel as one of foreign ascendancy, and also during the Saxon warfare, nor does he ever mention rival British kings. The plan is probably selected in compliment to Elizabeth and the Welsh blood of the Tudors.

An interesting and rather difficult problem is suggested by the question why Spenser introduced this Chronicle material at all; the canto containing the list of British kings is one of the longest and certainly one of the dullest in *The Faerie Queene*, and it has not the least bearing on the subject of the legend—the virtue of Temperance—while in all other respects the book is admirably planned and keeps very carefully to its main theme. Why did Spenser introduce such a tedious digression? The answer can only be in the form of surmise.

It is almost certain that some portions of *The Faerie Queene* were written before the composition of the poem as a whole and afterwards included. Thus in the correspondence with Gabriel Harvey we have mention of an "Epithalamion Thamesis" which is, almost certainly, the Marriage of the Thames and Medway, and we hear also of certain "Legends." These "Legends" may well have treated of the history of the British kings—at any rate that is the only portion of Spenser's existing work to which such a description seems appropriately to apply. There was a good reason why he should treat such a subject, for it was a part of Elizabethan patriotism to glorify England and its history; Shakespeare exalted his country in

¹ Miss C. A. Harper, *The Sources of the British Chronicle History of Spenser's Faerie Queene*.

his historical dramas, and Drayton's *Polyolbion* is a veritable treasure-house of legends. Spenser's original poem may easily have been of a patriotic intention similar to these. But we may still enquire why Spenser introduced it into *The Faerie Queene* and in a situation where it has so little real place. The probability is that it was meant originally to have a much greater bearing upon the main theme. There is little doubt that Prince Arthur was intended to represent Leicester; Britomart is one of the types of the Queen. Probably Spenser meant to show in his poem the marriage of Leicester and the Queen as shadowed in their prototypes; the course of actual events must have effectually prevented the fulfilment of this plan and caused an alteration in the later part of the poem, but it would supply a very good reason for including the genealogy of Arthur at such disproportionate length and would also explain why Spenser felt himself compelled to introduce it at an early stage in the poem, whether appropriate or not. Further it is quite probable that Spenser had to condense his former poem—the "Legends"—and, if so, we can understand why the chronicle is bald and uninteresting. This is only surmise, but it is practically certain that the Chronicle material was originally meant to play a larger part in the structure of *The Faerie Queene* because, in the introductory stanzas to the first book, Spenser mentions these Chronicles as one of his most important subjects:

"Lay forth out of thine everlasting seryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fayrest Tanaquill."

Tanaquill is the name given to Elizabeth in the "records."

(b) CLASSICAL.

Spenser's debts to classical authors are very numerous, and it has already been mentioned that Homer was one of his favourites and provided him with many hints for *The Faerie Queene*. Those in Book II are fairly numerous. The type of all journeys to the under-world is, of course, to be

found in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, but Guyon's journey to the Cave of Mammon owes more to Virgil and Claudian than directly to Homer. There is, however, one incident—that of Tantalus—which is probably taken direct.

Homer describes how Tantalus stood in grievous torment, in a lake with the water coming up to his chin; he was straining after the water in his thirst but, as often as he stooped down in his eagerness to drink, the water was swallowed up and vanished away. Tall trees laden with fruit stood above his head but, when he stretched out his hands to the fruit, the wind would toss it away.

καὶ μὲν Τάνταλον εἰσεῖδον χαλέπ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
 ἑσταότ' ἐν λίμνῃ· ἣ δὲ πρόσπλαζε γενεῖω·
 στεῦτο δὲ διψῶν, πῖεῖν δ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἐλέσθαι.
 ὅσσάκι γὰρ κύψει' ὁ γέρων πῖεῖν μενεαίωνων,
 τοσσάχ' ὕδωρ ἀπολέσκειτ' ἀναβροχέν...
 δένδρεα δ' ὑπιπέτηλα κατὰ κρήθην χέε καρπόν.

 τῶν ὀπότ' ἰθύσει' ὁ γέρων ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσσασθαι,
 τὰς δ' ἄνεμος ῥίψασκε ποτὶ νέφεα σκίβεντα¹.

And Spenser has:

“Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke:
 But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainly swinke;
 The whiles he starv'd with hunger, and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.”

It is easy enough to understand why, from among so many figures, Spenser selects especially Tantalus; it was because, according to one version of his legend, he had been greedy at the banquets of the gods, and thus was a famous example of intemperance.

¹ *Odyssey* xi 582—592.

The closest correspondences with Homer occur in the voyage to Acrasia's bower, for Spenser finds many passages in the *Odyssey* which he can easily turn into most excellent symbolism. Thus Charybdis in Homer is simply a whirlpool, though fearfully and wonderfully described, but Spenser renders it as his Gulf of Greedinesse, a symbol of that insatiate appetite which devours for ever and is never content. Homer says that mighty Charybdis sucked down the black water three times a day, and three times a day she spouted it forth. As often as she belched it forth, she seethed like a cauldron or a great fire through all her troubled deeps and the rock around roared horribly and underneath the earth was visible, dark with sand.

ἐνθεν γὰρ Σκύλλη, ἐτέρωθι δὲ δία Χάρυβδις
 δεινὸν ἀνερροίβδησε θαλάσσης ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ.
 ἦτοι ὄτ' ἐξεμέσειε, λέβης ὡς ἐν πυρὶ πολλῶ
 πᾶσ' ἀναμορμύρεσκε κυκωμένη.....
 ἀλλ' ὄτ' ἀναβρόξειε θαλάσσης ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
 πᾶσ' ἔντοσθε φάνεσκε κυκωμένη, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτρῃ
 δεινὸν βεβρύχει, ὑπένερθε δὲ γαῖα φάνεσκε
 ψάμμῳ κυανέῃ¹.

Spenser's rendering is:

“That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray;
 Which having swallowed up excessively,
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to flee.”

“They, passing by, that griesly mouth doe see
 . Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
 That seemed more horrible than hell to be.”

Spenser's “Rock of Vile Reproche”—the infamy that comes from a life misspent—is partly copied from the rock in which Scylla lives and partly from the Wandering Rocks. Homer says concerning Scylla's rock: “On the other side are two

¹ *Odyssey* XII 235—243.

rocks, of which one reaches the heaven with a sharp peak. ...No mortal man can scale it or set foot upon it." And, concerning the Wandering Rocks: "From them no ship ever escapes that comes thither, but the planks of ships and the bodies of men are tossed to and fro confusedly by the waves of the sea."

ἔνθεν μὲν γὰρ πέτραι ἐπηρεφέες, προτὶ δ' αὐτὰς
κῦμα μέγα ῥοχθεῖ κυανώπιδος Ἀμφιτρίτης.

τῇ δ' οὐ πώ τις νηὺς φύγεν ἀνδρῶν, ἥτις ἔκηται,
ἀλλὰ θ' ὁμοῦ πίνακας τε νεῶν καὶ σώματα φωτῶν
κύμαθ' ἀλὸς φορέουσι πυρός τ' ὄλοοιο θύελλαι.

οἱ δὲ δὺω σκόπελοι ὁ μὲν οὐρανὸν εὐρὴν ἰκάνει
ὄξειη κορυφῇ.....

οὐδέ κεν ἀμβαίη βροτὸς ἀνὴρ οὐ καταβαίη,
οὐδ' εἴ οἱ χεῖρές τε εἰέκοσι καὶ πῶδες εἶεν¹.

Spenser has :

"On th' other side an hideous rock is pight
Of mighty magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth down to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift,
For, while they fly that gulf's devouring jawes,
They on the rock are rent and sunck in helpelesse wawes."

Spenser's mermaids are suggested by Homer's sirens. Homer says that whoever draws near to the Sirens and hears the sound of their voices will never again see wife or babes, but the Sirens will enchant him with their clear song, sitting in the meadow, while around them is a great heap of the bones of men, corrupt in death with the skin wasting over them.

Σειρήνας μὲν πρῶτον ἀφίξειαι, αἶρά τε πάντας
ἀνθρώπους θέλγουσιν, ὅτις σφέα: εἰσαφίκεται.

¹ *Odyssey* XII 59—78.

ὅτις αἰδρεῖη πελάσῃ καὶ φθόγγον ἀκούσῃ
 Σειρήνων, τῷ δ' οὐ τι γυνή καὶ νήπια τέκνα
 οἴκαδε νοστήσαντι παρίσταται οὐδὲ γάννυται,
 ἀλλὰ τε Σειρήνες λιγυρῇ θέλγουσιν αἰοιδῆ,
 ἤμεναι ἐν λειμῶνι· πολὺς δ' ἀμφ' ὄστερ' ἐφιν θις
 ἀνδρῶν πνυθόμενων, περὶ δὲ ῥίνοι μινύθουσιν¹.

Spenser describes how his mermaids were, as a punishment, half transformed into fish and adds:

“But th' upper halfe their hew retained still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
 Which ever after they abused to ill
 T' allure weak travellers, whom gotten they did kill.”

Homer's sirens invoke Odysseus: “Hither, come hither, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achaeans; let thy vessel abide that thou mayest hear our voice.”

δεῦρ' ἄγ' ἰών, πολύαιν' Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 νῆα κατάστησον, ἵνα νωϊτέρην ὄπ' ἀκούσῃς².

So Spenser's mermaids flatter Guyon:

“O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery
 That art in mightie arms most magnifyde
 Above all knights that ever battell tride.”

There is a difference in what follows: the sirens try to entice Odysseus by promising that they will sing, with their matchless and enchanting voices, the great deeds of Troy; but the mermaids offer Guyon only rest. It does not do to press the allegory too far, but the sirens probably stand for that mood of weariness which comes over so many men and destroys them on the very threshold of noble achievement. Odysseus is restrained by artificial means from obeying the power of enchantment, he is bound to the mast; but Guyon must overcome by his own strength—the Palmer admonishes him and he obeys.

It is noticeable how often Spenser represents the desire for rest as the chief of all earthly allurements; it is this which he

¹ *Odyssey* XII 39—46.

² *Odyssey* XII 184—5.

considers as "the last infirmity of noble minds," and his poem concludes with the prayer that he may obtain a glimpse of "the steadfast rest of all things."

In the same canto the net which Guyon flings over his enchantress and her lover is suggested by the net which Hephaestus wove to entrap Venus: it is a crafty net, subtle as a spider's web so that not even the gods can see it, and the victims are so enchained that they cannot stir a limb.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεύξε δόλον κεχολωμένος Ἄρει,
βῆ ῥ' ἔμην ἐς θάλαμον, ὅθι οἱ φίλα δέμνι' ἔκειτο,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἐρμῆσιν χέε δέσματα κύκλω ἀπάντη·
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ καθύπερθε μελαθρόφιν ἐξεκέχυντο,
ἥϊτ' ἀράχνια λεπτά, τάγ' οὐ κέ τις οὐδὲ ἴδοιτο,
οὐδὲ θεῶν μακάρων¹.

So Spenser's enchantress and her lover are entrapped:

"A subtile net, which onely for the same,
The skilfull palmer formally did frame
So held them fast..."

"And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine,
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine²."

Even the metaphor of the spider's web remains in Spenser's mind though he does not employ it here but to describe the garment of Acrasia:

"More subtile web Arachne cannot spin³."

Circe transforms the followers of Odysseus into swine, but they remain conscious of their hideous degradation, and mourning over it:

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δῶκέν τε καὶ ἔκπιον, αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα
ῥάβδῳ πεπληγυῖα κατὰ συφεοῖσιν ἔεργνυ.
οἱ δὲ συνῶν μὲν ἔχον κεφαλὰς φωνήν τε τρίχας τε
καὶ δέμας, αὐτὰρ νοῦς ἦν ἔμπεδος ὡς τὸ πάρος περ⁴.

¹ *Odyssey* viii 276—281.

² *II* xii 81—2.

³ *II* xii 77.

⁴ *Odyssey* x 237—240.

Odysseus insists upon his companions being restored, and Circe anoints them with a charm which removes their bristles and changes their shapes. When they are restored they take the hands of Odysseus and cry out with such a lament over their past degradation that even the goddess herself is stirred. In Spenser the change is less pathetic; they are transformed from beasts to "comely men," but they stare in ghastly fashion, some for shame and some in anger because they see Acrasia captive and her power over them is so great that still, after all that has befallen, she fascinates and enthralls.

Homer was one of Spenser's favourite authors, and the same may be said of Virgil. As we should expect it is the phrasing of Virgil which seems to have impressed Spenser most. There are, literally, scores of recollections. Spenser has not, like Milton, a Virgilian power of coining monumental and unforgettable phrases but he often has a Virgilian delicacy and grace¹. The long Virgilian simile is not often employed by Spenser but there are a few examples. Thus we may quote:

"Like a great water flood, that tumbling low
From the high mountaines, threats to overflow
With sudden fury all the fertile plaine,
And the sad husbandman's long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor bankes his headlong ruine may sustaine²."

This appears to be a combination of two similes from Virgil:

"Aut rapidus montano flumine torrens,
Sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores,
Praecipitisque trahit silvas, stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor³."

and also:

"Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis,
Exiit oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnis
Cum stabulis armenta trahit⁴."

¹ Examples are given in the notes.

² II xi 18.

³ *Æn.* II 305.

⁴ *Æn.* II 496—9.

The epic simile, whether borrowed or original, is rare in Spenser; Milton relies upon it as the main ornament of *Paradise Lost*, but Spenser has so many other ornaments that he hardly needs this one.

The debts to Virgil in the second book are not particularly numerous, but several may be noted. Whatever the borrowings we observe one same phenomenon in all. Virgil is one of the most concentrated of poets; Spenser deliberately embroiders all his themes, continually repeating and returning upon himself. The account of Amavia's death very closely resembles that of Dido but is told at much greater length. The whole narrative of Dido's death, her own grief, her sister's lamentations for her—all this great event—one of the crises of Virgil's poem—only occupies some fifty lines. The death of Amavia which is really an event of quite second-rate importance in Spenser's narrative, since she is not in any way a principal personage, takes some twenty-six of his long stanzas. The principal correspondences are as follows: Amavia stabs herself with words like those of Dido:

“So give me leave to rest¹.”

“Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras².”

The next stanza describes her wound in a Virgilian image:

“Her bleeding life does raine³.”

“Purpuream vomit ille animam⁴.”

The lady's death also resembles that of Dido:

“Therewith her dim eie-lids she gan up reare
On which the dreery death did sit, as sad
As lump of lead....

Thrise he her reared and thrise she sank againe⁵.”

And Virgil has:

“Illa, gravis oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit...

Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit;
Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
Quaesivit caelo lucem⁶.”

¹ II i 37.

² *Æn.* IV 660.

³ II i 38.

⁴ *Æn.* IX 349.

⁵ II i 45—6.

⁶ *Æn.* IV 688—92.

One of the loveliest passages in all Spenser's pages—the wonderful vision of Belpheobe in the wood—is suggested by the vision of Venus as she appears to Æneas. Venus meets with Æneas in the midst of a forest; she is attired and armed like those huntress princesses who can surpass horses in speed; her bow hangs from her shoulders; her hair is loose in the wind and her tunic reaches no further than the knee. She addresses Æneas; he begins to reply but breaks off, declaring that her face and voice are more than mortal in their beauty; she is certainly a goddess—perhaps Diana.

“Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva,
 Virginis os habitumque gerens et virginis arma,
 Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
 Harpalyce volucrumque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.
 Namque humeris de more habilem suspenderit arcum
 Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
 Nuda genu...
 O quam te memorem, virgo? namque haud tibi voltus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: o dea certe;
 An Phoebi soror¹?”

Spenser has, as usual, amplified this description at great length by adding a much more elaborate picture of Belpheobe's beauty and by giving a long and detailed description of her rich attire. The closest parallels are:

“Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
 ..Eftsoone there stepped forth
 A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,
 That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.”

Spenser adds the detail of the bare knees and also of her speed; she can chase the “flying leopard”:

“And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
 And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuff with steel headed dartes wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play.

¹ *Æn.* I 314—329.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed

Such as Diana by the sandie shore
Of swift Eurotas or on Cynthus greene."

Belpheobe asks Trompart if he has seen a wounded bird, and he replies to her almost in the words of Æneas:

"O goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)
For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall."

It is noticeable that Virgil takes only eleven lines to describe Venus, giving in that brief space an immortal vision of beauty and swiftness and joyous life; Spenser takes exactly nine times as long to describe Belpheobe, but all Virgil's hints he expands and illuminates, and many of the details he adds are of enchanting loveliness, such as the blossoms which have twined themselves in her hair:

"As through the flouring forest rash she fled."

There are other details also which, in their romance and tenderness, could hardly have been given by any ancient poet.

In the fourth canto we may observe that the weird genealogy of Pyrochles and Cymochles is partly taken from Virgil: they have among their grandparents "Phlegeton and Jarre"; Phlegethon is a river in Virgil's Hades, but he is also a deity:

"Di, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes,
Et Chaos et Phlegethon¹."

"Jarre" is Virgil's "Discordia":

"Discordia demens,
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis²."

In the seventh canto, describing Mammon's cave, which is a sort of entrance to Hades, "a rifted rock that leads to hell," we find other correspondences. The sixth book of the *Æneid* has proved a veritable treasure-house for poets, and Spenser

¹ *Æn.* vi 264—5.

² *Æn.* vi 280.

utilises it to the full; he had, however, employed many of its most impressive features in his first book¹, and hence in Mammon's cave he helps out his account by additions from Claudian. Virgil has:

“Ibant obscurei sola sub nocte per umbram,
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna².”

and Spenser:

“A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compassed round.”

The harpy—sad Celeno—is also Virgilian:

“Una in praeclsa consedit rupe Celaeno,
Infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem³.”

Spenser renders:

“Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flinte asunder could have rifte.”

The terrible beings which wait before the gates of Pluto's “raine” are suggested by Virgil: Spenser's “trembling feare” is Virgil's “Metus,” “tumultuous Strife” is “mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum.” As always, Spenser employs his imagination; much that is finest in the passage is entirely his own invention: “gnawing jealousie” biting “his bitter lips,” “Feare flying to and fro,” Horror “beating his iron wings,” are as sombre and splendid as anything in Virgil. Spenser employs his classics always in the same way—as yielding suggestions for new creations, almost, if not quite, as magnificent as their own.

In the eleventh canto the incident of hurling the stone which is so huge that it has served as a landmark is a Virgilian one:

“Nec plura effatus, saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum, ingens campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis⁴.”

¹ Canto v. ² *Æn.* vi 268. ³ *Æn.* iii 245. ⁴ *Æn.* xii 896—898.

“Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not beene removed many a day:
 Some landmark seem'd to be, or signe of sundry way¹.”

The garden of Proserpine, as described in Canto VII, is taken from Claudian, *De Raptu Proserpinae*; Claudian makes Pluto promise his bride perpetual flowers and a tree such as Enna cannot produce, a tree with a golden bough, whose golden fruit is always blooming:

“Nec mollia desunt
 Prata tibi. Zephyris illic melioribus halant
 Perpetui flores, quos nec tua protulit Henna.
 Est etiam lucis arbor praedives opacis,
 Fulgentes viridi ramos curvata metallo.
 Haec tibi sacra datur: fortunatumque tenebis
 Autumnum, et fulvis semper ditabere pomis.”

Spenser adds to this account by giving details of the plants in the garden; he makes them all gloomy and poisonous, “dead sleeping poppy and black hellebore,” etc., only in the midst he represents the wonderful tree:

“Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.”

“Their fruit were golden apples glistning bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like never grew.”

Spenser goes on to glorify this tree by many legends; an apple taken from it was the one that enticed Atalanta, another was that which Até flung upon the board causing the strife of the goddesses and the long Trojan war.

(c) ITALIAN.

Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene* was attempting a new kind of poem for which he had, as a whole, no model and no parallel. The poem which comes nearest in general type and style is Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, and, as Spenser's correspondence

¹ II xi 35.

with Gabriel Harvey shows, Spenser set himself in deliberate rivalry with Ariosto and hoped to "overgo" him. He was, in fact, pitting himself against the man who was accepted as the greatest poet of his generation. This, being the case, it is important to see how he compares with his selected rival.

Ariosto's epic is essentially a burlesque of the romances of chivalry; it relies for its attraction partly on its unflinching humour and partly on its charm of narrative. Ariosto is one of the really great narrative poets of the world and this makes the chief attraction of his book; the *Orlando Furioso* shows an inexhaustible fertility of invention; tale after tale succeeds, episode after episode, all told with the most admirable skill; dramatic situations are seized upon, contrasts of character are developed and there is the greatest possible variety of incident; now the tale is a story of enchantment pure and simple, now it is a lofty love-romance, now an intrigue, but, whatever its quality, Ariosto makes the most of it with a swift and admirable skill that reminds us of his great predecessor, Boccaccio. As a treasure-house of tales the poem could hardly be surpassed. Ariosto's second great gift is his humour. This is, indeed, one of the most valuable qualities of the "raconteur," for it enables him to add so much variety. In Ariosto's case this gift was especially necessary; much of his material was fantastic in the extreme—winged horses, magic spears, witches, warrior ladies—and he had to make it attractive to a most critical generation. He achieved his end, partly by unequalled verisimilitude in detail, partly by seeing and exploiting all the humorous possibilities of his subject; he sees no less plainly than Cervantes the opportunities for mirth provided by the contrast between the lofty ideals of chivalry and the sharp sting of reality. Ariosto, again, has great knowledge of the world and much cynicism and his poem is everywhere rich in irony.

Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* had a different aim; his poem is not a burlesque but is written with entire seriousness; it is as essentially ethical and philosophical in its scope as Wordsworth's *Prelude*. Spenser could certainly have made

his poem far more like Ariosto's had he really desired to do so; as we see in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* and *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, he also had command of satire and irony, both of the keenest kind; the good-natured laughing humour he may not have possessed but he certainly had a mordant and incisive type that would have served as well, and it must be from deliberate choice that he employs it so little in *The Faerie Queene*. Spenser, however, has not Ariosto's narrative gift; he is nearly always weak in describing action, and it is notable that almost all the finest passages in his poem are of a descriptive or meditative character.

Inferior as he is in these respects he possesses superiorities of his own. Ariosto does not attempt any philosophy of life, while Spenser gives one of the noblest and most satisfying ever presented by any great poet; Dante and Goethe alone have, among the poets of the modern world, worked out any solution of the enigma of existence at once so beautiful and so profound. Moreover the "tone" and "temper" of *The Faerie Queene* are beyond praise; its tone is almost as lofty as Milton's and its temper far sweeter; this contact with a personality lovely in itself and deeply satisfied in its view of life is a rare thing and it far "overgoes" Ariosto. Whenever Spenser writes of religion or philosophy, or when he simply pauses and meditates, or when he depicts an ideal and noble character, he is at once in a region to which Ariosto cannot attain. The fight with the dragon is completely inferior to similar conflicts in Ariosto, but we cannot find in the Italian poet anything so deep as the appeal of Giant Despair, or so beautiful as the House of Holiness, or so sombre as the Cave of Mammon, or so subtle as Acrasia's bower. Indeed it would hardly be going too far to say that one of the chief morals of the *Orlando Furioso* is the delightfulness of Acrasia and all her ways. Spenser's ideal of love is also much higher than Ariosto's and, as a consequence, his whole conception of womanhood is nobler and sweeter. Nevertheless Spenser owed much to Ariosto, for the *Orlando Furioso* provided him with a veritable treasury of tales and situations. The numerous Paynims who take part

in *The Fuerie Queene*, the warrior ladies, the distressed damsels pursued by evil-minded men—all have their counterparts in the Italian epic.

The most important debts of all are in the story of Britomart which is directly modelled upon that of Ariosto's Bradamante and follows it in a great number of details. So also the loathsome enchantriss Duessa is suggested by Ariosto's Alcina. There are, everywhere in the poem, numerous incidents which have been taken. It must be acknowledged that Spenser has not always borrowed with discrimination; the Britomart portion is well suited to his purpose and style, but some of the episodes from Ariosto are distinctly scabrous. In the much lower moral tone of the original they are not apparent as exerescences, but in Spenser they remain blots; it is true that he has tried to make use of them in his own way and for his own purposes by treating them as examples of unchastity to contrast with his Florimells and Amorets, but they are too coarse for the general tone of his poem, his own temper being as alien to impurity as Milton's.

In the second book the borrowings are very numerous, though only a few are important¹. In Canto III the character of Braggadocchio—the coward—owes much to Ariosto. Braggadocchio's boast that he will wear no sword except that which belongs to the noblest knight on earth is taken from a similar incident in the *Furioso*, and the theft of the horse is also from Ariosto².

A large portion of Canto IV—the story of the unhappy lover Phedon—is from Ariosto³. The outline of the same story was afterwards employed by Shakespeare in *Much Ado About Nothing*. In Spenser we are told how the treacherous friend—Philemon—led apparently by jealousy, makes Phedon believe that his mistress Claribella is false to him; in order to bring evidence for his accusation he “toys” with the maid Pryene dressed up to represent her mistress, and Phedon, in his

¹ Other passages will be given in the notes.

² XXII 12, 13.

³ *Orl. Fur.* IV, v, VI.

furious rage, first puts Claribella to death and then, discovering her innocence, slays his false friend Philemon and pursues Pryene to slay her. Phedon is very fittingly chosen by Spenser as an example of intemperance in anger; he had what appeared to be a just cause for his wrath, but he did not investigate with tranquillity and patience, and the result was hopeless ruin. It is worthy of note that the same lesson—the folly of over-hasty anger and over-hasty punishment is conveyed also by Shakespeare's play.

In Canto v the scene in which Pyrochles kills Guyon's horse by cutting its head from its body is a serious adaptation of a comic passage in Ariosto. Two kings are fighting, but one is invulnerable to his opponent's blows because he wears a magic helmet; at last the other, in his blind fury, strikes the horse on the head and kills it because, as the poet says, the unhappy creature was not as fortunate as his master, he had no Trojan helmet and so he perished:

“ Il miser non avea l'elmo di Troid
Come il patrone; onde convien che muoia¹.”

In Canto xi the hideous rout of monsters who lay siege to the Castle of Alma resemble the crew with whom Ruggiero fights just beside the city of Alcina. “They were,” says Ariosto, “an amazing crew of monsters; some had human throats with the faces of apes or cats, others marked the ground with footprints like goats, others were centaurs. Some rode upon horses, others upon asses or bulls, some were mounted on centaurs, others rode ostriches, eagles, or cranes. This rabble assail Ruggiero with hands and arms more numerous than Briarëus; they are led by a horrible captain seated upon a tortoise²” Such are Spenser's monsters:

“ Some like to houndes, some like to apes dismay'd.
Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriges; some faste
Like loathly Toades³.”

The incidents from Ariosto in the first two books of *The Faerie Queene* are, however, much less important than in the

¹ xxiv 104—6.

² vi.

³ ii xi 11, 12.

later portions of the poem ; the influence is especially strong in the third and fourth. This is, in several ways, unfortunate, as it makes Spenser desert his own clear and coherent ethical scheme for a tangle of stories which he cannot control and arrange nearly so well as Ariosto controls and arranges his.

In the year 1581 when Spenser was already engaged upon his poem there was published Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. This was immediately recognised as a truly noble poem and a worthy rival to Ariosto's. It deeply impressed Spenser. Tasso's work also belongs to the class of romantic epic ; it too contains love stories of the most exalted and impossible type ; it too has warrior heroines who show their prowess by contesting against and often defeating their male rivals : it too contains knights who fall victims to enchantresses and are delivered by heroic friends ; it also is chivalrous. But Tasso takes his material very seriously ; he is more classical in his form, his story being grouped quite clearly and plainly round one main action—the conquest of Jerusalem by Godfrey—and the subordinate portions of the epic all have their part in contributing to the whole. The superior clearness and harmony of the narrative atones to a considerable extent for the lesser inventive power. The absence of humour is the most marked difference between Tasso and Ariosto. Tasso is deeply religious and intensely in earnest. Spenser found in him a writer with whom he had much natural affinity ; they were alike in their moral earnestness and in their serious belief in chivalry.

In the second book of *The Faerie Queene* Tasso's influence is stronger than Ariosto's and two of its loveliest passages—the description of Phaedria's Isle and of the Bower of Bliss owe much of their beauty to the Italian poet ; some of the most perfect stanzas are practically translations, and when Fairfax translated Tasso into English he embodied several stanzas from *The Faerie Queene*.

Just as Spenser takes his loathsome enchantress—Duessa—from Ariosto's Alcina so he takes his wonderful and subtle enchantress—Acrasia—from Tasso's Armida. We may notice

with what art Spenser has represented the different qualities in these two: Duessa, who stands for false faith and religious error is the more formidable; she is in league with all the powers of darkness who assist and obey her, she has a hundred disguises; she goes in search of her victims, scouring the world for prey, and she lays many and elaborate plots; when revealed she is loathsome. Acrasia relies mainly on her own beauty to attract her lovers; all around her is enchanting; she herself is loveliness incarnate, but her power saps the spirit and enervates the soul. She is much less actively malevolent but far more seductive. The sins of the flesh are judged severely enough by Spenser, but, according to him, they are much less malignant than false faith.

The sixth canto of the second book, one of the most exquisite Spenser ever penned, owes a good deal to Tasso. Phaedria boasts herself as one of the servants of Acrasia; she lives on an island in the Idle Lake, which is suggested by the kind of dead sea described in Tasso¹. It was once, he says, a fruitful and smiling country, but fire had descended from heaven to punish the sins of men; it became a lake, bituminous, warm in its waters and sterile; heavy things, if thrown in, will not sink; the water supports even iron and stones.

So Spenser:

“ And did her selfe betake
Unto her boat againe, with which she cleft
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake².”

And again:

“ Nimble ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire
Whom neither wind out of their seat could forse
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source³.”

In the lake Tasso describes an island where the air is soft and the sky serene; the trees and meadows are full of delight and the waters pure and sweet; amongst the loveliest myrtles a spring rises and spreads into a small stream; the leaves

¹ *Ger. Lib.* x 60.

² *II vi* 18.

³ *II vi* 20.

murmur softly and shower down sleep upon the soft grass and the birds sing. So Spenser :

“ It was a chosen plot of fertile land
 Amongst wide waves, set like a little nest.

 Trees, branches, birds and songs were framed fit
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease¹.”

Phaëdra's boat is apparently suggested by another passage in Tasso². Rinaldo has approached Armida's island; he sees a small boat, and near it a column erected, which declares that the island conceals the greatest marvel in the world, and invites the beholder to come and search. Rinaldo is persuaded, crosses the water in his boat and, because it is very small, leaves behind his squire and goes alone. So when Phaëdra takes Guyon into her skiff he is compelled to voyage alone and to leave the Palmer behind³.

Spenser's account of the Bower of Bliss owes much to Tasso but the motive of the voyages is different. Spenser's Guyon is seeking Acrasia to punish her for the many sins she has committed, and because she is one of the greatest enemies of his queen. Tasso's knights seek Armida's island not from any illwill against her, but because she has bewitched their great champion—Rinaldo—and his co-operation is essential to the taking of Jerusalem.

Tasso again describes a voyage along the Mediterranean Sea, passing the islands and the north coast of Africa, and he speaks of numerous places rich with romantic associations; his knights pass through the pillars of Hercules into the great ocean and there find Armida's isle. Spenser does not employ any of the details of this voyage; Tasso's islands and towns are too concrete and historical; Spenser wants a wilder, lonelier and stranger sea; as we have seen he turns to the *Odyssey*, and where his details are not entirely his own, he takes them from Homer. It is when he reaches the

¹ II vi 12, 13.

² *Ger. Lib.* XIV 57, 58.

³ II vi 19.

enchantress's bower that his debt to Tasso really begins. Tasso's knights go swiftly on their way, but they meet with a formidable host of fierce animals, numerous as all the monsters between the Nile and the pillars of Hercules and strange as those in the Hyrcanian forest. But, fierce as these creatures are, they do not oppose the passage of the knights, but, after a glimpse of Carlo's wand, they flee :

“Ma non è pria la verga a lui mostrata,
Ch'un secreto spavento al cor gli agghiaccia
Ogni nativo ardore, e in fuga il caccia.

Ma pur sì fero esercito e sì grosso
Non vien che lor respinga o lor resista :
Anzi (miracol novo) in fuga è mosso
Da un picciol fischio e da una breve vista¹.”

So with Spenser :

“Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
Yet nought they feard but passed on hardily
Untill they came in view of those wild beasts :
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily
And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests,
Ran towards, to devoure those unexpected guests.
But soon as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat ;
Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld².”

The warriors come, Tasso says, to a spot of extraordinary beauty ; unlike other countries it has no alternation of torrid heat and snow, of cloudy and clear sky, but the heaven is always clad in the fairest and brightest radiance ; it nourishes the grass in the meadows, flowers in the grass and scent in flowers.

¹ *Ger. Lib.* xv 50—52.

² *II xii* 39, 40.

“ Un bel tepido ciel di dolce state
 Trovaro, e il pian sul monte ampio ed aperto.
 Aure fresche mai sempre ed odorate
 Vi spiran con tenor stabile e certo.

 Nè, come altrove ei suol, ghiacci ed ardori,
 Nubi e sereni a quelle piagge alterna;
 Ma il ciel di candidissimi splendori
 Sempre s'ammanta, e non s'infiamma o verna;
 E nutre ai prati l'erba, all'erba i fiori,
 Ai fior l'odor¹.”

So Spenser:

“ Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy ground
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride.

 Thereto the Heavens, always Joviall
 Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storm nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves 'to violate;
 Nor scorching heat nor cold intemperate....
 But the milde air with season moderate
 Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell².”

In the midst of this is a pure and clear fountain: Tasso has

“gelida e bruna
 Ma trasparente sì, che non asconde
 Dell'imo letto suo vaghezza alcuna³,”

and Spenser has:

“ So pure and shiny that the silver flood
 Through every channell running one might see⁴.”

¹ *Ger. Lib.* xv 53, 54.

² *II xii* 50, 51.

³ *Ger. Lib.* xv 56.

⁴ *II xii* 60.

There follows the picture of the two naked damsels bathing in the lake which is made by the fountain. Then comes one of the loveliest of all Tasso's images which Spenser has contrived to make yet more beautiful :

“Qual mattutina stella esce dell'onde
Rugiadosa e stillante; o come fuore
Spuntò nascendo già dalle feconde
Spume dell'océan la Dea d'amore;
Tal apparve costei; tal le sue bionde
Chiome stillavan cristallino umore¹.”

Spenser renders :

“As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare;
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Cristalline humor dropped down apace².”

The song that follows in Tasso is one that Spenser had previously employed as a portion of his siren's song. Tasso has :

“Questo è il porto del mondo; e qui il ristoro
Delle sue noie, e quel piacer si sente³,”

and Spenser renders it with a more exquisite appropriateness, since in him it is addressed to an actual voyager :

“O! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde,
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle⁴.”

Tasso describes how in Armida's enchanted island flowers and fruit of different ages grow side by side; the ripe fig by the unripe, the grape which is only in flower by that which is green and that which is rosy-coloured and full of “nectar” :

“Qui l'uva ha in fiori acerba e qui d'ôr l'have
O di piropo, e già di néttar grave⁵,”

¹ *Ger. Lib.* xv 60.

² *II* xii 65.

³ *Ger. Lib.* xv 63.

⁴ *II* xii 32.

⁵ *Ger. Lib.* xvi 11.

and Spenser:

“Some deep empurpled as the Hyacint,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened¹.”

Tasso also speaks of the birds among the green leaves, tempering their notes to the sound of the boughs, while the breeze, the leaves and the waters are all in accord and music mingles all the time:

“Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote:
Sia caso od arte, or accompagna ed ora
Alternan i versi lor la music' ôra².”

Spenser renders:

“The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments divine respendence meet;
.
.
.
.
.
.
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all³.”

The two cantos about the virgin rose,

“The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay,”
and

“So passeth in the passing of a day,”

are an almost exact translation; Spenser's verse is slower and has a more lingering melody than Tasso's, but the ideas are identical. The description of the witch herself, in her beauty and lasciviousness, is, again, closely similar. It will be seen with what art Spenser employs his sources. The voyage in Tasso, beautiful as it is, cannot compare with the wild and strange romance of the *Odyssey*, so Spenser draws mainly upon Homer for Guyon's voyage—one of the most romantic in

¹ II xii 54.

² *Ger. Lib.* xvi 12.

³ II xii 71.

all literature—but when he arrives at the Bower of Bliss he turns to Tasso; this is for the very good reason that Homer describes quite briefly the abodes of his island goddesses—Circe and Calypso—whereas Tasso lavishes on Armida's bower a long and detailed description. Here, as always, Spenser has added much of his own: the strange sea-monsters, the fog, the weird birds, the lovely gate of the Bower of Bliss which is all of carved ivory, carved with the story of Jason and Medea, showing how Argo:

“First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.”

Spenser invents also the evil but lovely Genius who watches at the gate and offers the “mazer of wine” to Guyon; he adds many details to the description of the “large and spacious plaine,” and depicts it in phrases that Milton remembered but could hardly improve:

“More sweet and holesome than the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope...
Or Ida where the Gods lov'd to repayre.”

Spenser invents also the porch and Excess who squeezes the ripe grapes into the wine-cup, and the Puritan severity with which Guyon breaks down and destroys the whole bower is of course made necessary by Spenser's own ethical aim.

IV. SPENSER AND ARISTOTLE.

Spenser says in his introductory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, “I labour to pourtraict in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall virtues as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve books....” He adds later, “In the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthur applyable to that vertue....But of the xii other virtues I make xii other knights the patrones.”

It is not difficult to make out from this what Spenser intended. He himself was far more of a Platonist than an Aristotelian; the Platonic idea of the "just man," the "righteous man," the Platonic theory of love, awakened in him a deeper sympathy than all the analytics of Aristotle. But Aristotle was eminently useful for one purpose—as a systematiser. Dante had drawn largely upon him and Spenser felt that he might well employ the ingenious, skilfully analysed system of Aristotle as the foundation of his work. Of course he would not confine himself to Aristotelianism only: he could not attempt to do so. As a Platonist he would introduce the noble and impassioned ideals of Plato; as a Christian and a Puritan he had many conceptions to render which he could not find in any Greek. However he might model himself upon Aristotle we should still expect his interpretation of many virtues to be deeper and wider; as a matter of fact Spenser has, in certain respects, departed so widely from Aristotle that some critics¹ have been found to deny that he follows him at all.

To begin with, a difficulty has been suggested about the *twelve* moral virtues, for Aristotle nowhere gives a list of virtues that count up to exactly twelve. His principal list is as follows²: Courage (*ἀνδρεία*), Temperance (*σωφροσύνη*), Liberality (*ἐλευθεριότης*), Magnificence (*μεγαλοπρέπεια*), High-mindedness (*μεγαλοψυχία*), Gentleness (*πραότης*), Truthfulness (*ἀλήθεια*), Wittiness (*εὐτραπεία*), Friendliness (*φιλία*), Modesty (*αἰδώς*), Righteous Indignation (*νέμεσις*).

This list counts up to eleven and Aristotle also adds two other virtues—Continence and Justice—which he discusses at length later on. This makes his total number thirteen; however this particular difficulty need give us no pause, for Spenser also does, as a matter of fact, count *thirteen* virtues: the twelve private moral virtues *and* Magnificence. We may also note that there is a certain inconsistency in Aristotle's list as he really counts Chastity twice over, once as a part of Temperance and again as a part of Continence.

¹ M. Jusserand, *Modern Philology*, 1906.

² *Nic. Ethics* Book II vii.

We may now proceed to compare Aristotle's list generally with Spenser's. *The Faerie Queene* was, of course, left incomplete. Only six books were finished, these six including the legends of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy. Now we notice in the first place that Spenser's leading virtue is Holiness which does not correspond to anything in Aristotle. As Spenser interprets it, Holiness is, indeed, an essentially Christian virtue, and, as such, would have been impossible to any Greek. We may observe, however, that Spenser's Holiness really does correspond in many respects to *ἀνδρεία* if a Platonic rather than an Aristotelian interpretation be given to the latter.

Aristotle groups *ἀνδρεία* and *σωφροσύνη* first without doubt because they are the leading Greek virtues, but he gives to the former a much more limited application than is given by Plato. Aristotle especially limits *ἀνδρεία* to courage in war; it is the greatest of virtues because it is the most difficult; the other virtues are concerned with life and may result in pleasant things, but *ἀνδρεία* must be shown in the presence of death.

Plato, on the other hand, interprets *ἀνδρεία* far more widely; it is the essential quality of manliness; it is, as such, the foundation of all the other virtues; it is, in brief, what we call "moral courage." The man who possesses *ἀνδρεία* (so Socrates explains¹) is the only man who is able to guard against evil or compass good, and who will not fail in temperance, justice or holiness.

We are quite justified in saying that Spenser's Holiness really does correspond to *ἀνδρεία*, though in the Platonic rather than the Aristotelian sense of the term. His Holiness really is the moral courage which is the true foundation of all the other virtues and is essential to them all. Spenser has, as we have said, given it a Christian interpretation, but we may notice that the warlike associations of *ἀνδρεία* are not wanting; Spenser's Holiness is essentially that of the church militant. He says of the Redcrosse knight:

"Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was y-drad."

¹ *Protagoras.*

The second virtue on Spenser's list corresponds very closely indeed to the Greek ideal of *σωφροσύνη*, but here again we notice that it is in a Platonic rather than an Aristotelian interpretation of the term. Aristotle shows a disposition to limit this term to mean temperance in physical pleasures, but in Plato the word means a true balance and poise of the whole nature, moderation in all things, in the passions of the mind and the desires of the heart no less than in the pleasures of the body. Now it is in this wider, Platonic sense that Spenser interprets the virtue. He includes in it, in fact, all that Aristotle means by Temperance (*σωφροσύνη*), and also all that Aristotle means by Continence (*ἐγκράτεια*). Socrates says that moral courage (*ἀνδρεία*) is necessary for true temperance¹ and, as we shall see when we come to analyse the second book in detail, Spenser has made this an essential part of Guyon's character, contrasted with its respective extremes of cowardice and recklessness.

Spenser's third virtue, Chastity, seems at first sight like an inconsistency in his plan, for he had already treated of this virtue as a part of Temperance. Why, it is often asked, should he treat it again? The answer is that he is following Aristotle in his inconsistency, for Aristotle, having dealt with this virtue as a part of *σωφροσύνη*² treats it all over again as Continence (*ἐγκράτεια*)³.

But Spenser has really improved upon Aristotle, for chastity in so far as it is *only* continence he has quite adequately treated in the legend of Guyon, while in the story of Britomart it is something more. There again he improves upon the somewhat cold scheme of the Aristotelian ethics by drawing on the inspiration of Plato; his Chastity is really Plato's ideal and noble love—the love born of the Uranian Aphrodite. He had excellent warrant for representing it as such. Plato had expressly said⁴ that this nobler love inspired to purity, and was one of the greatest safeguards of virtue. The Chastity of Britomart is a passionate love, even tortured

¹ *Protagoras*.

² *Nic. Ethics* Book III.

³ *Book VII.*

⁴ *Phaedrus, Symposium*.

by its passion, but it is absolutely secure against all baseness and licentiousness: it is not even tempted. As Aristotle acutely remarks (and as Spenser shows in his Guyon) the continent man must have something to bridle; Guyon, when the lascivious ladies display themselves, really is tempted and has to be rebuked by the Palmer, but Britomart, secure in her noble passion, is never moved at all. Moreover continence is, in itself, a somewhat mediocre virtue; it is *merely* abstinence. But Spenser's Chastity, like Plato's Uranian love, is a perpetual inspiration to all great deeds; it is a spur to honour and the motive to glory. Spenser's Chastity is, in fact, as he himself declares it, one of the noblest of all virtues, because it spiritualises the entire nature and exalts all the energies of the body, both physical and mental, to a higher plane.

Spenser's fourth virtue, Friendship, corresponds to Aristotle's *φιλία*, though he certainly does not follow it in any way closely. Aristotle points out that those friendships which are based upon pleasure are soon dissolved, and there is no permanence in them (*Nic. Ethics* VIII iii). Spenser depicts this type of friendship in his Blandamour and Paridell, who soon fall out and squabble with each other. Até tries to make mischief between them and has no difficulty (IV ii 13—14).

The perfect friendship, Aristotle says, is that of those who are good and alike in virtue; they wish the good of their friends for the friends' own sake; their friendship is the consequence of their own character and therefore continues. Friendships of this kind are likely to be rare, and they take time to make for the friends have to be proved lovable and trustworthy (*Nic. Ethics* VIII iv). A friendship of this kind in Spenser is the friendship between Cambel and Triamond (IV iii 42).

Aristotle also says that the duration of a friendship depends very largely upon its end or aim; if the end is pleasure or utility then, when these fail, the friendship fails too; but if the friendship is founded upon true affection it endures. Spenser sums up:

“It often fals...

That mortall foes do turne to faithfull friends,
And friends profest are chaunged to foemen fell;
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th'end of both likewise of both their ends :

.
friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds¹.”

It is notable also that Aristotle's *φιλία* includes both friendship and love; he does not distinguish carefully between them; in one paragraph he speaks of the “pair” of friends, in another of the lover and the beloved. This same identity occurs also in Spenser's fourth book; he calls it the legend of “Cambel and Triamond,” but as a matter of fact they play a less significant part in it than is played by the lovers.

In the fourth book also, as we have seen in the others, Spenser is very largely influenced by Plato. Two of the most beautiful things it contains—the story of Florimell and the description of the temple of Venus—are almost pure Platonism. The contrast between the false Florimell and the true is the contrast between the beauty which is of the body only and the beauty which is of both body and soul; the temple of Venus describes Plato's theory of love almost as directly as it is described in *The Fowre Hymnes*. One result of this method is, as everyone has pointed out, that there is not sufficient distinction in Spenser between the subjects of the third and fourth book.

Spenser's fifth legend—that of Justice—again deals with an Aristotelian virtue, and takes more from him than any other book excepting only the legend of Temperance. Aristotle points out that there are two kinds of justice: what is lawful and what is fair. Both are shown in Spenser's second canto: an example of injustice in the sense of unfairness in the Lady Munera and her father who rob all poor passers-by and despoil them, and injustice in the sense of illegality in the giant who protests against “natural law” and wishes to weigh all things in “An huge great paire of ballance.” Artegall

¹ iv iv 1.

punishes the Lady Munera and her father, and refutes the giant by pointing out that what seem the inequalities of nature are ordained by God and therefore just:

“Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand.”

Aristotle also gives a list of different kinds of injustice (*Nic. Ethics* Book v vi). Among them is the injustice of theft; this Spenser deals with in his third canto; Braggadocchio, who had a long time previously (Book II iii) stolen Guyon's horse is punished for his theft by being publicly disgraced and “baffled.”

Aristotle defines “equity” as something that is like justice but is not the same; while that which is equitable is just, it is not just in the eye of the law but is a rectification of legal justice. Spenser is probably dealing with this equity in Canto IV in the complicated case of the two brethren who quarrel about the land which the sea has washed away and cast up in another spot, so benefiting the one brother, while a coffer of treasures, lost in a shipwreck, it has cast up to the benefit of the other. Artegall has no laws to guide him here, but he decides by what he thinks right and fair.

Imprisonment and contumelious treatment are also quoted by Aristotle among examples of injustice, and these are dealt with by Spenser in Cantos IV and V, where Radegund inflicts shameful treatment upon Sir Turpin, and later, upon Artegall himself. In the later portion of the book Spenser passes from general examples to concrete ones; Radegund and Britomart already typify Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth, and the remaining cantos are almost wholly and frankly political; the trial and execution of Mary are represented and vindicated; Spenser next dwells on the aid given to the Low Countries, and passionately advocates a “forward” foreign policy; in the conclusion of the book he defends in a similar way Lord Grey's policy in Ireland; he is assailed on his return from aiding “Irene” by the wicked hags—Envie and Detraction—and by the baying of the Blatant Beast, which is Spenser's way of showing that he considers the blame accorded to Lord Grey as unjust and unfair.

Spenser's sixth legend, dealing with the virtue of Courtesy, has no real parallel in Aristotle; it is essentially a chivalrous conception, and, in its full meaning, has no equivalent in Greek. There are, however, virtues in Aristotle's list which do roughly correspond. Spenser's "Courtesy" really includes in itself the two Aristotelian virtues of Truthfulness (*ἀλήθεια*) and Gentleness (*πραότης*). For Aristotle curiously limits the meaning of Truthfulness; he defines it as a medium between Boastfulness (*ἀλαζονεία*) and Self-Depreciation (*εἰρωνεία*). Now this virtue is emphatically a part of Courtesy; the courteous man is neither a boaster nor a swaggerer; nor, on the other hand, is he one who unduly depreciates himself or who allows himself to be put on unfairly; the term as generally interpreted and most certainly as illustrated by Spenser implies a man who knows his true place in society and takes it but without any swagger or undue emphasis, exactly what is done by Aristotle's *ἀληθευτικός*. Gentleness or *πραότης* Aristotle defines as a mean in respect of angry feelings, and he contrasts it with the "defects" of sternness, sullenness, irascibility and the like; gentleness in this sense of the term is certainly included in the virtue of Courtesy.

It is worthy of notice that another of the Aristotelian virtues, *νέμεσις*, is plainly and appropriately included among the attributes of the Knight of Justice. Artegall often shows this quality, and its defects "Envy" and "Malice" are among his enemies. Spenser has often been blamed for not making the line of demarcation between his virtues sufficiently strong, but clearness in such a matter was practically impossible. Plato had anticipated this dilemma in the *Laches*, where he pointed out that it was impossible to separate one virtue from the others since one virtue does, almost infallibly, imply the rest. Even Aristotle warns his reader at the outset that ethics is not an exact science like mathematics, and that no precise divisions can be made. All that Spenser can do is to show predominant one virtue or another, and this he really does. Guyon is probably no less just than Artegall, but he is shown, not conquering injustice but conquering angry passions,

etc. Even in a treatise on "Ethics" it is impossible to be absolutely precise, much more in a poem.

We may turn now to analyse the Aristotelian influence in Book II. Aristotle declares that the soul has two portions—one rational and the other irrational; the human mind is healthy and sane when the rational part rules and keeps the other in subordination. Aristotle further subdivides the irrational portion of the soul into two: the vegetative which governs the processes of nutrition and the like, and does not obey the reason, and the appetitive which can be made to obey the reason¹.

Spenser does not employ the triple division of Aristotle, for he has no use in his symbolism for the vegetative part of the soul. He accepts a dual division; the Palmer represents the reason who is Guyon's guide, and who continually admonishes and warns him. It is when Guyon loses for a time his "trustee guide" that he ceases to be a conqueror and falls victim to the wiles of Phaedria and the perils of Mammon's Cave. We may, perhaps, interpret the allegory as follows—that, having for a time rejected obedience to reason or lost sight of its dictates, man falls a victim to the enervating power of idleness, and thus is exposed to the full temptation of the world; he resists this but is so exhausted that he would fall completely victim to the next peril were it not for external aid. Prince Arthur appears and saves Guyon at the moment of supreme danger. Again, it is the Palmer who supports him through all the perils of the Bower of Bliss, who persuades him to remain obdurate to the enchanted song of the mermaids and steeled against all lascivious delights, and who instructs him how to conquer the witch.

Aristotle lays stress on the fact that virtue implies not only corresponding actions but also corresponding or virtuous notions². Thus, in order that a person should be truly just or temperate, four conditions are necessary: (1) That he should know what he is doing; (2) that he should deliberately choose to do it; (3) that he should choose to do it for its own sake;

¹ *Nic. Ethics* I xiii.

² *Nic. Ethics* II iii.

(4) that it should be an instance or example of a fixed moral state.

Spenser's Guyon and Artegall fulfil all these conditions: Guyon always knows well what he is doing; he is not like Pyrochles or Cymochles, who often imagine that they are performing righteous acts when they are, in reality, only carried away by their own impetuous fury. Guyon acts with deliberation and with care. He resists temptation for the sake of resisting it and not for the sake of any ulterior reward, and his acts are, in the truest sense, revelations of his character. Guyon expresses the Greek ideal more nearly than any other of Spenser's knights, and we may observe how the calm balance, the perfect poise of the pagan ideal are contrasted with the Christian aspiration and endeavour. Guyon is tempted but never wholly succumbs; he is weakened but he suffers no abject misery. The Redcrosse Knight falls a victim to his basest foes, and requires all the agonies of repentance to purify him, but, on the other hand, Guyon experiences nothing so great as the inspired and exchanting visions of the House of Holiness, and nothing so wonderful as the love of Una.

Aristotle's definition of virtue is a very peculiar and distinctive one. He defines each virtue as a mean between two vices of excess and deficiency which represent the two extremes; thus Generosity is a mean between the two vices of Prodigality and Miserliness, Friendliness is the mean between Obsequiousness and Quarrelsomeness, etc. This doctrine of the golden mean, however ingenious it may be, is not really inspiring as a theory of virtue, and we can hardly be surprised that, when Spenser turns it into an allegory, the result is somewhat lacking in charm.

Spenser represents Aristotle's triple division by three sisters¹. The middle one is Medina—"a sober, sad and comely curteous dame"; she receives Guyon with graciousness and decorum, and is modest in all her ways. The elder and the younger sister are both of evil disposition; they are both

¹ Canto II.

opposed to Medina, but still more to each other; as Aristotle says the two extremes are both opposed to the mean but even more to each other. Elissa or "too little" is represented as discontented, sullen and scowling; Perissa or "too much" is immodest, forward, lavish in eating and drinking and lavish in love. Spenser seems to have helped out his conception of Medina by including in her also the virtue of Gentleness (*πραότης*), for "gentleness" is treated in a special way by Aristotle, being given four extremes, and the same occurs with Medina who has not only her sisters opposed to her but also the lovers of her sisters. Medina herself plays the part of peacemaker and intervenes when the others conflict.

Aristotle describes the opposites of *πραότης* or Gentleness as being four: *ὀργιλότης* (irascibility), *ἀκροχολία* (quick temper), *πικρότης* (sullenness), *χαλεπότης* (sternness). Irascibility probably corresponds to Sans-Loy:

"The most unruly, and the boldest boy,
That ever warlike weapons menaged...
Ne ought he cared, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right¹."

Perissa is probably "quick temper" or *ἀκροχολία*; she, like Sans-Loy, continually needs "assuaging" by Medina²; Elissa is "sullenness" or *πικρότης*:

"Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat;
No solace could her paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scowled, and frownd with froward countenance³."

Sir Hudibras is probably "sternness" or *χαλεπότης*:

"Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was for terrour more, all armed in shyning bras⁴."

¹ II ii 18.

² II ii 38.

³ II ii 35.

⁴ II ii 17.

And again :

“ Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion ;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yett still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment¹.’

These two knights as representing the two extremes are furiously and bitterly opposed to each other ; Guyon intervenes to prevent their conflict when they join forces to attack him, thus giving one more illustration of the Aristotelian maxim that the two extremes are opposed to each other and also to the mean.

Aristotle points out that moral purpose is not the same thing as passion (*θυμός*), for where actions are due to anger they are not directed by moral purpose². Again, he says that passion (*θυμός*) spurs men on like wild beasts to encounter perils, but nobleness not passion is the motive of true courage³.

Spenser illustrates this in the contrast between Guyon and Pyrochles : Pyrochles is the type of lawless and unrestrained passion ; he has courage enough, but it is the courage of brute violence ; when he sees Guyon he does not wait to “ chaffar words ” but rushes at once upon him and joins in the most furious conflict ; his motive was really good—he had heard that Guyon had wronged a poor old woman—but his heedless fury runs away with him and Guyon, after having conquered and pardoned, admonishes him :

“ Fly, O Pyrochles ! fly the dreadful warre
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move ;
Outrageous anger and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love⁴.’”

We have seen that Spenser, in considering Courage or *ἀνδρεία* as a necessary part of Temperance is following Plato rather than Aristotle ; none the less he represents *ἀνδρεία* in an Aristotelian manner.

¹ II ii 37.

² *Nic. Ethics* III iv.

³ *Nic. Ethics* III xi.

⁴ II v 16.

Aristotle defines *ἀνδρεία* as a mean between the two vices of Foolhardiness (*θράσος*) and Cowardice (*δειλία*). So Guyon is contrasted with the two Saracens—Pyrochles and Cymochles—who are both examples of *θράσος* and with Braggadocchio who is *δειλία*. Pyrochles and Cymochles are always represented as led away by fury, they have never the calmness of true courage, and, though they rush headlong upon needless perils, they are capable of the basest and meanest actions; thus when they find Guyon lying as they think dead, their wrath against him is not assuaged even by his death, and they wish to attack and mutilate the dead body¹. Nothing could prove better that they have no true valour but only blind and brutal rage.

Aristotle declares that, if uncultivated, *θυμός* does manifest itself chiefly as anger—a pain hungering for personal revenge and finding its pleasure in that. So Spenser shows it.

Braggadocchio is the type of *δειλία* or cowardice; he flees from every danger, even purely imaginary ones, and when he hears Belpheobe rushing through the forest he takes refuge in a bush, and afterwards creeps out upon his hands and knees half dead from terror.

Aristotle, as we have seen, discusses intemperance twice over; he defines what is meant by Temperance (*σωφροσύνη*²), and then returns to the subject again in dealing with Continence (*ἐγκράτεια*) and Incontinence (*ἀκρασία*³). It is the second which Spenser really follows for it is much the more full and complete.

Aristotle defines *σωφροσύνη*, Temperance, as a medium between *ἀκολασία*, Licentiousness, and *ἀναίσθησία* or Insensibility, but he declares that the only opposition which need be considered is that between Temperance and Licentiousness since, in actual practice, Insensibility to pleasures is so very rare. Spenser accepts this definition since he provides Guyon with one extreme of incontinence—Acrasia.

¹ II viii 12—15.

² *Nic. Ethics* III xiii.

³ *Nic. Ethics* VII i—xi.

Aristotle says that there are two different kinds of incontinence, (1) absolute incontinence which applies to anger and to sensual passions, and (2) incontinence which is not absolute and which applies to such things as ambition, wealth, etc. (1) is further sub-divided into (a) incontinence in anger and (b) incontinence in sensuality, the former being ranked by Aristotle as much less disgraceful than the latter. Spenser follows these definitions, except that his order is 1a, 2, 1b.

The first canto of the book gives us the general motive and subject of the whole; Spenser finds the unhappy Amavia who tells him the sad story of her husband's death; he has fallen a victim to the wiles of Acrasia (incontinence) and Amavia dies by her own hand because she could not survive him. Guyon then takes upon him a sacred vow to overcome and punish the enchantress. Spenser thus shows us at once the main enemy and enables the whole legend to be viewed as a unity. Mortdant—the unhappy husband—is a victim of intemperance in pleasure, but Amavia herself is a victim of intemperance in grief.

In the second canto we have, as has already been pointed out, Aristotle's general definition of virtue as a "golden mean." The third canto dwells mainly on that true courage which is the essential foundation of the virtue of Temperance; ἀνδρεία as shown by Belphoebe and Guyon is contrasted with the cowardice of Braggadocchio. The next three cantos all represent, in one way or another, Guyon's struggles with the first form of incontinence, i.e. angry passions. It takes various shapes. In the story of Phedon¹ we have an example of a man who has been wholly overcome and destroyed by intemperance in anger; Guyon overcomes Furor and binds Occasion, i.e. he overcomes anger by refusing to brood or dwell upon wrongs. We notice that Phedon's wrath has all the characteristics of angry passion as defined by Aristotle. (a) Passion does follow reason in a sense: Phedon believes that he has good cause for his wrath. (b) Passion is more natural than the desire of excessive pleasure. (c) Passion is less

¹ Canto iv.

cunning than desire: Phedon has no treachery, but rushes straight and without disguise upon his revenge. (*d*) Passionate action involves pain¹: it is certainly the greatest grief to Phedon since he slays both lover and friend. He exhibits in the most forcible manner the wretched condition of the man who is ruled by his own furious anger:

“A mad man or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along upon the ground
A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud, did all abound².”

Furor is not unprovoked, but is, all the time, set on by Occasion, i.e. he obeys reason in a fashion.

In the next canto (*v*) we have the conflict with Pyrochles—another type of angry passion and reckless courage. He also is a victim to his own insensate rage, and complains of the tortures it inflicts upon him:

“That cursed man, that cruell fiend of hell
Furor, oh Furor hath me thus bedight...
That now I weene Joves dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not half so sore³.”

Cymochles also resembles his brother.

In the next canto we turn to the kind of incontinence which, according to Aristotle, is not absolute, i.e. incontinence in the desire for money, honour, etc. Mammon represents the former temptation; he is, as he explains, not only the god of wealth but also the god of the world and of all worldlings; in his power are:

“Riches, renowne and principality
...and all this worldes good⁴.”

“Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly⁵?”

¹ *Nic. Ethics* Book VII vii.

² II iv 3.

³ II vi 50.

⁴ II vii 8.

⁵ II vii 11.

Guyon meets his arguments by declaring that he does not really "support kingdoms"; he only causes "infinite mischiefs" and resists his severest temptation.

The whole conception of Mammon is, however, beyond comparison greater than anything suggested by Aristotle; it is really drawn by Spenser, like the material of his first book, from scholastic theology. The daughter of Mammon "Philotime" is an Aristotelian conception. Aristotle points out that *φιλοτιμία*, Ambition, is a neutral term, sometimes used favourably, sometimes unfavourably; he seems to assume, however, that its prevailing connotation is unfavourable, for in his list of virtues he gives *φιλοτιμία* as an "excess" for which there is no mean or virtue. It is in this sense that Spenser takes it—she is the goddess of extreme and unreasonable ambition; she inspires the desire of excelling others, of advancing by means of flattery, of bribery and other "wrong ways" and of keeping others low.

The siege of the House of Alma, the house of Temperance, contains also a certain number of parallels as does the House itself. Among the moral qualities who dwell with Alma—the lovely abstract personages in whose description Spenser so excels—there is a maiden called Shamefastnesse who is plainly Aristotle's *αἰδώς*. Aristotle says that *αἰδώς* or a sense of shame is hardly a virtue, for it is more like an emotion than a moral state; in its effects it is analogous to the fear of danger for people blush when they are ashamed and turn pale when they are afraid of death. The emotion is one which is not appropriate to all ages but to youth alone; the young are to be praised for exhibiting shamefacedness, but no one would praise it in the old¹. So Spenser describes his "damsell":

"That was right fair and modest of demaine,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew.

 So long as Guyon with her commoned,
 Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anone with rosie red

¹ *Nic. Ethics* Book IV xv.

The bashfull bloud her snowy cheeks did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With faire vermilion or pure castory¹."

Guyon wonders at her distress and enquires its cause, but she only blushes more painfully, and Alma enquires :

" Why wonder yee,
 Faire Sir, at that, which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modestee,
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastnesse itselfe is shee²."

Aristotle declares³ that there are three kinds of moral character to be avoided: vice or *κακία*, incontinence *ἀκρασία*, and brutality *θηριότης*. The opposites to these are: virtue or *ἀρετή*, continence or *ἐγκράτεια*, and divine virtue or *θεία ἀρετή*. Brutality is something below humanity as divine virtue is above. All these seem to be represented in the siege of the House of Alma⁴. The "vices" which besiege the House of Alma made up the quality called *κακία*—baseness, wickedness, disgrace, cowardice.

Spenser describes them as base monsters :

" Headed like owles, with beekes uncomely bent,
 Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare.

 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envies,
 And covetous aspects, all cruel enimies⁵."

Their captain—Maleger—is a horrible monster who represents the very essence of vice, corresponding perhaps to Aristotle's *θηριότης*; he is of bestial ferocity, he rides upon "a tygre swift and fierce," hardly human in appearance, "like a ghost he

¹ II ix 40—1.

² ix 43.

³ *Nic. Ethics* vii i.

⁴ Canto xi.

⁵ xi 8.

seem'd whose grave-clothes were unbound¹." He is excessively formidable; his arrows are all poisoned:

"Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their woundes; so inly they did tine²."

Aristotle says that incontinence assumes the form sometimes of weakness and sometimes of impetuosity³, and Spenser represents his "Maleger" as attended by two hags who are swift in following him:

"And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of litle snags
She did support, and Impotence her name,
But th'other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame⁴."

Maleger singles out as his chief opponent Prince Arthur, who is Spenser's most noble character, who comes nearest to the virtue of *θεία ἀπερή*. Arthur attacks him with the utmost valour, gives him repeated wounds that should be mortal:

"Through both the sides he strooke him quight⁵,"

till the prince is wholly bewildered:

"He doubted lest it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall⁶."

Arthur can only subdue him by lifting him off the ground and crushing him to death in his arms:

"That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatch⁷."

Brutality derives its force from the brute earth.

Guyon next proceeds to the chief of all his conquests—the conquest over the witch Acrasia, who is incontinence absolute and in its most debased form, bodily lust.

¹ xi 20.

² xi 21.

³ *Nic. Ethics* vii viii.

⁴ xi 23.

⁵ xi 38.

⁶ xi 39.

⁷ xi 42.

An incontinent person, Aristotle says, is like a person who is asleep, mad, or intoxicated; in one sense he possesses but in another sense he does not possess knowledge. The deliverance of such an incontinent person from his ignorance and stupefaction, and his restoration to knowledge is similar to a person's recovery from intoxication, or his awakening after sleep¹. This "intoxication" Spenser represents as the "witchery" of Acrasia,

"Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad²."

Guyon, when he reaches her bower, finds her with a victim "Verdant," who is sunk deep into slumber and his whole existence has become a base intoxication,

"His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
Was fowly ra'st, that none the signes might see:
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend³."

When the enchantress is captured he awakens and returns to his right mind. An extremer form of the same intoxication is exemplified by the other victims who are turned into swine, their degradation having reached its natural climax. The palmer explains:

"These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus.

.
According to their mindes like monstrous⁴."

They are restored by his "vertuous staffe," i.e. by the power of reason which makes them men once more.

¹ *Nic. Ethics* vii v.

² II i 52.

³ II xii 80.

⁴ xii 85.

Spenser in his introductory letter says that he means Arthur to typify "Magnificence in particular; which virtue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthur applyable to that virtue, which I write of in that book." This virtue is, quite plainly, the one which Aristotle calls *μεγαλοψυχία*, more usually translated as "High-mindedness." Some of the qualities of *μεγαλοψυχία* are not found in Arthur but most of them are. The "high-minded" man is not really regarded by Aristotle as a quite real or possible person; he is a type, including in himself all that makes up the Greek ideal as Aristotle, at any rate, understood and interpreted that ideal.

We may observe that the ideal of Plato, as might be expected, goes still further and is much nobler than that of Aristotle. In the *Republic* Socrates demonstrates that the ideally just man may not be the man who is successful in a worldly sense, he may be the man who is persecuted for "righteousness' sake"; he may even be the man who is put to an ignominious death.

Spenser has contented himself with following Aristotle's conception in the main but with a few modifications. The root of "Magnanimity" or "Magnificence" in Aristotle is an assured, deep-seated sense of distinction. The magnanimous man has kindness but it is the kindness of superiority and pride, he feels a certain amount of contempt for other people and his intercourse with them is marked by irony. A high-minded person is one who regards himself as worthy of high things and who is worthy of them: he does not estimate his own desert either too much or too little, the thing for which he cares most is honour. The high-minded man, as being worthy of the highest things, must be in the highest degree good, for it is the crown of all the virtues (*κόσμος τις τῶν ἀρετῶν*). The gifts of fortune contribute to high-mindedness because wealth and political power help a man to honour¹. All this is carefully represented in Spenser's character of Arthur: he is of the

¹ *Nic. Ethics* iv vii.

noblest possible descent, he is great and esteems himself highly but not too highly. Among the characteristics of high-mindedness which Aristotle gives are: (1) to shrink from encountering small dangers but to be ready to encounter great dangers; (2) to be fond of conferring benefits but ashamed of receiving them;... (6) to be free from self-assertion; (7) to avoid fussiness or hurry; (8) to act seldom but effectively;... (12) to be little given to admiration; (13) not to bear grudges;... (16) to prefer nobleness to profit¹. Spenser, on the whole, follows very closely. His Arthur is continually conferring benefits upon others; he is certainly free from any undue self-assertion (like that of Pyrochles or Cymochles), there is a stately dignity in all he says and does. He exactly fulfils the condition that the great-minded man should act seldom but effectively; he only intervenes once in each canto but, whenever he appears, it is always at the crucial moment and his assistance is the pivot upon which the whole action turns; it is he who delivers the Redcrosse Knight from the dungeons of Orgoglio, saves Guyon when he is entirely helpless and takes a leading part in repelling the assault upon the House of Alma. Spenser does not carry out this plan quite consistently; in the fifth book when Artegall is held captive by the Amazon Radegund, he is delivered, not by Arthur but by Britomart, but there were probably political reasons for that particular departure. Arthur does not bear grudges, and he most emphatically prefers nobleness to profit, for he never desires or accepts any reward for his great services. We may observe, however, that there are distinct differences.

Aristotle says that the high-minded man is justified in his contempt for others, but Arthur shows no contempt; he is excellently courteous to all with whom he comes in contact. Aristotle's hero is ashamed of receiving benefits, but Spenser insists that even the greatest and most magnificent things may sometimes need the help of the weakest and feeblest, and he expressly insists on the need for humility. In the contest with Maleger and the hags who assist him, Arthur

¹ *Nic. Ethics* iv. viii.

is overthrown and would have been slain but for his squire who hastens to the rescue:

“So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
 So feeble is man’s state and life unsound
 That in assurance it may never stand
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band¹.”

Arthur then overcomes Maleger in a fierce and dreadful conflict, but afterwards is once more so weak and faint that he requires assistance from his squire. Aristotle’s hero is little given to admiration, but this also is not true of Spenser’s Arthur, who always rejoices in the virtues and graces of others.

V. THE HISTORIC ALLEGORY.

The allegory in Spenser’s *Faerie Queene* has, as he himself explains, a historic significance; but it is not easy to explain this significance in the case of Book II and a few notes only can be given here.

The name “Guyon” itself suggests a French hero for it is plainly the Guyan (Guienne) of the Elizabethan chronicles². It seems to me probable that Guyon is meant largely for Coligny. The region of south-western France was one of the chief seats of Coligny’s power. His great plan for a Protestant league in Europe, including England and the French Huguenots as main elements, was of course, precisely one of the ideas most likely to appeal to Spenser, and Coligny might quite fairly be represented among Elizabeth’s knights as he had received help and subsidies from her.

Coligny also, as we learn from contemporary histories³, was famous as one of the chief examples in his age of the virtue of temperance. Coligny was extremely abstemious and sparing in his use of wine, he ate very moderately and slept never more than seven hours. He was extremely grave and even austere

¹ II xi 30.

² Fabyan etc.

³ *Vie de Coligny*, Leyden, 1600.

and yet at the same time courteous and winning in his demeanour. That he should be especially distinguished by the virtue of temperance makes him, of course, particularly appropriate for the knight of Temperance.

Again we notice that Sir Guyon, more than any other of the chief heroes of Spenser, is connected with the sea and its wonders and exploration; Coligny as grand admiral of France would naturally be a sea hero and he was also a great patron of colonising and wished to found Protestant colonies in the New World.

We also observe that Guyon, more than any other of Spenser's knights, is interested in history and a whole canto is devoted to it¹. Coligny was a man of considerable learning, exceedingly interested in history, who wrote very valuable memoirs of his own time though they were afterwards destroyed by his enemies².

If there is an element of Coligny in Guyon it is not difficult to understand two of the main occurrences in the book: the visit to the Cave of Mammon³ and the attempt at seduction by Phaedria or Mirth⁴.

On the moral side Coligny resisted the temptation to enrich himself and was conspicuous among the men of his age for adding nothing to his wealth or lands; on the political side he was one of the Frenchmen whom Charles V and Philip II were wholly unable to seduce.

If a precise event is alluded to it may be Coligny's visit to the Spanish Court in the Netherlands, to Charles V and Philip, in the year 1556.

It is generally agreed that Mammon does represent the power of Spain, and on this particular occasion the Emperor certainly did his best to win over Coligny. The visit was intensely dramatic. Passing up the staircase between a double row of Spaniards all in black and "of a grave and venerable bearing" Coligny came to the antechamber: "It was hung in black. The royal chamber was in black also. The small table

¹ x.² Brantôme *L'Amiral de Chastillon*.³ vii.⁴ vi.

and the chair on which Charles was sitting were, like the rest, draped in black. The Emperor seemed old and shrunken. His eyes were those to which tears came quickly. His hands hung limp and nerveless—wrinkled with age. He was dressed in the prevailing colour. He was dispirited and melancholy¹.”

It is easy to see how this gloomy, melancholy master of untold wealth and power, destined as he was to retire soon into the solitude of a cloister, might have suggested Mammon to Spenser. Mammon is the father of Philotime or Ambition and Charles V was, of course, the most ambitious and the most successfully ambitious prince of his day.

In similar fashion the temptation by Mirth or Phaedria probably alludes to Catherine de Medici. It was an important part of her politics to surround herself with a bevy of beautiful women, adepts in all the arts of seduction, whom she employed to entice her political opponents into indolence and supineness. These tactics succeeded with Anthony of Bourbon and many others but failed with Coligny.

In Spenser Phaedria or Mirth entices Guyon to enter her swiftly-moving boat and conveys him over the Idle Lake to an enchanted island where it is her custom to make her lovers waste their lives in indolence and frivolous enjoyments. Guyon at first is courteous but he sees that she passes the bounds of modesty and breaks away from her and her pleasures. So Coligny had for a time endeavoured to work with Catherine; he had made every effort to win her support and she often attempted to negotiate. One example occurred in 1562 when the armies of Catholics and Huguenots were separated only by the Seine: “It was finally arranged that the Admiral should see her (Catherine) while the Constable visited the Prince. Coligny crossed the river in a small boat. Catherine received him with every demonstration of affection. She embraced and kissed him².” This interview and others were alike unsuccessful.

It is probable that the figures of Pyrochles and Cymochles

¹ See Whitehead *Coligny*, also Sir Walter Besant *Life of Coligny*.

² Whitehead *Coligny*.

represent the two Valois princes: Charles IX and Henry of Anjou. The conception of Pyrochles is that of an unrestrained and fiery nature often breaking out into great savagery, but none the less it shows much pathos; Pyrochles continually aims at righteousness but is incessantly carried away by his own violent rage and so is always falling into the power of Furor whom he hates and fears. So Charles IX was known for his terrible fits of almost maniacal anger and he was incited into such fits by Henry of Guise who is probably Spenser's Furor.

Guyon conquers Furor, i.e. Coligny gets the better of Guise, but Pyrochles (Charles IX) sets Furor free and is afterwards driven to madness by him.

The passage¹ which describes how the unhappy Pyrochles tries to quench his rage in the waters of the stream but suffers hideously because Furor has set him on fire within looks like an allusion to the raging fury of Charles at the time of St Bartholomew. He had, apparently, neither planned nor intended the massacre but his insensate rage seemed to deprive him of reason, and Brantôme recounts that he took the utmost pleasure in seeing the dead bodies, more than four thousand of them, floating down the Seine, either drowned or slain². Yet Brantôme also recounts that Charles was a changed man from that day and suffered ever afterwards from an inward fever which grew worse and worse so that people suspected enchantment or sorcery. Spenser's Pyrochles complains that he burns within and is consumed with "implacable" fire³. Charles' remorse was to some extent assuaged by the approval of the Pope and it is notable that Archimage comes to the assistance of Pyrochles and aids him with balms and herbs.

Cymochles, the brother of Pyrochles, shows an extraordinary jealousy of Guyon and Phaedria and becomes Guyon's bitter enemy because of the favour shown to him by Phaedria; this would be true of Henry of Anjou who detested and feared Coligny because of the influence the latter had over his mother and brother.

¹ VI 42--51.

² Charles IX.

³ VI 144.

We may also point out the incident in which Pyrochles and Cymochles conspire together to disgrace the body of Guyon. The Palmer pleads that it is shameful

“to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardise his carkasse shame,
Whose living hands immortalised his name;
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold¹.”

There was, of course, no event which more incited the wrath and disgust of Europe than the foul insults inflicted on the body of Coligny; even Brantôme records them with supreme horror and disgust². Pyrochles wishes to remove the shield of Guyon and the Coligny family was stripped of its honours.

The two brothers are described³ as the sons of Acrates and Despight and the grandsons of Phlegeton. This would be an admirable genealogy for the Valois princes. Acrates would be the gloomy Henry II—their father, Despight Catherine de Médici their mother—and Phlegeton corresponds perfectly to their grandfather Francis I who prided himself on his fiery nature, took as his motto “I burn” and as his crest a salamander in flames, meaning that he burnt continually without being consumed.

Cymochles is described as commencing his life by warlike deeds but afterwards giving way to the seductions of Phaedria and devoting himself to idleness and licentiousness; this would be true of Henry of Anjou who won a great reputation for valour in his early years but was overcome by the seductions of his mother’s court and wasted his life in sloth and licentiousness.

Though a large part of Book II is concerned with French history it is certainly not all so occupied.

Spenser himself explains that Belpheobe is Elizabeth and critics are generally agreed that Braggadocchio means the Duc d’Alençon and their encounter refers to the French marriage project. If this explanation be correct the officious squire—Trompart—who seems no less smitten with Belpheobe’s beauty than his master would, of course, be Simier.

¹ VIII 12. 17.

² *L’Amiral de Chastillon*.

³ IV 41.

It seems probable also that the story of Guyon contains references to the family of Spenser's patron—Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton—both to himself and to his father, William, Lord Grey of Wilton.

Arthur was born at Hammes in the English Pale in France in 1536, so the French name of the hero would suit him also. He was present at the siege and surrender of Guisnes in 1568 when his father commanded and the French attacked under the Duke of Guise. Of this siege he afterwards wrote a long account incorporated by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*.

It is notable that Spenser devotes one whole canto¹ to a siege which seems itself to be a sequel to another long canto² which is full of material incorporated from Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Grey was, of course, particularly zealous in promoting the reformed religion.

He was one of the peers appointed for the trial of the Duke of Norfolk in 1574, and in 1586 he was one of the commissioners appointed for the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots.

These events seem reflected in Canto XII. Guyon shows great pity for the young man "Verdant hight" whom he finds in the arms of Acrasia and sets him free for a time. It may be remembered that Norfolk was at first pardoned; Verdant is described as of "a sweet regard and amiable grace" and Norfolk was one of the most popular nobles in England. His shield was full of "old monuments" and Norfolk was of a very ancient family and the premier duke.

He resumed his conspiracies to become Mary's husband and was executed, being then aged about thirty-three.

The overthrow of Acrasia's bower must surely refer to the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. In this part of the poem and elsewhere Spenser seems to owe a good deal to Knox's *History of the Reformation*. Thus the thick mist which descends and hides the face of nature seems to be a reference to the thick mist which obscured the voyage on the day of Mary's landing in Scotland and which Knox declared to be typical of the mist of blindness and iniquity which she was bringing upon her un-

¹ XI.² X.

happy country. Spenser describes a great flock of birds and Knox also saw some curious connection between these creatures and Mary, because he declared that a severe winter which caused the death of most of the birds was sent as a punishment for her wickedness. Spenser also describes mermaids who try to entice his knight with their enchanting song; placards of the time which attacked Mary often represented her as a mermaid¹.

Spenser describes Acrasia's bower, as made enticing by melody and songs and luxurious sports. So Knox in his sermons was continually attacking the queen for the frivolity of her court, especially for her love of music and adornment and dancing.

The golden wine-cup which is offered to Guyon probably symbolises the ceremony of the mass, which was the great cause of conflict between the queen and the reformers.

In the story of Sir Guyon there are probably references also to the elder Grey of Wilton. He was the governor of Guisnes, which he defended with great valour in the famous siege; his son was present at this siege and described it for Holiushed's *Chronicle*, as already explained. The Palmer family—Sir Henry and his brother—were trusted adherents of the Greys. Letters from Lord Grey are extant addressing Sir Henry as "my trusty Pallmer"; they also were concerned in the siege of Guisnes.

Lloyd in his *State Worthies* has the following concerning William, Lord Grey of Wilton: "He had Fabius his slow way and long reach with Herennius his fine policies, having his two companions always with him, his map and his guide; the first whereof discovered unto him his more obvious advantages and the second his more close dangers."

It looks as if Spenser had combined this idea of the guide, always carefully consulted with the name of the "trusty Pallmer." Lloyd continues concerning William: "His great conduct won him much esteem with those that saw him. Observable his civility to strangers, his bounty to followers, obliging his carriage in the countries he marched through and expert his skill in the wars; whose end, he said, was victory and the end of victory

¹ Lang, *Mystery of Mary Stuart*.

nobleness, made up of pity and munificence....Having lived to all the great purposes of life but self-interest he died 1563....Not much regarded was this gallant spirit when alive but much missed when dead."

It is worthy of note that Spenser's method in Book II seems to be much the same as in the historical allegory of Book V; in the latter also he combines French and English history together and makes his hero—Artegall—represent two persons, in that case Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton and Lord Leicester.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

CONTAYNING,
THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON.
OR
OF TEMPERAUNCE.

1

Right well I wote most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'aboundance of an idle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory,
Sith none, that breatheth living aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

2

But let that man with better sence advize, 10
That of the world least part to us is red:
And dayly how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The *Amazons* huge river now found trew?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did ever vew?

3

Yet all these were, when no man did them know ;
 Yet have from wiscest ages hidden beene : 20
 And later times things more unknowne shall show.
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ?
 What if within the Moones faire shining spheare ?
 What if in every other starre unseene
 Of other worldes he happily should heare ?
 He wonder would much more : yet such to some appeare.

4

Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certaine signes here set in sundry place
 He may it find ; ne let him then admire, 30
 But yield his sence to be too blunt and bace,
 That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
 And thou, O fairest Princesse under sky,
 In this faire mirrhour maist behold thy face,
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
 And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

5

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
 In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
 Which else could not endure those beames bright,
 But would be dazled with exceeding light. 41
 O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
 The brave adventures of this Faery knight
 The good Sir *Guyon* graciously to heare,
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

CANTO I

*Guyon by Archimage abused,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes,
Findes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.*

1

That cunning Architect of cancred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wile,
Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he understands,
To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
To serve againe his souveraine *Elfin* Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie left, him selfe escaped cleene.

2

And forth he fares full of malicious mind, 10
To worken mischief and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Una* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To natives crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
As weather-beaten ship arriv'd on happie shore.

3

Him therefore now the object of his spight
 And deadly food he makes: him to offend 20
 By forged treason, or by open fight
 He seekes, of all his drift the aymed end:
 Thereto his subtile engins he does bend
 His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
 With thousand other sleights: for well he kend,
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
 For hardly could be hurt, who was already stong.

4

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay.
 With cunning traines him to entrap unwares,
 And privie spials plast in all his way, 30
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To ketch him at a vantage in his snares.
 By triall of his former harmes and cares,
 But now so wise and warie was the knight
 That he descride, and shonned still his slight:
 The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

5

Nath'lesse th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,
 In hope to win occasion to his will;
 Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
 He chaungd his minde from one to other ill: 40
 For to all good he enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meet,
 Faire marching underneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

6

His carriage was full comely and upright,
 His countenance demure and temperate,
 But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,
 That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
 He was an Elfin borne of noble state, 50
 And mickle worship in his native land;
 Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
 When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie land.

7

Him als accompanyd upon the way
 A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
 Of ripest yeares, and haire all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
 And if by lookes one may the mind aread, 60
 He seemd to be a sage and sober sire,
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to
 tread.

8

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to worke some uncouth wile,
 Eftsoones untwisting his deceitfull clew,
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
 And with a faire countenance and flattring stile,
 To them approching, thus the knight bespake:
 Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,
 And great atchiev'ments great your selfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

9

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And bad tell on the tenor of his plaint;
 Who feigning then in every limbe to quake,
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint
 With piteous mone his percing speach gan paint;
 Deare Lady how shall I declare thy cace,
 Whom late I left in langourous constraint?
 Would God thy selfe now present were in place, so
 To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

10

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
 When that lewd ribauld with vile lust advaunst
 Layd first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
 To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more faire was never seene,
 Of chastitie and honour virginall: 89
 Witnessse ye heavens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

11

How may it be, (said then the knight halfe wroth,)
 That knight should knighthood ever so have shent?
 None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
 How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloudie word;
 Young hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

12

Therewith amoved from his sober mood, 100
 And lives he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
 And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?
 He lives, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
 Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
 Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,
 Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
 That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
 The stricken Deare doth challenge by the bleeding
 wound.

13

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
 And zealous hast away is quickly gone 110
 To seeke that knight, where him that craftie Squire
 Supposd to be. They do arrive anone,
 Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and haire discheveled,
 Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone;
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

14

The knight approching nigh, thus to her said,
 Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid, 120
 And marre the blossome of your beautie bright:
 For thy appease your griefe and heavie plight,
 And tell the cause of your conceived paine.
 For if he live, that hath you doen despight;
 He shall you doe due recompence againe,
 Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

15

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
 And offred hope of comfort did despise:
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent, 130
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dveriment,
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be scene,
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene.

16

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my lief,
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment, 140
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weake mind with double woe torment?
 When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

17

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
 What comfort can I wofull wretch conceive,
 Or why should ever I henceforth desire,
 To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
 Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?
 False traytour certes (said the Faerie knight) 150
 I read the man, that ever would deceave
 A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
 Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

18

But now, faire Ladie, comfort to you make,
 And read, who hath ye wrought this shamefull
 plight.

That short revenge the man may overtake,
 Where so he be, and soone upon him light.
 Certes (said she) I wote not how he hight,
 But under him a gray steede did he wield,
 Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight; 160
 Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
 He bore a bloudie Crosse, that quartred all the field.

19

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse,
 How that same knight should do so foule amis,
 Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
 For may I boldly say, he surely is
 A right good knight, and true of word ywis:
 I present was, and can it witness well,
 When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
 Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*, 170
 In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame,
 Else be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the same:
 All wrongs have mends, but no amends of shame.
 Now therefore Ladie, rise out of your paine,
 And see the salving of your blotted name.
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine. 180

21

Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
 Ne yet her person such, as it was seene,
 But under simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurckt false *Duessa* secretly unseene,
 As a chast Virgin, that had wronged beene:
 So had false *Archimago* her disguisd,
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
 And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
 To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.

22

Her late forlorne and naked he had found, 190
 Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
 Lurking in rockes and caves farre under ground,
 And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
 And borrow'd beautie spoyld. Her nathelesse
 Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus revest, and deckt with due habiliments.

23

For all he did, was to deceive good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
 To slug in slouth and sensuall delights, 201
 And end their daies with irrenowned shame.
 And now exceeding grieffe him overcame,
 To see the *Redcrosse* thus advaunced hye;
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

24

So now he *Guyon* guides an uncouth way
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay 210
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplast,
 The valley did with coole shade overcast;
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,
 By which there sate a knight with helme unlast,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travell long, and labours manifold.

25

Loe yonder he, cryde *Archimage* alowd,
 That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew; 220
 But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
 So God ye speed, and send you good successe;
 Which we farre off will here abide to vew.
 So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he did
 addresse.

26

Who seeing him from farre so fierce to pricke,
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his readie speare did sticke;
 Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan renconnter him in equall race. 230
 They bene ymet, both readie to affrap,
 When suddenly that warriour gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betidde, or hidden daunger did entrap.

27

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
 For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
 Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death, 240
 Which on your shield is set for ornament:
 But his fierce foe his steede could stay uneath,
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

28

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
 His error, and himselfe inclyning sayd;
 Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
 But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
 Whose hastie hand so farre from reason strayd,
 That almost it did haynous violence
 On that faire image of that heavenly Mayd, 250
 That decks and armes your shield with faire
 defence:
 Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

29

So bene they both attone, and doen upreare
 Their bevers bright, each other for to greete;
 Goodly comportance each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
 Then said the *Redcrosse* knight, Now mote I weet,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliaunce,
 And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
 For sith I know your goodly governaunce, 260
 Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth
 chaunce.

30

Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
 The fond encheason, that me hither led.
 A false infamous faitour late befell
 Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
 And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
 A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent;
 Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
 Where you he made the marke of his intent,
 And now is fled; foule shame him follow, where he went.

31

So can he turne his earnest unto game, 271
 Through goodly handling and wise temperance.
 By this his aged guide in presence came;
 Who soone as on that knight his eye did glance,
 Eft soones of him had perfect cognizance,
 Sith him in Faerie court he late avizd;
 And said, faire sonne, God give you happie chance,
 And that deare Crosse upon your shield devizd,
 Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

32

Joy may you have, and everlasting fame, 280
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
 For which enrolled is your glorious name
 In heavenly Registers above the Sunne,
 Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have
 wonne:
 But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
 Must now anew begin, like race to runne;
 God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke.

31, 2 'handling' ed. 1590, 'handing' 1596.

33

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* knight) 289
 His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
 Who made my hand the organ of his might;
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
 Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
 That home ye may report thrise happie newes;
 For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle thewes.

34

So courteous conge both did give and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
 Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make, 300
 With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still.
 Still he him guided over dale and hill,
 And with his steddie staffe did point his way:
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
 And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

35

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
 Through many hard assayes, which did betide;
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glorie through all countries wide.
 At last as chaunst them by a forest side 311
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
 With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
 Which to attend, a while their forward steps they stay.

36

But if that carelesse heavens (quoth she) despise
 The doome of just revenge, and take delight
 To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
 As bound by them to live in lives despight, 319
 Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
 Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee,
 And take away this long lent loathed light:
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
 That long captived soules from wearie thraldome free.

37

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
 Hath made sad witnessse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith heaven thee deignes to hold in living state,
 Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall,
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall:
 Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest, 330
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 Loe I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.

38

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
 That through the wood reechoed againe,
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine;
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does
 raine, 340
 Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
 Brayes out her latest breath, and up her eyes doth seele.

39

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
 And soone arrived, where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quicke,
 In whose white alabaster brest did sticke
 A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
 From which forth gusht a streme of gorebloud thick,
 That all her goodly garments staine around, 35^o
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground.

40

Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubbling fountaine low she lay,
 Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
 His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands, and tender joynts embrew;
 Pitifull spectacle, as ever eye did view. 36^o

41

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
 Whose armour all with bloud besprinckled was;
 His ruddie lips did smile, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded,
 Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lustie hed,
 Fit to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42

Whom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold, 370
 His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
 And his fresh blond did frieze with fearefull cold,
 That all his senses seemd bereft attone,
 At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
 Till ruth and fraile affection did constraîne,
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43

Out of her gored wound the cruell steele
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floudgate stop 380
 With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blond yet in her veynes did hop;
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
 That at the last she gan to breath out living aire.

44

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meetest med'eine, tempred with sweet voice;
 Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art 391
 Of ruefull pitie, and impatient smart,
 What direfull chance, armd with revenging fate,
 Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date;
 Speake, O deare Lady speake: help never comes too late.

45

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the drery death did sit, as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
 But when as him all in bright armour clad 400
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
 Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
 Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunke againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said; Yet if the stony cold 410
 Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your griefe unfold,
 And tell the secret of your mortall smart;
 He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe impart.

47

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low,
 Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw
 With lips full pale and foltring tongue opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
 Leave, ah leave off, what ever wight thou bee,
 To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest, 421
 And trouble dying soules tranquilittee.
 Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

48

Ah farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee:
 For all I seeke, is but to have redrest
 The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then, ô Lady tell, what fatall priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest? 430
 That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieffe.

49

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heaven accusing guiltie of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad words she spent her utmost breath:
 Heare then, ô man, the sorrowes that uneth
 My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pas:
 Loe this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras 440
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant
 was.

50

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
 My Lord my love; my deare Lord, my deare love,
 So long as heavens just with equall brow,
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above,
 One day when him high courage did emmove,
 As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wilde,
 He pricked forth, his puissant force to prove,
 Me then he left enwombed of this child, 449
 This lucklesse child, whom thus ye see with blond defild.

51

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
 To come, where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia a false enchaunteresse,
 That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
 Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is,
 Faire Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
 The cursed land where many wend amis,
 And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blis.*

52

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight, 460
 Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad,
 And then with words and weedes of wondrous might,
 On them she workes her will to uses bad:
 My lifest Lord she thus beguiled had;
 For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailtie breed.)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
 Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
 And cast to seeke him forth through daunger and great
 dreed.

53

Now had faire *Cynthia* by even tournes
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare, 470
 And thrise three times had fild her crooked hornes,
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought:
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwives
 weare,
 Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
 Yet nought too deare I deemd, while so my dear I sought.

54

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
 Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound, 480
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
 Till through wise handling and faire governance,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
 Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

55

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would reprove,
 With cup thus charmd, him parting she deceiv'd;
Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love, to her that loves to live, 491
So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke,
 So parted we and on our journey drive,
 Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
 The charme fulfilld, dead suddenly he downe did sincke.

56

Which when I wretch, Not one word more she sayd
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could unneath 500
 From teares abstaine, for griefe his hart did grate,
 And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
 Which plunged had faire Ladie in so wretched state.

57

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old syre
 Behold the image of mortalitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
 When raging passion with fierce tyrannie
 Robs reason of her due regalitie,
 And makes it servant to her basest part: 510
 The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
 The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake
 through smart.

58

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,
 Nor fry in hartlesse grieffe and dolefull teene.
 Thrise happie man, who fares them both atweene:
 But sith this wretched woman overcome
 Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene, 520
 Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
 And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

59

Palmer (quoth he) death is an equall doome
 To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;
 But after death the tryall is to come,
 When best shall be to them, that lived best:
 But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
 Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
 For all so great shame after death I weene, 530
 As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

60

So both agree their bodies to engrave;
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad Cypresse seemely it emgrave,
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corses tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir *Guyon* more affection to increace, 539
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye releace.

61

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
 Which medling with their bloud and earth, he
 threw
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
 Such and such evill God on *Guyon* reare,
 And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,
 If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbeare,
 Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine:
 So shedding many teares, they closd the earth againe.

CANTO II

*Babes bloudie hands may not be clenst,
 the face of golden Meane.
 Her sisters two Extremities:
 strive her to banish cleane.*

1

Thus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
 Had with due rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,
 The litle babe up in his armes he hent;
 Who with sweet pleasance and bold blandishment
 Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
 Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe
 In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter teares
 did steepe.

2

Ah lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre, 10
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
 Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are
 Left thee for portion of thy livelihood,
 Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
 As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
 And throwen forth, till it be withered:
 Such is the state of men: thus enter wee
 Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

3

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
 Downe to that well, did in the water weene 20
 (So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
 His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
 He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
 For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove,
 Yet still the litle hands were bloudie seene;
 The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
 And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

4

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
 Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence, 30
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shew how sore bloudguiltinesse he hat'th;
 Or that the charme and venim, which they druncke,
 Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senselesse truncke,
 That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunck.

5

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;
 Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your ignorance great marvell make, 40
 Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
 But know, that secret vertues are infusd
 In every fountaine, and in every lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
 To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd.

6

Of those some were so from their sourse indewd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture
 deawd ;
 Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap :
 But other some by gift of later grace, 51
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
 And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from place
 to place.

7

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
 Which to her Nymph befell. Upon a day,
 As she the woods with bow and shafts did ranunge,
 The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye, 60
 Inflamed was to follow beauties ¹chace,
 And chaced her, that fast from him did fly ;
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

8

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
 And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
 She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
 And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare besought, to let her dye a mayd.
 The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
 With stony feare of that rude rustieck mate, 71
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

¹ 7, 7 'pray' sugg. by Collier.

9

Lo now she is that stone, from whose two heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet cold through feare, and old conceived dreads;
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
 Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
 And yet her vertues in her water byde:
 For it is chast and pure, as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde, 80
 But ever like her selfe unstained hath beene tryde.

10

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
 May not be clensd with water of this well:
 Ne certes Sir strive you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to minde revengement,
 And be for all chast Dames an endlesse moniment.

11

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe 91
 Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare;
 But his sad fathers arnes with bloud defilde,
 An heavie load himselfe did lightly reare,
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare
 He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
 By other accident that earst befell,
 He is convaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

9, 1 'whose' 1590, 'those' 1596.

12

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth, 100
 Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
 And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth;
 His double burden did him sore disease.
 So long they traveled with litle ease,
 Till that at last they to a Castle came,
 Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas,
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one sire by mothers three; 110
 Who dying whylome did divide this fort
 To them by equall shares in equall fee:
 But strifull minde, and diverse qualitee
 Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
 Still did they strive, and dayly disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
 Recciv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
 Of second sister, who did far excell 120
 The other two; *Medina* was her name,
 A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame;
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Faire marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse scene, or looser vanitie, 130
 But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
 Above the reason of her youthly yeares:
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
 In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

16

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame,
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accourting each her friend with lavish fest: 140
 They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these Ladies love did countenaunce,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

17

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
 Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to sew he first began;
 More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was,
 And reason with foole-hardize over ran; 151
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
 And was for terrour more, all arind in shyning bras.

18

But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,
 He that faire *Una* late fowle outraged,
 The most unruly, and the boldest boy,
 That ever warlike weapons menaged,
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged 160
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right.
 He now this Ladies champion chose for love to fight.

19

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
 Each other does envie with deadly hate,
 And dayly warre against his foeman moves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,
 And th'others pleasing service to abate,
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
 Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

20

But ere they could proceede unto the place, 172
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruell combat joynd in middle space:
 With horrible assault, and furie fell,
 They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
 That all on uprore from her settled seat,
 The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell;
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
 Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

21

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
 Where when as two brave knights in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to understand;
 And at his first arrivall, them began
 With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22

But they him spying, both with greedy forse 190
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
 As when a Beare and Tygre being met
 In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
 Espye a traveler with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to devide,
 They stint their strife, and him assaile on every side.

23

But he, not like a wearie travelere,
 Their sharpe assault right boldly did rebut, 200
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut;
 But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
 With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

21, 1 'calth' 1596, 'cald' 1590.

24

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, do diversly disease, 210
 Meetes two contrary billowes by the way,
 That her on either side do sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
 She scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
 And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire her selfe doth
 save.

25

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriours he dismaded: 221
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him layes:
 So double was his paines, so double be his prayse.

26

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
 Three combats joyne in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,
 All for their Ladies froward love to gaine, 229
 Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yet his peace is but continuall jarre:
 O miserable men, that to him subject arre.

27

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and falling them before,
 Besought them by the womb, which them had borne,
 And by the loves, which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood, which they sure had
 sworne, 241
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her just conditions of faire peace to heare.

28

But her two other sisters standing by,
 Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champion bad
 Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad.
 Yet she with pittthy words and counsell sad,
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke,
 That at the last suppressing fury mad, 250
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches, which she spoke.

29

Ah puissaunt Lords, what cursed evill Spright,
 Or fell *Erinnys* in your noble harts,
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
 Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and just desarts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust, 260
 That more to mighty hands, then rightfull cause doth
 trust.

30

And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
 Then with bloud guiltnesse to heape offence,
 And mortall vengeance joyne to crime abhord?
 O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruits of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
 Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
 Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious jarre.

31

But lovely concord, and most sacred peace 271
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
 Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does
 increace,
 Till it the pitch of highest prayse exceeds:
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes over ire and pride,
 And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds:
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

32

Her gracious wordes their rancour did appall, 280
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
 That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their loftie crests
 To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
 Then she began a treatie to procure,
 And stablsh termes betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure;
 Which to observe in word of knights they did assure.

33

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their wearie sweat and bloody toile, 290
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repaire a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receiv'd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouthes to dainty
 fare.

34

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves, 300
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeard in both:
 For both did at their second sister grutch,
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment fret, not th'utter touch;
 One thought their cheare too litle, th'other thought
 too mutch.

35

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merth or meat; 310
 No solace could her Paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
 But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,
 Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce.

36

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight; 320
 In wine and meats she flowd above the bancke,
 And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
 In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to prancke,
 But of her love too lavish (litle have she thancke.)

37

First by her side did sit the bold *Sans-loy*,
 Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy;
 Might not be found a franker franion,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion;
 But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent, 330
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
 Yet still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment.

38

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* sate
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage;
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accourage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need: 341
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

39

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satietie,
 At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
 She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through jeopardie,
 And whither now on new adventure bound.
 Who with bold grace, and comely gravitie,
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around, 35^o
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

40

This thy demaund, ô Lady, doth revive
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,
 That with her soveraigne powre, and scepter shene
 All Faery lond does peaceable sustene.
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
 That over all the earth it may be seene;
 As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her the richesse of all heavenly grace, 36¹
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hie:
 And all that else this worlds enclosure bace,
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Majestie;
 That men beholding so great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortalitie,
 Do her adore with sacred reverence,
 As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.

42

To her I homage and my service owe, 370
 In number of the noblest knights on ground,
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found,
 An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princesse did complaine 380
 Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes;
 Me all unfit for so great purpose she employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phœbe* with her silver face
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place, 390
 In which her royall presence is introid;
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acrasia* have wonne;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

44, 4 'introid,' prob. 'enrolled.'

45

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pittie such unhappy bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine: 400
Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the storie of the mortall payne,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

46

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
Whilest with delight of that he wisely spake, 410
Those gwestes beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
At last when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest
him hyes.

CANTO III

*Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons
horse is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
Belphæbe fowle forlorne.*

1

Soone as the morrow faire with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him adrest
Unto the journey which he had behight:
His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

2

Then taking *Congé* of that virgin pure, *11*
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her conjure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th:
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'avenge his Parents death on them, that had it
wrought.

3

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone; 20
 Patience perforce; helpelesse what may it boot
 To fret for anger, or for grieffe to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
 So fortune wrought, as under greene woods syde
 He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
 And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

4

The whiles a losell wandring by the way,
 One that to bountie never cast his mind,
 Ne thought of honour ever did assay 30
 His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
 A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find,
 To which his flowing toung, and troublous spright
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclin'd:
 He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full
 light.

5

Now gan his hart all swell in jollitie,
 And of him selfe great hope and helpe conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with smoke of vanitie,
 And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd, 40
 He gan to hope, of men to be receiv'd
 For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
 But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Eftsoones to court he cast t'avaunce his first degree.

6

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting idle on a sunny bancke,
 To whom avaunting in great bravery,
 As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flanke, 50
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
 The seely man seeing him ryde so rancke,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying Mercy lowd, his pitious hands gan reare.

7

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,
 Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
 And with big thundring voyce revyld him lowd;
 Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and despaire,
 Unworthie of the commune breathed aire,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day, 60
 And doest not unto death thy selfe prepaire.
 Dye, or thy selfe my captive yield for ay;
 Great favour I thee graunt, for aunswere thus to stay.

8

Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
 Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
 Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
 I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
 The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offfall, 70
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

9

So happy peace they made and faire accord:
 Eftsoones this liege-man gan to waxe more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold:
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleights and practick knavery.
 For that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His idle humour with fine flattery, 80
 And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

10

Trompart fit man for *Braggadachio*,
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
 In his light wings, is lifted up to skye:
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be advaunced hye:
 Such prayse is shame; but honour vertues meed
 Doth beare the fairest flowre in honorable seed. 90

11

So forth they pas, a well consorted paire,
 Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
 Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
 On goodly courser thundring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
 Of his revenge to make the instrument:
 For since the *Redcrosse* knight he earst did weet,
 To beene with *Guyon* knit in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

12

And comming close to *Trompart* gan inquere 100
 Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden sell with single spere,
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee.
 He is a great adventurer, (said he)
 That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee,
 Of that despight, never to wearen none;
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

13

Th'enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win, 110
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
 Tho to him louting lowly, did begin
 To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
 Which two through treason and deceptfull gin,
 Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
 That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

14

Therewith all suddcinly he seemd enraged,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gaged; 120
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said; Old man, great sure shalbe thy meed,
 If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed,
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I soone,
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay,
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
 Give no ods to your foes, but do purvay 130
 Your selfe of sword before that bloody day:
 For they be two the prowest knights on ground,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay,
 And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
 Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

16

Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe advise;
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Else never should thy judgement be so fraile,
 To measure manhood by the sword or maile. 140
 Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an host to quaile?
 Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:
 Speake they, which have beheld the battailes, which
 it wan.

17

The man was much abashed at his boast;
 Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
 With either of those knights on even coast,
 Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
 When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did sweare, 150
 When with onesword seven knights I brought to end,
 Thence forth in battell never sword to beare,
 But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth
 weare.

18

Perdie Sir knight, said then th'enchauter blive,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
 For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.
 The same by my advise I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond. 160
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
 The Northerne wind his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espie
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flie: 170
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe returned eie.

20

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse
 feare;
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene,
 Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they
 heare,
 As ghastly bug their haire on end does reare:
 Yet both doe strive their fearfulnessse to faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe, 179
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

21

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
 But *Trompart* stoutly stayd to taken heed,
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
 A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance, borne of heavenly birth.

22

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not, 190
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
 Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

23

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th'heavenly makers light, 200
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For with dredd Majestie, and awfull ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

24

Her ivorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave, 210
 And write the battels of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red:
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

25

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
 And every one her with a grace endowes: 220
 And every one with meekenesse to her bowes.
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall fraile pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

26

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken Camus lylly whight,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight, 230
 Which all above besprinckled was throughout,
 With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe.

27

Below her ham her weed did somewhat traine,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld:
 Before they fastned were under her knee 240
 In a rich Jewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all their knots, that none might see,
 How they within their foulings close enwrapped bee.

28

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort;
 Those same with stately grace, and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace,
 But with the wooddie Nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying Libbard she did chace, 251
 She could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

29

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide, 260
 Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

28, 7 'play,' possibly 'sport.'

30

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
 They waved like a penon wide dispred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:
 And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairees sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandie shore 271
 Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
 Where all the Nymphes have her unwares forlore,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
 Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
 The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
 Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did vew, 280
 He was dismayed in his coward mind,
 And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
 Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
 When she at last him spying thus bespake;
 Hayle Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrowstrake?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.

33

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw;
 O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee) 290
 For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
 To weet, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34

To whom she thus; but ere her words ensewed,
 Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
 In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed, 300
 And saw it stirre: she left her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shaft advaunce,
 In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying, ô what ever heavenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

35

O stay thy hand for yonder is no game
 For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
 But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
 Is farre renownd through many bold emprize; 310
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
 She staid: with that he crawld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
 And standing stoutly up, his loftie crest
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from
 rest.

36

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret cave
 For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
 Not caring how, her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
 Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid, 320
 Peepes foorth, and soone renewes her native pride;
 She gins her feathers foule disfigured
 Proudly to prune, and set on every side,
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he vewed
 Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
 Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewed;
 All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall, 330
 As all the like, which honour have pursewed
 Through deedes of armes and prowesse martiall;
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

38

To whom he thus; ô fairest under skie,
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein have I spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought, and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
 Endeavouring my dreaded name to raise 340
 Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
 In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

39

But what art thou, ô Ladie, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forrest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for joyous court exchange,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happie blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 There thou maist love, and dearely loved bee,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee. 351

40

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
 Does swim, and bathes himselve in courtly blis,
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 And in oblivion ever buried is:
 Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easie mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind 359
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honor soonest find.

41

In woods, in waves, in warres she wonts to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happie mansion attaine:
 Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
 And wakefull watches ever to abide:
 But easie is the way, and passage plaine
 To pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

42

In Princes court, The rest she would have said, 370
 But that the foolish man, fild with delight
 Of her sweet words, that all his sence dismaid,
 And with her wondrous beautie ravisht quight,
 Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that she swarving backe, her Javelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

43

Which when the Peasant saw, amazd he stood,
 And greived at her flight; yet durst he not 380
 Pursew her steps, through wild unknowen wood;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shot
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine,
 But turning said to *Trompart*, What foule blot
 Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdaine?

44

Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her passe at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill) 390
 But that she is some powre celestiall?
 For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
 My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.
 And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horne sound with such
 ghastrinesse.

45

For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
 Me given by eternall destinie,
 That earthly thing may not my courage brave
 Dismay with feare, or cause on foot to flie, 400
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hie:
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I
 heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skie,
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
 But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
 Let us soone hence depart. They soone agree;
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride,
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree. 410 <> A
 Which well that valiant courser did discern; VII, 31
 For he despysd to tread in dew degree,
 But chaufd and fom'd, with courage fierce and
 sterne,
 And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

CANTO IIII

*Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and stops Occasion:
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
by strife is rayld upon.*

1

In brave pursuit of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
Arthur, VIII, As feates of armes, and love to entertaine,
31 But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
Proper to gentle bloud; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2

But he the rightfull owner of that steed, 10
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weake to strengthen, and the strong
suppresse.

3

It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
 He saw from farre, or seemed for to see 20
 Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
 Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the haire along upon the ground,
 A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
 Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
 That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud did all
 abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
 In ragged robes, and filthy disaray,
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke, 30
 But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
 Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold,
 But all behind was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could ever taken hold,
 And eke her face ill favoured, full of wrinckles old.

5

And ever as she went, her tongue did walke
 In foule reproch, and termes of vile despight,
 Provoking him by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to
 smite, 41
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which she could not go upright;
 Ne any evill meanes she did forbear,
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

6

The noble *Guyon* mov'd with great remorse,
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
 And after adding more impetuous forse,
 His mightie hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe; who all on fire streight way,
 Against him turning all his fell intent, 51
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
 And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

7

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governance, it well to guide:
 But when the frantieke fit inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
 Then at the ayred marke, which he had eide:
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares, 60
 Whilst reason blent through passion, nought
 describe,
 But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares,
 And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom he
 hurts, nought cares.

8

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In faire defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so,
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro, 70
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay.

9

And being downe the villein sore did beat,
 And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face:
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
 Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboying in his haughtie hart,
 Knit all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
 His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart, so
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 Not so, ô *Guyon*, never thinke that so
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
 He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
 As steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.
 That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight. 90

11

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge:
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
 And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage,
 Then when she is withdrawen, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
 The bankes are overflowen, when stopped is the flood.

12

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise, 100
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
 Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
 Thereon an yron lock, did fasten firme and strong.

13

Then when as use of speach was from her reft, 109
 With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
 And beckned him, the last helpe she had left:
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her hands fast bound unto a stake,
 That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14

In his strong armes he stiffely him embraste,
 Who him gainstriving, nought at all prevaild:
 For all his power was utterly defaste, 120
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:
 Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slacke.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

15

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots that did him sore constraine:
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind, 129
 And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
 His burning eyen, whom blondie strakes did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
 And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
 Shakt his long lockes, colourd like copper-wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

16

Thus when as *Guyon Furor* had captiv'd,
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriv'd,
 Lying on ground, all soild with bloud and mire:
 Whom when as he perceived to respire, 140
 He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
 Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
 And made that caitives thral, the thral of wretchednesse.

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 Faire Sir (quoth he) what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
 The man most warie in her whelming lap.
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one, 150
 Unweeting, and unaware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
 Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

18

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
 Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourse,
 Attonce I was upbrought, and eft when yeares
 More ripe us reason lent to chose our Peares,
 Our selves in league of vowed love we knit:
 In which we long time without gealous feares, 160
 Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
 And for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit.

19

It was my fortune commune to that age,
 To love a Ladie faire of great degree,
 The which was borne of noble parentage,
 And set in highest seat of dignitee,
 Yet seemd no lesse to love, then loved to bee:
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
 Love that two harts makes one; makes eke one
 will: 170
 Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake,
 Of all my love and all my privitie;
 Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
 And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
 Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee,
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
 Ne ever thing, that she could thinke or see,
 But unto him she would impart the same:
 O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame. 180

21

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
 That I that Ladie to my spouse had wonne;
 Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
 Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
 Which mariage make; that day too farre did seeme:
 Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne,
 Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
 And that my falsen friend did no lesse joyous deeme.

22

But ere that wished day his beame disclosd, 190
 He either envying my toward good,
 Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd
 One day unto me came in friendly mood,
 And told for secret how he understood
 That Ladie whom I had to me assynd,
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,
 And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd;
 And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

23

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
 Which his sad speech infixd in my brest, 200
 Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
 That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
 Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
 And him besought by that same sacred band
 Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best.
 He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
 Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

24

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
 Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
 And that it was a groome of base degree, 210
 Which of my love was partner Paramoure:
 Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
 Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see, that would me nearer move,
 And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

25

This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
 Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
 Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
 Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare. 220
 One day to worke her to his will more neare,
 He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
 What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
 Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
 That it should not deface all others lesser light?

26

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
 T'adorne thy forme according thy desart,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
 And staynd their prayes with thy least good part;
 Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art, 230
 Though she thy Lady be, approach thee neare:
 For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
 Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27

The Maiden proud through prayse, and mad through love
 Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
 The whiles to me the treachour did remove
 His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
 The sad spectatour of my Tragedie; 240
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
 Disguised like that groome of base degree,
 Whom he had feignd th'abuser of my love to bee.

28

Eftsoones he came unto th'appointed place,
 And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arayd,
 In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
 I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
 But weend it was my love, with whom he playd.
 Ah God, what horroure and tormenting grieffe
 My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assayd? 250
 My liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
 Then wound of gealous worme, and shame of such
 reriefe.

29

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
 That after soone I dearely did lament:
 For when the cause of that outrageous dede
 Demanded, I made plaine and evident, 259
 Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
 Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her
 weede.

30

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
 Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
 To punish: yet it better first I thought,
 To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
 To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*
 I cast to pay, that I so dearely bought;
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guiltie potion. 270

31

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieffe on grieffe,
 To losse of love adjoyning losse of frend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
 And in my woes beginner it to end:
 That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
 She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 And I pursewing my fell purpose, after went.

32

Feare gave her wings, and rage enforst my flight; 280
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
 Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
 As I her, so he me pursewd apace,
 And shortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
 Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

33

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to dye,
 Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne
 handeling, 290
 That death were better, then such agony,
 As grieve and furie unto me did bring;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will never be appeasd.
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore have ye beene diseasd;
 But all your hurts may soone through temperance
 be easd.

34

Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,
 That to affections does the bridle lend;
 In their beginning they are weake and wan, 300
 But soone through suff'rance grow to fearefull end;
 Whiles they are weake betimes with them contend:
 For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
 Wrath, gelosie, grieve, love this Squire have layd thus low.

35

Wrath, gealosie, grieve, love do thus expell:
 Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
 Grieve is a flood, and love a monster fell;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede, 310
 The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
 The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
 So shall wrath, gealosie, grieve, love dye and decay.

36

Unlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast
 Falne unto mischief through intemperaunce,
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
 And guide thy wayes with warie governaunce,
 Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce. 320
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do advaunce
 Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,
 Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

37

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
 A varlet running towards hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so soyled, that none could him descry; 331
 His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
 For *Guyons* lookes, but scornefull eyglaunce at him shot.

38

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I do burne. Right well beseemed it,
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
 And in his hand two darts exceeding flit, 340
 And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
 In poyson and in bloud, of malice and despight.

39

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
 He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
 Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeoperdie.
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
 And though he scornd his idle vanitie,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered; 350
 For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

40

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 Yielded by him, that held it forcibly.
 But whence should come that harme, which thou
 doest seeme
 To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'abye?
 Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
 A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
 That never yet encountred enemy,
 But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay. 360

41

How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
 For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approv'd in many a cruell warre,
 The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
 The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;
Acrates sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Jarre*;
 But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
 But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

42

So from immortall race he does proceede, 370
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Drad for his derring do, and bloody deed;
 For all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
 His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke upon,
 And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

43

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
 (Said he) but whither with such hasty flight 380
 Art thou now bound? for well mote I discern
 Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
 My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and streight behight
 To seeke *Occasion*; where so she bee:
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his jeopardie.

44

Madman (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
 She comes unsought, and shonned followes eke. 390
 Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife
 Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife;
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught,
 And rash *Occasion* makes unquiet life.
 Then loe, where bound she sits, whom thou hast
 sought,
 (Said *Guyon*,) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

45

That when the varlet heard and saw, streight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame
upbray,
And shewst th'ensample of thy childish might, 400
With silly weake old woman thus to fight.
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
That shall *Pyrochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

46

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
The quivering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight 410
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

CANTO V

*Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unbinds:
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Attin Cymochles finds.*

1

Who ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right well the wise do give that name,
For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
As did *Pyrochles*, and it wilfully unbindes.

2

After that varlets flight, it was not long, 10
Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

3

Approching nigh, he never stayd to greete,
 Ne chaffar words, proud courage to provoke, 20
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
 The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
 To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

4

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly 30
 On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
 And from the head the body sundred quight.
 So him dismounted low, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The truncked beast fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

5

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow uprose,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
 Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent, 40
 And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
 Thereby thine arnes seeme strong, but manhood
 fraile;
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
 But litle may such guile thee now availe,
 If wanted force and fortune do not much me faile.

6

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe, 50
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

7

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
 And much ashamd, that stroke of living arme
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
 Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate, 60
 That all his left side it did quite disarme;
 Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

8

Deadly dismayd, with horroure of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame unto his former fire,
 That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre,
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle, round in warlike gyre, 70
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd.

9

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
 And every way did seeke into his life,
 Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was warie wise, and closely did awayt
 Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
 Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strooke him
 strayt, So
 And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bayt.

10

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A proud rebellious Unicorne defies,
 T'avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, sought of his enimies
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast. 90

11

With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
 And kindling new his courage seeming quaint,
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great con-
 straint
 He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
 And do unwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see;
 Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

12

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pursewed fast 100
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
 That streight on ground made him full low to lye;
 Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust,
 With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

13

Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
 Tempring the passion with advizement slow, 110
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd:
 For th'equall dye of warre he well did know;
 Then to him said, Live and allegaunce owe,
 To him that gives thee life and libertie,
 And henceforth by this dayes ensample trow,
 That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie
 Do breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamie.

14

So up he let him rise, who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke 120
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for grieve of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maistered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agriev'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre: 131
Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe,
But to be lesser, then himselfe, doth marre
Both losers lot, and victours prayse alsoe.
Vaine others overthrowes, who selfe doth overthrowe.

16

Fly, O *Pyrochles*, fly the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy lesser parts do move,
Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart murdring love;
Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead. 141
But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of curtesie to me the cause aread,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

17

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill bescemes thee, such as I thee see, 150
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
To change thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee.

18

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smilde, And is that all
 (Said he) that thee so sore displeas'd hath?
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyling wrath:
 Loe there they be; to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path 160
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

19

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe untyde,
 Before her some could well assoyled bee,
 She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrochles*: th'one (said shee)
 Bycause he wonne; the other because hee
 Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre up strife, and do them disagree:
 But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she sought 170
 To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes
 wrought.

20

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrochles* fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight:
 Now gan *Pyrochles* wex as wood, as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might:
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their uncouth strife does
 see.

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did provoke
 Against *Pyrochles*, and new matter framed
 Upon the old, him stirring to be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blamed
 For suffering such abuse, as knighthood shamed,
 And him dishabled quite. But he was wise
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflamed;
 Yet others she more urgent did devise:
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more, 190
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
 And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fire brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright
 Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
 That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him with-
 stond.

23

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse; 200
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdeignd so loathly sight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Helpe, ô Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24

The knight was greatly moved at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraint, 210
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth re-
 presse,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne:
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,
 Deserves to tast his follies fruit, repented payne.

25

Guyon obeyd; So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
 But rash *Pyrochles* varlet, *Atin* hight, 220
 When late he saw his Lord in heavy plight,
 Under Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
 Unto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
 Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes
 Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
 Whose earkases, for terrour of his name, 231
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
 And hong their conquered armes for more defame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

27

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delightes,
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre* of *Blisse*,
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes:
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous
 hewes, 240
 And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face never shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serve his Lemans love: for he by kind,
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 When ever his fiers hands he free mote find:
 And now he has poud out his idle mind
 In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behind, 250
 And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lascivious boyes.

29

And over him, art striving to compaire
 With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton Yvie, flouring faire,
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which daintie odours round about them threw,
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That when myld *Zephyrus* emongst them blew, 260
 Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors
 shew.

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay;
 The wearie Traveiler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former paine, and wypt away his toylsom sweat. 270

31

And on the other side a pleasaunt grove
 Was shot up high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is t'*Olympicke Jove*,
 And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee
 Gaynd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
 Therein the mery birds of every sort
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie:
 And made emongst them selves a sweet consort,
 That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

32

There he him found all carelesly displayd, 280
 In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
 Amidst a flocke of Damzels fresh and gay,
 That round about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
 Every of which did loosely disaray
 Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
 And shewd them naked, dect with many ornaments.

33

And every of them strove, with most delights,
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew; 290
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening
 lights
 Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew;
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred licour through his melting lips:
 One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to vew
 Her daintie limbes above her tender hips;
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

34

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
 And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes;
 Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe, 301
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous concept,
 Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
 So, he them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceit,
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35

Atin arriving there, when him he spide,
 Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* shade, 310
 In which that manly person late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
 Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
 That hath so many haughtie conquests wonne?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

36

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
 He said; Up, up, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
 Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight, 320
 Whiles sad *Pyrochles* lies on senselesse ground,
 And groneth out his utmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroke, and many a streaming
 wound,
 Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in joyes art dround.

37

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but urged sore
 With percing words, and pittifull implore,
 Him hastie to arise. As one affright 330
 With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad uprore,
 He then arose, inflam'd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
 Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
 For he has vowd, to beene aveng'd that day,
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)
 On him, that did *Pyrochles* deare dismay: 340
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atin* aie him pricks with spurs of shame and
 wrong.

CANTO VI

*Guyon is of immodest Merth,
led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burnes in furious fire.*

1

A harder lesson, to learne Continence
In joyous pleasure, then in grievous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that, which feeble nature covets faine
But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can restraine;
Yet vertue vauntes in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

2

Whom bold *Cymochles* travelling to find, 10
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

3

And therein sate a Ladie fresh and faire,
 Making sweet solace to her selfe alone; 20
 Sometimes she sung, as loud as larke in aire,
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth was
 gone,
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That might to her move cause of meriment:
 Matter of merth enough, though there were none
 She could devise, and thousand waies invent,
 To feede her foolish humour, and vaine jolliment.

4

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
 He loudly cald to such, as were a bord,
 The little barke unto the shore to draw, 30
 And him to ferrie over that deepe ford:
 The merry marriner unto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
 She in receiv'd; but *Atin* by no way
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

5

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift, then swallow sheres the liquid skie,
 Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to flie, 40
 Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away upon the yielding wave,
 Ne cared she her course for to apply:
 For it was taught the way, which she would have,
 And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely save.

6

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
 New merth, her passenger to entertaine:
 For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
 And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine, 50
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
 For all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
 That turned all her pleasance to a scoffing game.

7

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight,
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
 With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight;
 Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay 60
 To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
 Or to behold the water worke, and play
 About her litle frigot, therein making way.

8

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliaunce
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
 But to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed mind
 With one sweet drop of sensuall delight, 70
 So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
 Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

9

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
 Which in her cot she daily practised.
 Vaine man (said she) that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of *Phædria* (for so my name is red)
 Of *Phædria*, thine owne fellow servaunt; 80
 For thou to serve *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and thither sailes by ayme,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
 Both slow and swift a like do serve my tourne,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Jove*
 Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne;
 My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne. 90

11

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were farre past the passage, which he spake,
 And come unto an Island, waste and voyd,
 That floted in the midst of that great lake,
 There her small Gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay paire issuing on the shore
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land, that lay them faire before,
 Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentifull great
 store.

12

It was a chosen plot of fertile land, 100
 Emongst wide waves set, like a litle nest,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
 Bene choisely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best:
 No daintie flowre or herbe, that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted blossomes drest,
 And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
 To bud out faire, and her sweet smels throw all around.

13

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sit: 110
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
 No song but did containe a lovely dit:
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fit,
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake wit
 Was overcome of thing, that did him please;
 So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

14

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and fild with pleasures vaine,
 Into a shadie dale she soft him led, 120
 And laid him downe upon a grassie plaine;
 And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdain,
 She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
 Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
 The whiles with a loud lay she thus him sweetly
 charm'd.

15

Behold, ô man, that toilesome paines doest take
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
 How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes, 131
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous showes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16

The lilly, Ladie of the flowring field,
 The Flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
 And soone leave off this toylesome wearie stoure;
 Loe loe how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
 With silken curtens and gold coverlets, 141
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
 Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

17

Why then dost thou, ô man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And wast thy joyous houres in needlesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it all to have, and nothing use? 150
 Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

18

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him left, and did her selfe betake
 Unto her boat againe, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull wave of that great griesly lake; 160
 Soone she that Island farre behind her left,
 And now is come to that same place, where first she weft.

19

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Unto the other side of that wide strond,
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
 Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his sad guide; himselfe she tooke a boord,
 But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord, 170
 To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

20

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
 For the flit barke, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom neither wind out of their seat could forse,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guize, 181
 Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
 And did of joy and jollitie devize,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliance he despisd, and follies did forsake.

22

Yet she still followed her former stile, 190
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
 Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
 But when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
 Ah Dame, perdie ye have not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid:
 Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.

23

Faire Sir (quoth she) be not displeasd at all;
 Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way, 200
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
 The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serve new passage to assay;
 Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

24

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelasse
 Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
 The joyes whereof, and happie fruitfulnessse, 210
 Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and earely blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25

And she more sweet, then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skilfull art: 220
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guize
 Might not revive desire of knightly exercize.

26

But he was wise, and warie of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart:
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
 As to despise so courteous seeming part,
 That gentle Ladie did to him impart, 230
 But fairely tempring fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart.
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
 And shaking off his drowzie dreriment,
 Gan him avize, how ill did him beseeme,
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceived ire. 240
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his Damzell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, their passage to require.

28

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met,
 Accompanyde with *Phædria* the faire,
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
 Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire,
 Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepaire
 To battell, if thou meane her love to gaine:
 Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire 250
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
 Thy carcasse for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine.

29

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with importance outrage him assayld;
 Who soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall value countervayld:
 Their mightie strokes their haberjeons dismayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalles;
 The mortall steele despiteously entayld 259
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
 That a large purple streme adown their giambeux falles.

30

Cymochles, that had never met before,
 So puissant foe, with envious despight
 His proud presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
 As those unknighthly raylings, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
 Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled every stroke.

31

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst, 271
 And both attonce their huge blowes downe did
 sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunst,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
 But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
 On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone;
 Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as senselesse stone.

32

Still as he stood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld 280
 That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voice, and count'nance wan;
 Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
 To shed your lives on ground? wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright.

33

If ever love of Ladie did empierce
 Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place, 290
 Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
 And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
 They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
 That am the author of this hainous deed,
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights
 doe breed.

34

But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
 Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve, 300
 And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
 Another warre, and other weapons I
 Doe love, where love does give his sweet alarmes,
 Without bloudshed, and where the enemy
 Does yeeld unto his foe a pleasant victory.

35

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
 The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
 But lovely peace, and gentle amitie,
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend, 310
 The mightie martiall hands doe most commend;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
 And is for *Venus* loves renowned more,
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

36

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,
 To prove extremities of bloudie fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,
 Such powre have pleasing words: such is the might
 Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart. 321
 Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
 Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
 And yield him readie passage to that other part.

37

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
 Of his departure thence; for of her joy
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre, 330
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

38

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;
 The which on the dull waves did lightly flote
 And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
 Where gladsome *Guyon* salied forth to land,
 And to that Damzell thankes gave for reward.
 Upon that shore he spied *Atin* stand, 340
 Thereby his maister left, when late he far'd
 In *Phædrias* flit barke over that perlous shartl.

39

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrochles* sharp debatement made;
 Streight gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
 As shepherds curre, that in darke evenings shade
 Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade;
 Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
 The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die, 350
 That art thus foully fled from famousemie?

40

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart:
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
 Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
 The hastie heat of his avowd revenge delayd. 360

41

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
 An armed knight, that towards him fast ran,
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
 His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
 He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
 And all his armour sprinckled was with bloud,
 And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
 Discerne the hew thereof. He never stood,
 But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

42

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came, 370
 How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
 And deepe him selfe beduked in the same,
 That in the lake his loftie crest was steept,
 Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
 But with his raging armes he rudely flasht,
 The waves about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the bloud and filth away was washt,
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

43

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth sight; 380
 Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there
 see,
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrochles*, in sad plight,
 Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
 Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
 What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde
Pyrochles, ô *Pyrochles*, what is thee betyde?

44

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fire,
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde, 390
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrochles* farre
 After pursewing death once to require,
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may
 marre:

[Death is for wretches borne under unhappie starre.

45

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)

That am, I weene, most wretched man alive,
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet revive: 400
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to give.

The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive,
 And his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

46

Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,

(So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happie he, then wise
 Of that seas nature did him not advise. 410

The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engrost with mud, which did them foule agrise,
 That every weightie thing they did upbeare,
 Ne ought mote ever sinke downe to the bottome there.

47

Whiles thus they strugled in that idle wave,

And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save,
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoarie locks great gravitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword, 420
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne:

Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
 The carefull servant, striving with his raging Lord.

48

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimage*;
 To save my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
 Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
 To see *Pyrochles* there so rudely rage: 430
 Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
 Then pittie, he in hast approched to the shore.

49

And cald, *Pyrochles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish furie hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
 Yet never in this straunge astonishment.
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me tor-
 ment.
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
 In daunger rather to be drent, then brent? 439
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50

That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly wounds within my livers swell,
 And his whot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteil vaine would boste;
 That now I weene *Joves* dreaded thunder light
 Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste. 450

51

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieffe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd:
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a prieffe
Of every place, that was with brusing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mighty spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to health, that would have algates
dyde.

CANTO VII

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
 Sunning his threasure hore :
 Is by him tempted, and led downe,
 To see his secret store.*

1

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
 Whien foggy mistes, or cloudy tempests have
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
 Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The maisters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the steddly helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly :

2

So *Guyon* having lost his trusty guide, 10
 Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanide ;
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
 Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.
 So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes :
 For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
 That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

3

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade 21
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
 Of griesly hew, and fowle ill favour'd sight;
 His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were beard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have beene seard
 In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes
 appeard.

4

His yron coate all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared, to have beene of old 31
 A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wild Imagery:
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upsidowne, to feede his eye
 A covetous desire with his huge threasury.

5

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold, that never could be spent:
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of *Mulcibers* devouring element; 40
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment;
 But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and
 rare.

6

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And hast he rose, for to remove aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide. 50
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
 And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

7

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich heapes of wealth doest hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdain, he answerd; Hardy Elfe, 60
 That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

8

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do enuye:
 Riches, renowme, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck and sweat incessantly, 70
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

9

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
 At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew
 All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be numbred francke and free.
Mammon (said he) thy godheades vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 To them, that covet such eye-glutting gaine, 80
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

10

Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes,
 And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,
 Unto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charmes,
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my
 delight:
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight. 90

11

Vaine glorious Elfe (said he) doest not thou weet,
 That money can thy wantes at will supply?
 Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee
 meet
 It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
 Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
 And him that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,
 And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?

12

All otherwise (said he) I riches read, 100
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Leaving behind them grieffe and heavinesse.
 Infinite mischiefes of them do arize,
 Strife; and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
 That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

13

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
 But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doest incline; 111
 Witnessse the guiltlesse bloud pourd oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer croud,
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound;
 Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
 So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull governe-
 ment.

14

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
 The private state, and make the life unsweet:
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse, 120
 And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
 Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet,
 So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
 And having not complaine, and having it upbraid?

15

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperance,
 Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise:
 But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
 Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise, 130
 Such superfluties they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes:
 At the well head the purest streames arise:
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

16

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Found no defect in his Creatours grace,
 But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
 The gifts of soveraigne bountie did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace; 140
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
 With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire 150
 And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

18

Sonne (said he then) let be thy bitter scorne,
 And leave the rudenesse of antique age
 To them, that liv'd therein in state forlorne;
 Thou that doest live in later times, must wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage; 160
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
 But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

19

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receive
 Thing offred, till I know it well be got,
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereave
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lot,
 Or that bloud guiltnesse or guile them blot.
 Perdy (quoth he) yet never eye did vew,
 Ne tounge did tell, ne hand these handled not,
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew, 170
 From heavens sight, and powre of all which them
 pursew.

20

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eye?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?
 Come thou (quoth he) and see. So by and by
 Through that thicke covert he him led, and found
 A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
 That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
 As was with dread and horreur compassed around. 180

21

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to *Plutoes* griesly raine:
 By that wayes side, there sate infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
 The one in hand an yron whip did straine,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten
 life.

22

On thother side in one consort there sate, 190
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, where safe he shroud him
 might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye.
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

23

And over them sad horreur with grim hew,
 Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings; 200
 And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint a sunder could have rift:
 Which having ended, after him she flyeth swift.

24

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
 By whom they passing, spake unto them nought.
 But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way 210
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
 That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

25

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward 221
 Approch, albe his drowsie den were next;
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compard:
 Therefore his house is unto his annext;
 Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both
 betwext.

26

So soone as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the dore
 To him did open, and affoorded way;
 Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way 230
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 And ever as he went, dew watch upon him kept.

27

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes, 240
 Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

28

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge cave, hewne out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vout the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorions gift,
 And with rich metall loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
 And over them *Arachne* high did lift 250
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke
 then Jet.

29

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of chearefull day
 Did never in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
 Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night, 260
 Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placed were along.
 But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about were
 flong,
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
 And their vile carcases now left unburied. 270

31

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eye of man did never see before;
 Ne ever could within one place be found,
 Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world around,
 And that above were added to that under ground.

32

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright 280
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous feends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
 Then *Mammon* turning to that warriour, said;
 Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
 To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
 Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33

Certes (said he) I n'll thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy do intend: 290
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happinesse, another end.
 To them, that list, these base regardes I lend:
 But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
 Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
 And to be Lord of those, that riches have,
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave.

34

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray;
 For well he weened, that so glorious bayte 300
 Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
 Had he sò doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
 Eternall God thee save from such decay.
 But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

35

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright,
 To him did open, as it had beene taught:
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight, 310
 And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
 By every fornace many feends did bide,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
 And every feend his busie paines applide,
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
 And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
 Another did the dying bronds repaire
 With yron toungs, and sprinkled oft the same
 With liquid waves, fiers *Vulcans* rage to tame, 320
 Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
 Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came;
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
 And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

37

But when as earthly wight they present saw,
 Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
 From their whot worke they did themselves
 withdraw
 To wonder at the sight: for till that day,
 They never creature saw, that came that way.
 Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fire, 330
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
 That were it not for shame, he would retire,
 Till that him thus bespake their soveraigne Lord and
 sire.

38

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
 That living eye before did never see:
 The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
 To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,
 Proceeded, lo now is reveald to thee.
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee, 340
 Advise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

39

Suffise it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)
 That all thine idle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have; what needeth mee
 To covet more, then I have cause to use?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse,
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise, 350
 And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
 To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
 The gate was open, but therein did wait
 A sturdy villein, striding stiffe and bold,
 As the highest God defie he would;
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld. 360

41

Disdayne he called was, and did disdaine
 To be so cald, and who so did him call:
 Sterne was to looke, and full of stomacke vaine,
 His portauunce terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th'hight of men terrestriall;
 Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race,
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others powre deface:
 More fit amongst blacke fiendes, then men to have his
 place.

42

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye, 370
 That with their brightnesse made that darknesse
 light, *cf. St. George, in Enno's Cave, I, i*
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
 Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight:
 For nothing might abash the villein bold,
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

43

So having him with reason pacifide,
 And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbear, 380
 He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,
 As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
 Many great golden pillours did upbeare
 The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne,
 And every pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes and Diademes, and titles vaine,
 Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did
 rayne.

44

A route of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort and nation under skye,
 Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere 390
 To th'upper part, where was advaunced hye
 A stately siege of soveraigne majesty;
 And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
 That never earthly Prince in such aray
 His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

45

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew, 400
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall;
 Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her crime
 withall.

46

There, as in glistring glory she did sit,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
 And all that preace did round about her swell, 410
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To clime aloft, and others to excell:
 That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
 And every lincke thereof a step of dignity.

47

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
 By riches and unrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
 Others through friends, others for base regard;
 And all by wrong wayes for themselves prepar'd.
 Those that were up themselves, kept others low, 420
 Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

48

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
 And what she was that did so high aspire.
 Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,
 Whom all that folke with such contention,
 Do flocke about, my deare, my daughter is;
 Honour and dignitie from her alone, 430
 Derived are, and all this worldes blis
 For which ye men do strive: few get, but many mis.

49

And faire *Philotime* she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth under skye,
 But that this darksome neather world her light
 Doth dim with horrou and deformitie,
 Worthy of heaven and hie felicitie,
 From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
 But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust, 440
 That she may thee advance for workes and merites just.

50

Gramercy *Mammon* (said the gentle knight)
 For so great grace and offred high estate;
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortall mate
 My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate;
 And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
 And love avowd to other Lady late,
 That to remove the same I have no might:
 To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight.

51

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath; 451
 Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
 Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garnished
 With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
 be red:
 Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
 Throwes forth to men, sweet and well favoured,
 But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
 Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

52

There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store, 460
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
 Dead sleeping *Poppy*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 With which th'unjust *Atheniens* made to dy
 Wise *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Pourd out his life, and last Philosophy
 To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamy.

53

The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat, 470
 With a thicke Arber goodly over dight,
 In which she often usd from open heat
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With braunches broad dispred and body great,
 Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see
 And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight 480
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
 For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold:
 And those with which th' *Eubæan* young man wan
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

55

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which *Acontius* got his lover trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew, 490
 The which emongst the gods false *Ate* threw;
 For which th' *Idæan* Ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
 And had of her, faire *Helen* for his meed,
 That many noble *Greekes* and *Trojans* made to bleed.

56

The warlike Elfe, much wondred at this tree,
 So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great gardin, compast with a mound, 500
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe,
 In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
 That is the river of *Cocytus* deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

57

Which to behold, he clomb up to the banke,
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stanke,
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
 That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling shrights,
 They made the further shore resounden wide: 510
 Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,
 One cursed creature, he by chaunce espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe, under the Garden side.

58

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
 To reach the fruit, which grew upon the brincke:
 But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
 Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke: 520
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

59

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:
 Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
 Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
 Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high *Jove* wont whylome feasted bee,
 Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see, 530
 Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee.

60

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state.
 Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest *Jove* and gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As authour of injustice, there to let him dye. 540

61

He lookt a little further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carkasse deepe was drent
 Within the river, which the same did hyde:
 But both his hands most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And faynd to wash themselves incessantly;
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
 So lost his labour vaine and idle industry.

62

The knight him calling, asked who he was, 550
 Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus:
 I *Pilate* am the falsest Judge, alas,
 And most unjust, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
 Delivered up the Lord of life to die,
 And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
 The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
 The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

63

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine

He there beheld, too long here to be told: 560
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
 Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
 To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole.

64

All which he did, to doe him deadly fall

In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
 To which if he inclined had at all, 570
 That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,
 Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt:
 But he was warie wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;
 So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65

And now he has so long remained there,

That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
 For want of food, and sleepe, which two upbeare,
 Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man, 580
 That none without the same endure can.
 For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardie enterprize began:
 For thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
 Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constrained t'obay,
For lenger time, then that, no living wight
Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright 590
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII

*Sir Guyon laid in swowne is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld,
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foyld.*

1

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men, then beasts. But ô th'exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

2

How oft do they, their silver bowers leave, 10
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons, cleave
The fitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against foule feends to aide us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

3

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide
 In *Mammon's* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide, 21
 By further search had passage found elsewhere,
 And being on his way, approched neare,
 Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
 He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
 Come hither, come hither, ô come hastily;
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

4

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
 To weet, who called so importunely:
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce, 30
 That bad him come in haste. He by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;
 Which to that shadie delve him brought at last,
 Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
 There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
 In senselesse dreame; which sight at first him sore
 aghast.

5

Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
 Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
 And flourish faire above his equall peares; 40
 His snowy front curled with golden heares,
 Like *Phœbus* face adornd with sunny rayes,
 Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,
 Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
 When having laid his cruell bow away,
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murdrous spoiles and bloudie pray,
 With his faire mother he him dights to play, 50
 And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
 The Goddesses pleased with his wanton play,
 Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
 The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through feare and wonder, that he nought could
 say,
 Till him the child bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
 Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
 Behold this heavie sight, thou reverend Sire, 60
 But dread of death and dolour doe away;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he that breathlesse seemes, shal corage bold respire.

8

The charge, which God doth unto me arret,
 Of his deare safetie, I to thee commend;
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
 The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
 But evermore him succour, and defend
 Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
 For evill is at hand him to offend. 70
 So having said, eftsoones he gan display
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
 And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
 Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight;
 At last him turning to his charge behight,
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
 He much rejoyst, and covrd it tenderly, 80
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
 Two Paynim knights, all armd as bright as skie,
 And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
 And farre before a light-foot Page did flie,
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
 Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
 Who meeting earst with *Archimago* slie,
 Foieby that idle strond, of him were told, 89
 That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11

Which to avenge on him they dearely vowd,
 Where ever that on ground they mote him fynd;
 False *Archimage* provokt their courage prowde,
 And stryfull *Atin* in their stubborne mynd
 Coles of contention and whot vengeance tynd.
 Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer sate,
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assynd;
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late
 With him in bloudie armes they rashly did debate.

12

Whom when *Pyrochles* saw, inflam'd with rage, 100
 That sire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
 Abandone soone, I read, the caitive spoile
 Of that same outcast carkasse, that erewhile
 Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
 Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To prove he lived ill, that did thus foully dye.

13

To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered;
 Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame, 110
 Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
 And with foule cowardize his carkasse shame,
 Whose living hands immortalizd his name.
 Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
 And envie base, to barke at sleeping fame:
 Was never wight, that treason of him told;
 Your selfe his prowesse prov'd and found him fiers
 and bold.

14

Then said *Cymochles*; Palmer, thou doest dote,
 Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
 Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote, 120
 That of his puissance tryall made extreeme;
 Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
 Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and
 shield:
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
 And then due praise, or due reproch them yield;
 Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

15

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
 What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
 The greedy hunger of revenging ire, 130
 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
 Yet since no way is left to wreake my spight,
 I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

16

Faire Sir, sad then the Palmer suppiaunt,
 For knighthoods love, do not so foule a deed,
 Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
 Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed; 140
 But leave these relicks of his living might,
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.
 What herce or steede (said he) should he have dight,
 But be entombed in the raven or the kight?

17

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
 And th'other brother gan his helme unlace,
 Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
 Till that they spide, where towards them did pace
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 Whose squire bore after him an heben launce, 150
 And coverd shield. Well kend him so farre space
 Th'enchauter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prauce.

18

And to those brethren said, Rise rise by live,
 And unto battell doe your selves addresse;
 For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
 Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and noblesse,
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought great dis-
 tresse,
 And thousand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse, 160
 That both eftsoones upstarted furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrochles*, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,
 Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
 So would I (said th'enchauter) glad and faine
 Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend, 170
 To be contrarie to the worke, which ye intend.

20

For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
 Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art
 For that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
 The metall first he mixt with *Medæwart*,
 That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
 Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gave. 180

21

The vertue is, that neither steele, nor stone
 The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
 Ne ever may be used by his fone,
 Ne forst his rightfull owner to offend,
 Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend.
 Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
 In vaine therefore, *Pyrochles*, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his lord to fight,
 For sure it would deceive thy labour, and thy might.

22

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth, 190
 That weenest words or charmes may force with-
 stand:
 Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
 That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
 His Lords owne flesh. Therewith out of his hond
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And *Guyons* shield about his wrest he bond;
 So readie dight, fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salved them; who nought againe 200
 Him answered, as courtesie became,
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
 Then turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
 Where at his feete, with sorrowfull demaine
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he red great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reverend syre,
 What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 Or did his life her fatall date expyre, 210
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
 How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight.
 Not one, nor other, (said the Palmer grave)
 Hath him befalne, but cloudes of deadly night
 A while his heaveie eylids cover'd have,
 And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse wave.

25

Which, those same foes, that stand hereby,
 Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 Would him disarm, and treaten shamefully,
 Unworthy usage of redoubted knight. 220
 But you, faire Sir, whose honorable sight
 Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your powre protect his feeble cace.
 First praise of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, (said he) no knight so rude, I weene,
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
 Ne was there ever noble courage seene,
 That in advauntage would his puissance bost:
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most. 230
 May be, that better reason will asswage
 The rash revengers heat. Words well dispost
 Have secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
 If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.

27

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
 Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
 It seemes, just wrongs to vengeance doe provoke,
 To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
 Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
 And settle patience in so furious heat? 240
 Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
 But for this carkasse pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath alreadie laid in lowest seat.

28

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,
 That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now,
 On this vile bodie from to wreake my wrong,
 And make his carkasse as the outcast dong?
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
 The guilt, which if he lived had thus long, 250
 His life for due revenge should deare abie?
 The trespasse still doth live, albe the person die.

29

Indeed (then said the Prince) the evill donne
 Dyes not, when breath the bodie first doth leave,
 But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
 And all his seed the curse doth often cleave,
 Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
 So streightly God doth judge. But gentle knight,
 That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
 His honour staines with rancour and despight, 260
 And great disparagment makes to his former might.

30

Pyrochles gan reply the second time,
 And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
 How that thou art partaker of his crime:
 Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
 With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
 Uplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
 His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleave his head.
 The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swarving from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31

Yet was the force so furious and so fell, 271
 That horse and man it made to reele aside;
 Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell:
Braggardis, For well of yore he learned had to ride,
 But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
 False traitour miscreant, thou broken hast
 The law of armes, to strike foe undefide.
 But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
 Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast
 defast.

32

With that his balefull speare, he fiercely bent 280
 Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodge have rent:
 But ere the point arrived, where it ought,
 Thatseven-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought
 He cast betwene to ward the bitter stound:
 Through all those foldes the steelehead passage
 wrought
 And through his shoulder pierst; wherwith to ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously, 290
And fowly said, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hye,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Else mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

34

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse, 300
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,
Three times more furious, and more puissaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

35

So both attonce him charge on either side,
With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wide,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre: 310
For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaille,
Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battrie doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought
availe.

36

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
 His poinant speare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde;
 He swarving with the force, within his flesh 321
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
 Out of the wound the red bloud flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
 Cursing his Gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
 Als when his brother saw the red bloud rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond, 330
 That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
 From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
 Loe where the dreadfull Death behind thy backe doth
 stond.

38

With that he strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
 That nothing seem'd mote bearesomonstrousmight:
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
 But th'other did upon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte, 340
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
 Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;
 That when the Paynim spyde the streaming blood,
 Gave him great hart, and hope of victory.
 On th'other side, in huge perplexity,
 The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly:
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke 350
Cymochles twice, that twice him forst his foot revoke.

40

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said; Faire Son, great God thy righthand blesse,
 To use that sword so wisely as it ought.
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
 When as againe he armed felt his hond;
 Then like a Lion, which hath long time saught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood
 and yond. 360

41

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
 Now to *Pyrochles* many strokes he told;
 Eft to *Cymochles* twice so many fold:
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both attonce compeld with courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both
 withstond.

42

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt, 370
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with warie ward them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
 That all the forrest quakes to heare him rore:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

43

But ever at *Pyrochles* when he smit,
 Who *Guyons* shield cast ever him before, 380
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ,
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
 Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre.
 But him henceforth the same can save no more;
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame,
 And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan approach, 390
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the hauberk stroke the Prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

45

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharpe regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empierst the Pagans burganet,
 And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade 400
 Into his head, and cruell passage made
 Quite through his braine. He tomling downe on
 ground,
 Breathd out his ghost, which to th'infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the sinnes, wherewith his lewd life did abound.

46

Which when his german saw, the stony feare,
 Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare,
 But as a man, whom hellish feends have frayd,
 Long trembling still he stood: at last thus sayd; 410
 Traytour what hast thou doen? how ever may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
 Against that knight: Horrow and well away,
 After so wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day?

47

With that all desperate as loathing light,
 And with revenge desiring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew 420
 The Prince, with patience and sufferance sly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

48

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The cloudes, as things affrayd, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure; 430
 So did Sir *Guyon* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrochles* wast his idle might.

49

At last when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,
 How that straunge sword refusd, to serve his need,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 He flong it from him, and devoyd of dreed,
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrow and downe him tred:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down
 cast. 441

50

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
 For as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling aw;
 So he now subject to the victours law,
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despisd to dye. 450

51

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to give life, then decay,
 And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
 And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my sovenaunce.

52

Foole (said the Pagan) I thy gift defye, 460
 But use thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not overcome do dye,
 But in despite of life, for death do call.
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
 That he so wilfully refused grace;
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

53

By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
 Life having maistered her sencelesse foe; 470
 And looking up, when as his shield he lakt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Hast lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long have lakt, I joy thy face to vew;
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
 With so fresh hew uprising him to see, 480
 Him answered; Faire sonne, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons, they shall soone be had.
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

55

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the Prince with bowing reverence dew,
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd; 490
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 What may suffise, to be for meede repayd
 Of so great graces, as ye have me shewd,
 But to be ever bound

56

To whom the Infant thus, Faire Sir, what need
 Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
 To bind their doers, to receive their meede?
 Are not all knights by oath bound, to withstond
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 Suffise, that I have done my dew in place. 501
 So goodly purpose they together fond,
 Of kindnesse and of curteous aggrace;
 The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

CANTO IX

*The house of Temperance, in which
doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger
knightes to fight compell.*

1

Of all Gods workes, which do this world adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it, more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace:
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignitie and native grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

2

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were, 10
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance
dead.

3

Faire Sir (said he) if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew, 20
 What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
 But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
 That is her bountie, and imperiall powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
 O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

4

She is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
 Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare;
 She is the flowre of grace and chastitie, 30
 Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
 My liefe, my liege, my Soveraigne, my deare,
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
 Far reach her mercies, and her prayses farre,
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

5

Thrise happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
 Have made thee souldier of that Princesse bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance 40
 Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high ad-
 vantage.
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithfull service, and meet amenance,
 Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand lives, to dye at her desire.

6

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly Prince so souveraine,
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
 Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
 But were your will, her sold to entertaine, 50
 And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenhed*,
 Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
 And in her favour high be reckoned,
 As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honored.

7

Certes (then said the Prince) I God avow,
 That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
 My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
 To serve that Queene with all my powre and might.
 Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse, 60
 Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,
 Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
 Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourlesse.

8

Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce
 Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide,
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
 But you faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
 But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid 70
 With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
 I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.

9

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I wote,
 What straunge adventure do ye now pursew?
 Perhaps my succour, or advizement meete
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
 Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
 Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
 Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
 From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles so
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

10

And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in hast
 His weary wagon to the Westernne vale,
 Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plast
 Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale,
 Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
 They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,
 And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight. 90

11

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
 Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch;
 And wind his horne under the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,
 To weete, what they so rudely did require.
 Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

12

Fly fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away 100
 If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
 Fly fast, and save your selves from neare decay,
 Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
 We would and would againe, if that we could;
 But thousand enemies about us rave,
 And with long siege us in this castle hould:
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
 And many good knights slaine, that have us sought to
 save.

13

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
 A thousand villeins round about them swarmd 110
 Out of the rockes and caves adjoyning nye,
 Vile caytive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
 All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd,
 Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rusty knives, some staves in fire warmd.
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe upstanding heares.

14

Fiersly at first those knights they did assaile,
 And drove them to recoile: but when againe
 They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Unhable their encounter to sustaine; 121
 For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
 Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
 Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepheards
 swaine
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

15

A while they fled, but soone returnd againe
 With greater fury, then before was found;
 And evermore their cruell Captaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
 And overrun to tread them to the ground. 131
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning
 blades
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
 For though they bodies seeme, yet substance from
 them fades.

16

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
 Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
 Their murmuring small trompets sounden wide,
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies; 140
 Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
 For their sharpe wounds, and noyous injuries,
 Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustring blast
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Unto the castle gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
 Now when report of that their perilous paine,
 And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,
 Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell, 150
 She forth issewed with a goodly traine
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

18

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
 That had not yet felt *Cupid*'s wanton rage,
 Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,
 That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
 For she was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age; 160
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That even heaven rejoyced her sweete face to see.

19

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
 The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
 Braunched with gold and pearle, most richly
 wrought,
 And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught
 That service well. Her yellow golden heare
 Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tyre she on her head did weare, 170
 But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

20

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them up into her castle hall;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall:
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of favour speciall,
 Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew;
 She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did
 shew. 180

21

First she them led up to the Castle wall,
 That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
 And all so faire, and sensible withall,
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that *Ægyptian* slime,
 Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre;
 But ô great pittie, that no lenger time
 So goodly workemanship should not endure:
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

22

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare, 190
 And part triangulare, ô worke divine;
 Those two the first and last proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine;
 Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seven and nine;
 Nine was the circle set in heavens place,
 All which compacted made a goodly *Dyapase*. *harmony*

23

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
 The one before, by which all in did pas, 200
 Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
 And when it opened, no man might it close,
 Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
 Then Jet or Marble far from Ireland brought; 210
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine.
 And over it a faire Portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate directly did incline,
 With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
 Neither unseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order, and with dew regard; 220
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.
 His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard,
 When cause requird, but never out of time;
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on every side
 Twise sixteen warders sat, all armed bright
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifide:
 Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready, still for fight. 230
 By them as *Alma* passed with her gwestes,
 They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
 And then againe returned to their restes:
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

27

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministred.
 At th'upper end there sate, yclad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage, 240
 That in his hand a white rod menaged,
 He Steward was hight *Diet*; rype of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
 A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
 Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestow
 Both gwestes and meate, when ever in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward bad. They both attone
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became; 250
 Who passing by, forth led her gwestes anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

29

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall;
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
 Upon a mighty furnace, burning whot,
 More whot, then *Aetn'*, or flaming *Mongiball*: *Aetna*
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not, 260
 So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30

But to delay the heat, leas't by mischaunce
 It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
 An huge great paire of bellowes, which did styre
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
 About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
 With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
 The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld
 They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

31

The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*, 271
 A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
 The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
 Did order all th'Achates in seemely wise, *provisions*
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had severall offices assind,
 Some to remove the scum, as it did rise;
 Others to beare the same away did mind;
 And others it to use according to his kind.

32

But all the liquour, which was fowle and wast, 280
 Not good nor serviceable else for ought,
 They in another great round vessell plast,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
 And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
 Was close convoid, and to the back-gate brought,
 That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

33

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
 Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight, 290
 And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
 For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
 Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
 And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
 That was with royall arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
 Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34

And in the midst thereof upon the floure,
 A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
 Courted of many a jolly Paramoure, 300
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
 And eke emongst them litle *Cupid* playd
 His wanton sports, being returned late
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
 His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

35

Diverse delights they found them selves to please;
 Some song in sweet consort, some laught for joy,
 Some plaid with straves, some idly sat at ease;
 But other some could not abide to toy, 310
 All pleasaunce was to them grieffe and annoy:
 This fround, that faund, the third for shame did
 blush,
 Another seemed envious, or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
 But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

36

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,
 And to her homage made, with humble grace:
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
 Themselves to court, and each a Damsell chose:
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light, 321
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
 But somewhat sad, and solemne eke in sight,
 As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle
 spright.

37

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
 And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
 To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
 Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismaid,
 And your faire beautie do with sadnesse spill? 330
 Lives any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
 Or doen you love, or doen you lacke your will?
 What ever be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, (said she halfe in disdainefull wise,)
 How is it, that this mood in me ye blame,
 And in your selfe do not the same advise?
 Him ill beseemes, anothers fault to name,
 That may unwares be blotted with the same:
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame; 340
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behind,
 That have twelve moneths sought one, yet no where
 can her find.

39

The Prince was inly moved at her speach,
 Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told;
 Yet with faire samblaunt sought to hide the breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming whot, now stony cold.
 Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire,
 What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold:
 It answered was, her name was *Prays-desire*, 350
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

40

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew:
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Upon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew,
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sit, as yet ashamd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned, 361
 Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anone with rosie red
 The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory,
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With faire vermilion or pure Castory.
 Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently sayd,

42

Faire Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cheare, 370
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
 You to molest, or other ill to feare
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 But if ought else that I mote not devise,
 I will, if please you it discure, assay,
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

43

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame,
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame, 381
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That *Guyon* mervayld at her uncouth cace:
 Till *Alma* him bespake, why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modestee;
 You shamefast are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee.

44

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee. 390
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
 Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
 To vew her castles other wondrous frame.
 Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

45

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,
 Which it surview'd, as hills doen lower ground; 400
 But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Not that, which antique *Cadmus* whylome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly guilt,
 From which young *Hectors* blond by cruell *Greekes*
 was spilt.

46

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flam'd continually:
 For they of living fire most subtilly 410
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayeses of that makers might!

47

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, and wondrous
 powre,
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diverse roomes, and diverse stages,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre, 420
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

48

Not he, whom *Greece*, the Nourse of all good arts,
 By *Phœbus* doome, the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
 Nor that sage *Pylian* syre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old *Priams* cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies mote strive. 430
 These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
 And counselled faire *Alma*, how to governe well.

49

The first of them could things to come foresee:
 The next could of things present best advize;
 The third things past could keepe in memoree,
 So that no time, nor reason could arize,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For-thy the first did in the forepart sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize:
 He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit, 440
 That never idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

50

His chamber was dispaunted all within,
 With sundry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
 Some such as in the world were never yit,
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:
 Infernall Hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lions, *Egles*, Owles, fooles, lovers, children,
 Dames. 450

51

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
 Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound:
 All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
 And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

52

Emongst them all sate he, which wonned there, 46^o
 That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew;
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* sate in the house of agonyes.

53

Whom *Alma* having shewed to her gwestes,
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose
 wals 47^o
 Were painted faire with memorable gastes,
 Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54

Of those that roome was full, and them among
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long, 480
 That through continuall practise and usage,
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see
 His goodly reason, and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desir'd to bee;
 But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of
 three.

55

The chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removed farre behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they
 declind; 490
 And therein sate an old oldman, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenst him with a better scorse:
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

56

This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
 As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
 But laid them up in his immortall scrine, 501
 Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
 The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

57

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest liv'd;
 For he remembred both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of native strength now, that he them surviv'd.
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolles, 510
 And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment
 scrolles,
 That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was unhable them to fet,
 A litle boy did on him still attend,
 To reach, when ever he for ought did send;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
 That boy them sought, and unto him did lend. 520
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is, *The reminder*
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propertis.
The well-remember

59

The knights there entring, did him reverence dew
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
 Then as they gan his Librarie to vew,
 And antique Registers for to avise,
 There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,
 That of this lands first conquest did devize,
 And old division into Regiments, 530
 Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

Sir *Guyon* chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond.
In which when as he greedily did looke;
Th'off-spring of Elves and Faries there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countries auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged sire, 539
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

CANTO X

*A chronicle of Briton kings,
from Brute to Uthers rayne.
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.*

1

Who now shall give unto me words and sound,
Equall unto this haughtie enterprise?
Or who shal lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe unto the highest skies?
More ample spirit, then hitherto was wount,
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Sovereaine I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

2

Ne under Sunne, that shines so wide and faire, 10
Whence all that lives, does borrow life and light,
Lives ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heavens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceive such soveraine glory, and great bountihed?

3

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
 Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote, 20
 Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
 And triumphes of *Phlegræan* *Jove* he wrote,
 That all the Gods admird his loftie note.
 But if some relish of that heavenly lay
 His learned daughters would to me report,
 To decke my song withall, I would assay,
 Thy name, ô souveraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

4

Thy name ô souveraine Queene, thy realme and race,
 From this renowned Prince derived arre,
 Whom mightily upheld that royall mace, 30
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
 From mightie kings and conquerours in warre,
 Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
 Whose noble deedes above the Northerne starre
 Immortall fame for ever hath enrolld;
 As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

5

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
 And therein have their mightie empire rayisd,
 In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
 Unpeopled, unmanurd, unprov'd, unpraysd, 40
 Ne was it Island then, ne was it paysd
 Amid the *Ocean* waves, ne was it sought
 Of marchants farre, for profits therein praysd,
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By sea to have bene from the *Celticke* mayn-land
 brought.

6

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
 Till that the venturous Mariner that way
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
 Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
 Threatning unheedie wrecke and rash decay, 50
 For safeties sake that same his sea-marke made,
 And namd it *Albion*. But later day
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

7

But farre in land a salvage nation dwelt,
 Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
 But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
 And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
 All naked without shame, or care of cold, 60
 By hunting and by spoiling lived then;
 Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
 That sonnes of men amazd their sternnesse to behold.

8

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
 Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
 That monstrous error, which doth some assot,
 That *Dioclesians* fiftie daughters shene
 Into this land by chaunce have driven bene,
 Where companing with feends and filthy Sprights,
 Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene, 70
 They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull
 wights,
 As farre exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

9

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:
 That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
 And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
 All were they borne of her owne native slime;
 Untill that *Brutus* anciently deriv'd
 From royall stocke of old *Assaracs* line,
 Driven by fatall error, here arriv'd, 80
 And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

10

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
 He fought great battels with his salvage fone;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many Giants left on groning flore;
 That well can wnesse yet unto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
 Of mightie *Goëmot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay. 90

11

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
 For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd;
 Into the which returning backe, he fell,
 But those three monstrous stones doe most excell
 Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
 Whose father *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
 Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
 At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

12

In meed of these great conquests by them got, 100
Corineus had that Province utmost west,
 To him assigned for his worthy lot,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called *Cornewaile*, yet so called best:
 And *Debons* shayre was, that is *Devonshyre*:
 But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
 The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hyre;
 Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commenly inquire.

13

Thus *Brute* this Realme unto his rule subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicitie, 110
 Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And *Locrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

14

Locrine was left the souveraine Lord of all;
 But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
 Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call; 120
 And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
 Which *Severne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
 That once their quiet government annoyd,
 But each his paines to others profit still employd.

15

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
 And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then swarmd in every
 part,
 And overflow'd all countries farre away, 130
 Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
 This land invaded with like violence,
 And did themselves through all the North display:
 Untill that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
 Did head against them make, and strong munifience.

16

He them encountred, a confused rout,
 Foreby the River, that whylome was hight
 The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout
 He them defeated in victorious fight,
 And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight, 140
 That forst their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake,
 (Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aright)
 Unto the mightie streame him to betake,
 Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17

The king returned proud of victorie,
 And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the jeopardie,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lov'd faire Ladie *Estrild*, lewdly lov'd, 150
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
 From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithfull
 prov'd.

18

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
 Would not endure to be so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force, and courage valorous,
 Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke,
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
 Als his faire *Leman*, flying through a brooke, 161
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke.

19

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly *Paramoure*,
 The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, farre from all succoure;
 The one she slew in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now *Severne* men do call: 170
 Such was the end, that to disloyall love did fall.

20

Then for her sonne, which she to *Locrin* bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule of sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme, the glorie of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obay:
 But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex. 180

21

Tho *Madan* raignd, unworthie of his race:
 For with all shame that sacred throne he fild:
 Next *Memprise*, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being consorted with *Manild*,
 For thirst of single kingdome him he kild.
 But *Ebranck* salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
 Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22

An happie man in his first dayes he was, 190
 And happie father of faire progeny:
 For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply,
 Their minds to praise, and chevalrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23

Which blot his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second *Brute*, the second both in name, 200
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame.
 He with his victour sword first opened,
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered;
 Since which, with sundrie spoiles she hath beene
 ransacked.

24

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Estham bruges* tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day, 210
 And all the moore twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,
 With bloud of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
 That not *Scuith quiridh* it mote seeme to bee.
 But rather *y Scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

25

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
 Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.
 Next *Huddibras* as his realme did not encrease, 220
 But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
 Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage
 parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

26

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrails, full of quicke Brimston,
 Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd upon, 230
 That to her people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreine nation:
 Yet he at last contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

27

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long raind,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind,
 In all that seemed fit for kingly seed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To have divided. Tho when feeble age 240
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters; and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

28

The eldest *Gonorill* gan to protest,
 That she much more then her owne life him lov'd:
 And *Regan* greater love to him profest,
 Then all the world, when ever it were proof'd;
 But *Cordeill* said she lov'd him, as behoov'd:
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours faire
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance moov'd, 250
 That in his crowne he counted her no haire,
 Buttwixt the other twaine hiskingdome whole did shaire.

29

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
 And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
 And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lots:
 But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*,
 Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A private life led in *Albania*,
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne, 260
 That nought him griev'd to bene from rule deposd
 downe.

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
 So when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie waxe of his continuall stay.
 Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
 Who him at first well used every way;
 But when of his departure she despayrd,
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd. 270

31

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
 That love is not, where most it is profest,
 Too truely tryde in his extreamest state;
 At last resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
 He to *Cordelia* him selfe adrest,
 Who with entire affection him receav'd,
 As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realme bereav'd.

32

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe, 280
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after wild, it should to her remaine:
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld:
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong
 Through proud ambition, against her rebeld,
 And overcommen kept in prison long,
 Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

33

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raine:
 But fierce *Cundah* gan shortly to envie 290
 His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdaine,
 To have a pere in part of soveraintie,
 And kindling coles of cruell enmitie,
 Raisd warre, and him in battell overthrew:
 Whence as he to those woodie hils did flie,
 Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34

His sonne *Riuallo* his dead roome did supply,
 In whose sad time bloud did from heaven raine:
 Next great *Gurgustus*, then faire *Cæcily* 300
 In constant peace their kingdomes did containe,
 After whom *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raine,
 And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeares he grew:
 Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twaine,
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
 Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35

But ô, the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
 That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
 Stird *Porrex* up to put his brother downe;
 Who unto him assembling forreine might, 310
 Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
 Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
 Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight,
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 And with most cruell hand him murdered pittilesse.

36

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
 Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne,
 With high renowme, and great felicitie?
 The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
 Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne: 320
 Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
 Whilest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
 That in the end was left no monument
 Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
 Who stird up pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
 By such, as claymd themselves *Brutes* rightfull
 haire,
 Gathered the Princes of the people loose, 330
 To taken counsell of their common cares;
 Who with his wisdom won, him streight did choose,
 Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

38

Then made he head against his enimies,
 And *Umner* slew, of *Logris* miscreate;
 Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
 This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
 And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
 Whose countreis he redus'd to quiet state, 340
 And shortly brought to civill governaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many, made through
 variaunce.

39

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were unto him reveald in vision,
 By which he freed the Traveilers high way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Britanie*:
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicie; 350
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40

Donwallo dyde (for what may live for ay?)
 And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,
 The recompence of their perjured oth,
 And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were
 wroth;
 Besides subjected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
 Which yet their prayes speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, kings of *Britany*. 360

41

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers prayse;
 He Easterland subdewd, and *Danmarke* wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers dayes:
 He also gave to fugitives of *Spayne*,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their wayes,
 A seate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him, as subject to *Britayne*.

42

After him raigned *Guitheline* his hayre, 370
 The justest man and trewest in his dayes,
 Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortall prayse,
 Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought;
 Her many deemd to have beene of the *Fayes*,
 As was *Aegerie*, that *Numa* tought;
 Those yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd and
 thought.

43

Her sonne *Sifillus* after her did rayne,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*; 380
 Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine,
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deeds, should matched have the best:
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine *Morands* he exprest;
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

44

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successively by turnes did raine;
 First *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life; 390
 Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdaine,
 Deposed was from Princedome souveraine,
 And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restord againe,
 Till by his death he it recovered;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthronized.

45

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they outraigned had their utmost date,
 And then therein reseized was againe,
 And ruled long with honorable state, 400
 Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
 By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,
 Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
 Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endlesse moniments of his great good:
 The ruin'd wals he did reädifye
 Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy, 410
 And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
 And goodly well long time it governed,
 Till the prowde *Romanes* him disquieted,
 And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name 420
 Of this sweet Island, never conquered,
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came.

48

Yet twice they were repulsed backe againe,
 And twice renforst, backe to their ships to fly,
 The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine,
 And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
 Had not *Androgeus*, false to native soyle,
 And envious of Uncles soveraintie, 430
 Betrayd his contrey unto forreine spoyle:
 Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foyle.

49

So by him *Cæsar* got the victory,
 Through great bloudshed, and many a sad assay,
 In which him selfe was charged heavily
 Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
 T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
 Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray; 440
 Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50

Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
 What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
 Enwombd was, from wretched *Adams* line
 To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
 O joyous memorie of happy time,
 That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd;
 (O too high ditty for my simple rime.)
 Soone after this the *Romanes* him warrayed;
 For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd. 450

51

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
 An army brought, and with him battell fought,
 In which the king was by a Treachetour
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
 For *Aruirage* his brothers place supplide,
 Both in armes, and crowne, and by that draught
 Did drive the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52

Was never king more highly magnifide, 460
 Nor dred of *Romanes*, then was *Aruirage*,
 For which the Emperour to him allide
 His daughter *Genuiss* in marriage:
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
 Of *Rome* againe, who hither hastly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
 Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
 Perswaded him to ceasse, and her Lord to relent.

53

He dyde; and him succeeded *Marius*,
 Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity, 470
 Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
 That first received Christianitie,
 The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely:
 Yet true it is, that long before that day
 Hither came *Joseph* of *Arimathy*,
 Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
 And preacht the truth, but since it greatly did decay.

54

This good king shortly without issew dide,
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
 That did her selfe in sundry parts divide, 480
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
 Whilest *Romanes* dayly did the weake subdew:
 Which seeing stout *Bunduca*, up arose,
 And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
 With whom she marched streight against her foes,
 And them unwares besides the *Severne* did enclose.

55

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
 Not with so good successe, as she deserv'd;
 By reason that the Captaines on her side,
 Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her swerv'd: 490
 Yet such, as were through former flight preserv'd,
 Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
 And with fresh courage on the victour serv'd:
 But being all defeated, save a few,
 Rather then fly, or be captiv'd her selfe she slew.

56

O famous moniment of womens prayse,
 Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
 Whom antique history so high doth raise,
 Or to *Hysiphil'* or to *Thomiris*:
 Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is; 500
 Who whiles good fortune favoured her might,
 Triumphed oft against her enimis;
 And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
 She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

57

Her reliques *Fulgent* having gathered,
 Fought with *Severus*, and him overthrew;
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled:
 So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
 Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew, 511
 And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
 Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre:

58

For *Asclepiodate* him overcame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
 Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
 Then afterwards he in his stead did rayne;
 But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
 Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
 Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soveraine: 520
 Then gan this Realme renewe her passed prime:
 He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
 Faire *Helena*, the fairest living wight;
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly prayse
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes, 530
 Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
 To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octavius here left into his roome,
 And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
 But he his title justifide by might,
 Slaying *Traherne*, and having overcome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right. 540

61

But wanting issew male, his daughter deare,
 He gave in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*;
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
 During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
 But that they overran all parts with easie hand.

62

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth 550
 Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
 With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And dayly spectacle of sad decay:
 Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
 yeares,
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
 Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
 They crownd the second *Constantine* with joyous teares,

63

Who having oft in battell vanquished
 Those spoilefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
 Long time in peace his Realme established, 561
 Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
 Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
 With which the world did in those dayes abound:
 Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
 Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

64

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age;
 By meanes whereof, their uncle *Vortigere*
 Usurpt the crowne, during their pupillage; 570
 Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
 Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
 He sent to *Germanie*, straunge aid to reare,
 From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie imployes.

65

Two brethren were their Capitains, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approv'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might;
 Who making vantage of their civill jarre, 580
 And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,
 That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
 Then they which sought at first their helping
 hand,
 And *Vortiger* enforst the kingdome to aband.

66

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
 He is againe unto his rule restord,
 And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Received is to grace and new accord,
 Through his faire daughters face, and flattring
 word; 590
 Soone after which, three hundred Lordes he slew
 Of British bloud, all sitting at his bord;
 Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
 Th'eternall markes of treason may at *Stonheng* vew.

67

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrose and *Uther* did ripe yeares attaine,
 And here arriving, strongly challenged
 The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine:
 Who flying from his guilt, by them was slaine.
 And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did rayne, 601
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
 So now entombed lyes at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

68

After him *Uther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other Cesure right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th'Authour selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it: that so untimely breach
 The Prince him selfe halfe seemeth to offend, 610
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

69

At last quite ravisht with delight, to heare
 The royall Ofspring of his native land,
 Cryde out, Deare countrey, ô how dearely deare
 Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetuall band
 Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
 Did commun breath and nouriture receave?
 How brutish is it not to understand,
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave, 620
 That gave unto us all, whatever good we have.

70

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
 Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leasure, so long leaves here to repeat:
 It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
 A man, of many partes from beasts derived
 And then stole fire from heaven, to animate
 His worke, for which he was by *Jove* deprived
 Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an *Ægle* rived. 630

71

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet
 Quick, the first authour of all Elfin kind:
 Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
 Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mind
 To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
 Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kind;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Faeryes* spring, and fetch their lignage
 right.

72

Of these a mightie people shortly grew, 640
 And puissaunt kings, which all the world warrayd,
 And to them selves all Nations did subdew:
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,
 And all that now *America* men call:
 Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
 But *Elfiline* enclosed it with a golden wall.

73

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who overcame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field: 650
 But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,
 Who all of Christall did *Panthea* build:
 Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
 The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
 Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild;
 He built by art upon the glassy See
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd
 to bee.

74

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their Ofspring, in their dew descents,
 Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd 660
 With mightie deedes their sundry governments;
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiall:
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,
 And brave ensample, both of martiall,
 And civill rule to kings and states imperiall.

75

After all these *Elficleos* did rayne,
 The wise *Elficleos* in great Majestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoiles and famous victorie, 670
 Did high advaunce the crowne of *Faery*:
 He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
 The eldest brother did untimely dy;
 Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
 Doubly supplide, in spousall, and dominion.

76

Great was his power and glorie over all,
 Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memoriall:
 He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Him to succede therein, by his last will: 680
 Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
 Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
 Long mayst thou *Glorian* live, in glory and great
 powre.

77

Beguild thus with delight of novelties,
 And naturall desire of countreys state,
 So long they red in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
 Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought 690
 To thinke, how supper did them long awaite.
 So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
 And fairely feasted, as so noble knights she ought.

CANTO XI

*The enimies of Temperaunce
besiege her dwelling place :
Prince Arthur them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.*

1

What warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply
Against the fort of reason evermore
To bring the soule into captivitie:
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

2

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld 10
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setled there in sure establishment;
There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent:
And to her gwestes doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

3

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
 The windowes of bright heaven opened had, 20
 Through which into the world the dawning day
 Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
 Uprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
 And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
 With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
 Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:
 So to the rivers side they both together far'd.

4

Where they awaited ready at the ford
 The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
 With his well rigged boate: They go aboard, 30
 And eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
 And fast the land behind them fled away.
 But let them pas, whiles wind and weather right
 Do serve their turnes: here I a while must stay,
 To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

5

For all so soone, as *Guyon* thence was gon
 Upon his voyage with his trustie guide,
 That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on every side, 40
 And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they under them did hide;
 So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
 Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

6

Them in twelve troupes their Captain did dispart
 And round about in fittest steades did place,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary object most deface,
 As every one seem'd meetest in that cace. 50
 Seven of the same against the Castle gate,
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
 Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate,
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

7

The other five, five sundry wayes he set,
 Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pile.
 And unto each a Bulwarke did arret,
 T'assayle with open force or hidden guile,
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
 They all that charge did fervently apply, 60
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

8

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
 Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were
 Headed like Owles, with beckes uncomely bent,
 Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
 And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
 And every one did bow and arrowes beare: 70
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envies,
 And covetous aspectes, all cruell enimies.

9

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
 And soone againe as he his light with hault,
 Their wicked engins they against it bent:
 That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault,
 But two then all more huge and violent, 80
 Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

10

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sence,
 Gainst which the second troupe dessignment makes;
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
 Some having heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
 Some like wild Bores late rouzd out of the brakes;
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leasings, backbyttings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries.
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries. 90

11

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feends of hell,
 Some like to hounds, some like to Apes, dismayd,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd:
 All shap't according their conditions,
 For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which do that sence besiege with light illusions.

12

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent, 100
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
 Was as the rest, a grysie rablement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriges, some fast
 Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the wast
 Like swine; for so deformd is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and unthriftie wast,
 Vaine feasts, and idle superfluity:
 All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

13

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report: 110
 For some like Snailles, some did like spyders shew,
 And some like ugly Urchins thicke and short:
 Cruelly they assayled that fift Fort,
 Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
 With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

14

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissance
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And evermore their hideous Ordinance 120
 Upon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
 And evermore their wicked Capitaine
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gaine,
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should attaine.

15

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchievement wrought with perill and with paine,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine: 131
 And those two brethren Giants did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie maine,
 That never entrance any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

16

The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadfull sight:
 For never was she in so evill cace,
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright, 140
 Offring his service, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife:
 She him remerciéd as the Patrone of her life.

17

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well proved weapons to him hent;
 So taking courteous conge he behight,
 Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
 Faire mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
 That ever brandished bright steele on hye: 150
 Whom soone as that unruly rablement,
 With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

18

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 Like a great water flood, that tomling low
 From the high mountaines, threats to overflow
 With suddein fury all the fertile plaine, 159
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
 A downe the streame, and all his vowes make vaine,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

19

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
 Which fled a sunder, and him fell before,
 As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
 When the wroth Western wind does reave their
 locks;
 And under neath him his courageous steed,
 The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
 The fierce *Spumador* borne of heavenly seed: 170
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

20

Which suddeine horrour and confused cry,
 When as their Captaine heard, in haste he yode,
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;
 Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
 That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground;
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
 But of such subtile substance and unsound,
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose grave-clothes were
 unbound. 180

21

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
 And many arrowes under his right side,
 All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
 Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,
 Such as the *Indians* in their quivers hide;
 Those could he well direct and streight as line,
 And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde,
 Ne was their salve, ne was their medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

22

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke, 190
 His bodie leane and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
 Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
 That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake:
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
 Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
 Made of a dead mans skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.

23

Maleger was his name, and after him,
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags, 200
 With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
 And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags
 She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
 But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24

Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espyde,
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
 His Beast he felly prickt on either syde, 210
 And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
 But he was warie, and it warded well
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
 Then he another and another did expell.

25

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be avenged of that shot whyleare:
 But he was not so hardie to abide 220
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
 Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
 So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
 But labour lost it was, to weene approach him neare.

26

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tred;
 Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake, 230
 And in his flight the villein turn'd his face,
 (As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 When as the *Russian* him in fight doth chace)
 Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

27

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursew:
 Who when his uncouth manner he did vew,
 He gan avize to follow him no more, 240
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
 Untill he quite had spent his perlous store,
 And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

28

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
 And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:
 Which he espying, cast her to restraine
 From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
 And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
 But soone as him dismounted on the plaine, 250
 That other Hag did farre away espy
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

29

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude hands and griesly graplement,
 Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
 Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd;
 Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
 And of the battell balefull end had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine, 260
 And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
 So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
 That in assurance it may never stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Prooffe be thou Prince, the prowest man alive,
 And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not
 survive. 270

31

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his armes
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,
 His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his Lord they should behind invade;
 The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull
 shame,
 As one awakt out of long slombring shade,
 Reviving thought of glorie and of fame,
 United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

32

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave 280
 Hath long bene nderkept, and downe supprest,
 With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
 And strives to mount unto his native seat;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 It now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

33

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rouzd
 Out of his hold, and broke his caitive bands, 290
 And as a Beare whom angry cures have touzd,
 Having off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads downe and overthrowes. Now had the Carle
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
 To seize upon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare, 300
 Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
 The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
 And him so sore smote with his yron mace,
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

35

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
 And all his labour brought to happie end,
 When suddein up the villein overthrowne,
 Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend, 310
 And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
 As hurt he had not bene. Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not bene removed many a day;
 Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry way.

36

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
 But ground he gave, and lightly leapt areare: 320
 Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire
 That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
 Remounts againe into the open aire,
 And unto better fortune doth her selfe prepare.

37

So brave returning, with his brandisht blade,
 He to the Carle himselfe againe addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riven brest,
 That halfe the steele behind his back did rest;
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore 330
 When the hart bloud should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore.

38

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
 All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
 That through his carkasse one might plainely see:
 Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
 And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
 Againe through both the sides he strooke him
 quight,
 That made his spright to grone full piteous: 340
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
 But freshly as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

39

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his hart apall,
 Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
 He doubted, least it were some magicall
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
 Or aerie spirit under false pretence, 35^o
 Or hellish feend raysd up through diuelish science.

40

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
 Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a bodie without might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
 That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmitee;
 Like did he never heare, like did he never see. 36^o

41

A while he stood in this astonishment,
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Give over to effect his first intent,
 And th'utmost meanes of victorie assay,
 Or th'utmost issew of his owne decay.
 His owne good sword *Mordure*, that never fayld
 At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield, that nought him now awayld,
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42

Twixt his two mightie armes him up he snatcht, 370
 And crusht his carkasse so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
 And th'idle breath all utterly exprest:
 Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
 The lumpish corse unto the senselesse grownd;
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That backe againe it did aloft rebownd,
 And gave against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

43

As when *Joves* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine, 380
 The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcible,
 That it rebounds against the lowly plaine,
 A second fall redoubling backe againe.
 Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remaine;
 No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was
 cast.

44

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
 And thought his labour lost and travell vaine,
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight: 390
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mightie maine,
 That whiles he marveild still, did still him paine:
 For thy he gan some other wayes advize,
 How to take life from that dead-living swaine,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize
 From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits to
 reprize.

45

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
 How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
 She eke so often, as his life decayd,
 Did life with usury to him restore, 400
 And raysd him up much stronger then before,
 So soone as he unto her wombe did fall;
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to grave terrestriall,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

46

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course, 410
 Untill he came unto a standing lake;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake;
 So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did
 make.

47

Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spy,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
 And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
 And having quencht her burning fier brands,
 Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake; 420
 But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
 One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,
 So riv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

48

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
 Tho comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
 Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
 Him faild thereto, and served not his need,
 Through losse of bloud, which from his wounds
 did bleed,
 That he began to faint, and life decay:
 But his good Squire him helping up with speed, 43^o
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

49

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
 With balme and wine and costly spicery,
 To comfort him in his infirmity;
 Eftsoones she causd him up to be convayd,
 And of his armes despoyled easily,
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd, 44^o
 And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him
 stayd.

CANTO XII

*Guyon by Palmers governance,
 passing through perils great,
 Doth overthrow the Bowre of blisse,
 and Acrasie defeat.*

1

Now gins this goodly frame of Temperance
 Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed
 To pricke of highest praise forth to advance,
 Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
 On firme foundation of true bountihed;
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue fights,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
 Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand magick
 mights.

2

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has, 10
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
 Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas:
 Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
 Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
 An hideous roaring farrre away they heard,
 That all their senses filled with affright,
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard
 Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

3

Said then the Boteman, Palmer stere aright,
 And keepe an even course; for yonder way 20
 We needes must passe (God do us well acquight,
 That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
 Which having swallowd up excessively,
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

4

On th'other side an hideous Rocke is pight,
 Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie clift
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight, 30
 Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
 On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:
 For whiles they fly that Gulfes devouring jawes,
 They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helpelesse
 wawes.

5

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
 Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arrive,
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
 Then he with all his puissance doth strive 40
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave,
 Which gaping wide, to swallow them alive,
 In th'huge abyссе of his engulping grave,
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror rave.

6

They passing by, that griesly mouth did see,
 Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
 That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often
 creepe. 50

Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
 But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
 May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7

On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
 Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
 On whose sharpe clifts the ribs of vessels broke,
 And shivered ships, which had bene wrecked late,
 Yet stuck, with carkasses exanimate
 Of such, as having all their substance spent 60
 In wanton joyes, and lustes intemperate,
 Did afterwards make shipwracke violent,
 Both of their life, and fame for ever fowly blent.

8

For thy, this hight *The Rocke of vile Reproch*,
 A daungerous and detestable place,
 To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
 But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and
 bace,
 And Cormoyrants, with birds of ravenous race,
 Which still sate waiting on that wastfull clift,
 For spoyle of wretches, whose unhappie cace, 70
 After lost credite and consumed thrift,
 At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

12

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew, 100
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
 With grassie greene of delectable hew,
 And the tall trees with leaves apparelled,
 Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
 That mote the passengers thereto allure;
 But whosoever once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,
 But wandreth ever more uncertein and unsure.

13

As th'Isle of *Delos* whylome men report
 Amid th'*Aegæan* sea long time did stray, 110
 Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
 Till that *Latona* traveiling that way,
 Flying from *Junoës* wrath and hard assay,
 Of her faire twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for *Apolloës* honor highly herried.

14

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
 And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
 That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet 120
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
 Upon the banck they sitting did espy
 A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,
 By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

15

She them espying, loud to them can call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore;
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore 130
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her power and
 might.

16

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
 Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly 140
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornefully
 Scoffing at him, that did her justly wite,
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædrick*, which late
 Did ferry him over the *Idle lake*:
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
 When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;
 Here now behoveth us well to avyse, 150
 And of our safetie good heede to take;
 For here before a perlous passage lyes,
 Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

18

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
 And a whirlepoole of hidden jeopardy,
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
 Scarse had he said, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water covered;
 But by the checked wave they did descry 160
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
 It called was the quicksand of *Unthriftyhed*.

19

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And bravely furnished, as ship might bee,
 Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
 Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle,
 Labour'd in vaine, to have recur'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle, 170
 But neither toyle nor travell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
 That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,
 In which full many had with haplesse doole
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still running round,
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw the boate within the utmost bound
 Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to have them dround.

21

But th'heedfull Boateman strongly forth did stretch 181
 His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,
 That th'utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dred daunger does behind remaine.
 Sudden they see from midst of all the Maine,
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea puffed up with proud disdain,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

22

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore 190
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them drive before
 His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
 For not one puffed of wind there did appeare,
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
 Unweeting, what such horreur straunge did reare.
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd,
 Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence dismayd.

23

Most ugly shapes, and horrible aspects,
 Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see, 200
 Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
 Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring *Whales*,
 Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
 Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with silver scales,
 Mighty *Monoceroses*, with immeasured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name
 Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
 The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game 210
 The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursew,
 The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
 Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
 No lesse, then rockes, (as travellers informe,)
 And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme.

25

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
 Came rushing in the fomy waves enroll, 220
 Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
 Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
 For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
 Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
 Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

26

Feare nought, (then said the Palmer well aviz'd;)
 For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
 By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
 And draw from on this journey to proceede. 230
 Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
 And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
 Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that daunger, forth their course they kept,
 And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
 Of one, that wayld and pittfully wept,
 That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:
 At last they in an Island did espy
 A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore, 240
 That with great sorrow and sad agony,
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
 And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

28

Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bad,
 To stere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
 That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad:
 Who him avizing better, to him sayd;
 Faire Sir, be not displeasd, if disobayd:
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd, 250
 But onely womanish fine forgery,
 Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity.

29

To which when she your courage hath inclind
 Through foolish pittty, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt.
 The knight was ruled, and the Boateman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne ever shruncke, ne ever sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse, 260
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernessse.

30

And now they nigh approached to the sted,
 Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
 On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,
 And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade. 270

31

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 With th'*Heliconian* maides for maistry;
 Of whom they over-comen, were depriv'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyity
 Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry,
 But th'upper halfe their hew retained still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
 Which ever after they abusd to ill,
 T'allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by, 280
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applide;
 O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
 Thou art in mighty armes most magnifide
 Above all knights, that ever battell tride,
 O turne thy rudder hither-ward a while:
 Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride;
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The worlds sweet In, from paine and wearisome turmoyle.)

33

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered, 290
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
 A solemne Meane unto them measured,
 The whiles sweet *Zephirus* lowd whisteled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
 Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
 That he the boateman bad row easily,
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

34

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
 With temperate advice discourseled,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry 300
 The land, to which their course they leveled;
 When suddeinly a grosse fog over spred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great Universe seemd one confused mas.

35

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct their way in darkenesse wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
 For tomling into mischiefe unespide. 310
 Worse is the daunger hidden, then descride.
 Suddeinly an innumerable flight
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering, cride,
 And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

36

Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
 The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
 The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere, 320
 The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
 The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
 The Whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
 The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

37

All those, and all that else does horreur breed,
 About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stifly steare;
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
 And the faire land it selfe did plainly show. 330
 Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
 The sacred soile, where all our perils grow;
 Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throw.

38

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
 And his sage Palmer, that him governed;
 But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
 They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred, 340
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay,
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

39

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
 Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Untill they came in vew of those wild beasts:
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests, 350
 Ran towards, to deuoure those unexpected guests.

40

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
 Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
 And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld,
 In stead of fraying, they them selues did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
 All monsters to subdew to him, that did it beare. 360

41

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
 Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
 With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes invade,
 Through ghastly horroure, and eternall shade;
 Th'infernall feends with it he can asswage,
 And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
 And rule the *Furyes*, when they most do rage:
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

42

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive, 370
 Whereas the Bowre of *Blisse* was situate;
 A place pickt out by choice of best alive,
 That natures worke by art can imitate:
 In which what ever in this worldly state
 Is sweet, and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may dayntiest fantasie aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

43

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 Aswell their entred gwestes to keepe within, 380
 As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
 But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
 Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable wit;
 And therein all the famous history 390
 Of *Jason* and *Medæa* was ywrit;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
 The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

45

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves were sent; 400
 And other where the snowy substaunce sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes bloud therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent,
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled;
 Yt seemd th'enchanted flame, which did *Creüsa* wed.

46

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red; that ever open stood to all,
 Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall, 410
 That travellers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

47

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
 Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth let us oft forsee, 420
 And oft of secret ill bids us beware:
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

48

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity

Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall,
 Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes
 us see.

He of this Gardin had the governall, 43^o
 And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed round about, and by his side
 A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
 So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
 But he his idle curtesie defide,

And overthrew his bowle disdainfully; 44^o
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

50

Thus being entred, they behold around

A large and spacious plaine, on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns, whose faire grassy ground
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,

When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early
 morne.

51

Thereto the Heavens alwayes Joviall,
 Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
 T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
 But the milde aire with season moderate
 Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesome
 smell.

52

More sweet and holesome, then the pleasaunt hill 460
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nimphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, her selfe for grieffe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore
 Faire *Daphne Phœbus* hart with love did gore;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
 When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
 Or *Eden* selfe, if ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

53

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight 470
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
 Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughes and braunches, which did broad
 dilate
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54

So fashioned a Porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bouches hanging downe, seemed to entice
 All passers by, to tast their lushious wine, 481
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered:
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
 Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

55

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
 Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest, 490
 That the weake bowes, with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.
 Under that Porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in faire weedes, but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed.

56

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd, with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach, 500
 That so faire wine-presse made the wine more
 sweet:
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:
 It was her guise, all Straungers goodly so to greet.

57

So she to *Guyon* offred it to tast;
 Who taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:
 Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth, 510
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
 Who not regarding her displeasure forward goth.

58

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happinesse envye:
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
 The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
 The trembling groves, the Christall running by; 520
 And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59

One would have thought, (so cunningly, the rude,
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine,)
 That nature had for wantonnesse ensude
 Art, and that Art at nature did repine;
 So striving each th'other to undermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautifie;
 So diff'ring both in willes, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed through sweete diversitie, 530
 This Gardin to adorne with all varietie.

60

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substaunce, that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
 Through every channell running one might see;
 Most goodly it with curious imageree
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
 Of which some seemd with lively jollitee,
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whilst others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

61

And over all, of purest gold was spred, 541
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew:
 For the rich mettall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to be yvie trew:
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weepe.

62

Infinitt streames continually did well 550
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with Jasparr shining bright,
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

63

And all the margent round about was set,
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend 560
 The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
 Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde,
 Their dainty parts from vew of any, which them eyde.

64

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
 Above the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as over maistered by night, 570
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,
 And each the other from to rise restraine;
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
 So through the Christall waves appeared plaine:
 Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
 And th'amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

65

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
 Or as the *Cyprian* goddessse, newly borne
 Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare: 580
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
 Christalline humour dropped downe apace.
 Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

66

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
 Gazing a while at his unwonted guise;
 Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
 Abasht, that her a straunger did a vise:
 But th'other rather higher did arise, 590
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
 And all, that might his melting hart entise
 To her delights, she unto him bewrayd:
 The rest hid underneath, him more desirous made.

67

With that, the other likewise up arose,
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
 Up in one knot, she low adowne did lose:
 Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd,
 And th'yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
 So that faire spectacle from him was reft, 600
 Yet that, which reft it, no lesse faire was fownd:
 So hid in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

68

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
 That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
 Now when they spide the knight to slacke his pace,
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
 Their wanton meriments they did encrease, 610
 And to him beckned, to approach more neare,
 And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could
 reare.

69

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
 He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
 And counseld well, him forward thence did draw.
 Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blis*
 Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis:
 When thus the Palmer; Now Sir, well avise;
 For here the end of all our travell is:
 Here wones *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise, 620
 Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
 To read, what manner musicke that mote bee:
 For all that pleasing is to living eare,
 Was there consorted in one harmonee,
 Birdes, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71

The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade, 631
 Their notes unto the voyce attempred sweet;
 Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th'instruments divine responce meet:
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall:
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

72

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee, 640
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
With a new Lover, whom through sorcere
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring :
There she had him now layd a slombering,
In secret shade, after long wanton joyes :
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73

And all that while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight, 650
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight :
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

74

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay ;
Ah see, who so faire thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day ; 660
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may ;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;
Loe see soone after, how she fades, and falles away.

75

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
 Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramowre: 671
 Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,
 For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
 Gather the Rose of love, whilest yet is time,
 Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
 Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
 As in approvance of his pleasing words.
 The constant paire heard all, that he did say,
 Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way, 680
 Through many covert groves, and thickets close,
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton Ladie, with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
 And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
 All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
 That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
 More subtile web *Arachne* can not spin, 691
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
 Of scorched deaw, do not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78

Her snowy brest was bare to readie spoyle
 Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild,
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
 Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
 That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
 And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
 Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light 701
 Which sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more
 bright.

79

The young man sleeping by her, seemd to bee
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
 That certes it great pittie was to see
 Him his nobilitie so foule deface;
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternnesse did appeare
 Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
 And on his tender lips the downy heare 710
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossomes beare.

80

His warlike armes, the idle instruments
 Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree,
 And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
 Was fowly ra'st, that none the signes might see;
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought, that did to his advaancement tend,
 But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend. 720

81

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
 So nigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game,
 That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which onely for the same
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
 So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
 The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
 Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to
 wrest.

82

And eke her lover strove: but all in vaine; 730
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile, nor force might it distraine.
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly
 bound
 In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone untyde,
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

83

But all those pleasant bowres and Pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittillesse; 740
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
 Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbers spoyle, their Cabinets suppressse,
 Their banket houses burne, their buildings race,
 And of the fairest late, now made the fowlest place.

84

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
 Till they arrived, where they lately had 751
 Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie
 mad.

Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify.

Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes, which
 there did ly.

85

Said he, these seeming beasts are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous, 760
 According to their mindes like monstrous.
 Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of joyes delicious:
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former state.

86

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beasts they comely men became;
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captive Dame: 770
 But one above the rest in speciall,
 That had an hog beene late, hight *Grille* by name,
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth, with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kind 780
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggish mind,
But let us hence depart, whilest wether serves and
wind.

NOTES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS

1. **most mighty Sovereaine.** Each book of the poem is separately dedicated to Elizabeth.

painted forgery. It was one of the commonest accusations brought against poetry by the Puritans and others that it consisted of 'lies.' Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetrie* meets this accusation at considerable length.

2. **fruitfullest Virginia.** Spenser's friend Raleigh was the founder of this colony, and named it in honour of the queen.

3. **the Moones faire shining spheare.** Dante places one heaven within the moon and others within the different planets.

CANTO I

This Canto begins with the account of a trick played by Archimage and Duessa, introduced to link the second book with the first, and to show that they are portions of one story. Archimage and Duessa are, however, enemies of the Redcrosse Knight rather than of Guyon, and it is against him that their machinations are mainly directed.

For the remainder of the Canto see Introduction III.

1. **Architect of cancred guile.** Archimage, the enchanter, the most cunning of all the opponents of righteousness.

falsed letters. As told in I 12.

2. **he algates must forgoe.** I 12 describes how the Redcrosse Knight is married to Una, but is compelled to leave her soon after the wedding to return to the service of his queen.

3. **him to offend,** in the Latin sense of 'to injure.'

subtile engins, tricks and contrivances.

4. **The fish that once was caught.** Archimage and Duessa between them had entrapped the Redcrosse Knight away from Una and into the dungeons of Orgoglio.

6. **demure** has a better meaning in Spenser than in modern English, 'dignified.'

sterne and terrible. The same picture is given of Artegall.

did his foes amate, dismayed his foes.

good Sir Huons hand. An allusion to the romance 'Sir Huon of Bordeaux'; the fairy king—Oberon—helps Sir Huon in many dangers, and finally makes him a king in his own kingdom; hence the part about creating knights. 'Sir Huon' seems to have suggested to Spenser the union of chivalry and fairyland.

7. **A comely Palmer.** Representing the reason which, in the truly temperate man, holds the passions in check; Guyon has to move slowly to keep step with him, because one of the chief qualities of temperance is its deliberateness. So Plato describes his Charmides as never in a hurry or confusion.

8. **clew, a thread.**

humble miser. A Latinism, a poor and unfortunate person.

10. **faire and sheene.** 'sheene,' beautiful, a Chaucerian word.

11. **shent, injured.**

12. **Therewith amoved.** Guyon's gravity gives place when there is really cause for anger. Aristotle counts it as a serious defect if a man is not angry when he ought to be.

stricken Deare. Cf. *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 2.

15. **teene, grief.** A.-S. *tēona*.

17. **read the man,** interpret or consider the man. A.-S. *rēdan*.

18. **quartred all the field.** Divided the shield into four equal quarters.

19. **Th'adventure of the Errant damozell.** The assistance given to Una.

21. **well aguisd,** well adorned or attired.

22. **late forlorne.** Described in Bk I, Canto 8.

23. **slug in slouth,** lie idle and waste their time.

irrenowned shame. Virgil's *illaudatus* (*Georg.* III 5). The temptation to idleness meets Guyon in several ways; Archimage provides the first.

24. **an uncouth way**, strange and rough. Cp. Milton, "This uncouth errand sole" (*P. L.* II 827).

25. **fact**, deed. A Latinism.

But vaine. A Latinism, *ad vanum*.

26. **to affrap**, to encounter. Sir Guyon at first resolves to fight with the Redcrosse Knight but, on seeing the emblem upon his shield, suddenly recollects himself and pauses. We see his temperance even in the midst of what he thinks excellent cause for anger.

28. **that heavenly Mayd**. The portrait of "The Faerie Queene" which Guyon bears upon his shield.

29. **bevers**, the front part of the helmet.

30. **fond encheason**, foolish reason, mistake.

31. **aguizd**, decked or accoutred.

32. **a Saint with Saints**. The Redcrosse Knight is also St George of England.

33. **More then goodwill to me attribute nought**. Spenser always lays stress upon the divine grace; it is one of the signs of his Puritanism.

Well mote yee thee, well may you thrive; a Chaucerian phrase. A.-S. *þēon*.

gentle thewes, noble virtues. Chaucer has 'goodē thewes' (*Merchant's Tale*).

34. **steddie staffe**, steady. The 'staff' is, of course, the common symbol of the enchanter; with the Palmer it typifies the power of reason which is man's true magic to guide him through the perils and temptations of life.

35. **yfere**, together. The A.-S. *gefēra* is really a noun, and means a travelling companion. Spenser often partially misunderstands his old words.

dearnly, mournfully. Another example of the above; the A.-S. *dearnunga* really means 'secretly.'

36. **long lent**, possessed too long.

from wearie thraldome free. Cf. Giant Despair:

"Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneach."

(*F. Q.* I ix 38.)

38. **thrild**, pierced. Chaucer has:

"with a spere was thrilèd his brest-bone."

(*Knight's Tale*.)

her bleeding life does raine. "Purpuream vomit ille animam."
(Virg. *Aen.* ix 349.)

39. thicke, thicket.

40. did ray, defile or soil.

embay, bathe or steepe.

41. lustie hed, strength and vigour.

42. gan wexe. A.-S. *weaxan*, 'to grow.'

his mightie ghost, his strong spirit. Guyon is not in the least insensible, but is quickly moved to compassion.

44. impatient smart. This is the moral of Amavia's death; she lacks the quality which is Guyon's strength and stay.

45. All this passage is closely copied from Virgil's account of the death of Dido. (See Introduction II b.)

47. To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest. Cp. again Giant Despair:

"Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleape in quiet grave."

(I ix 40.)

48. fatall priefe, proof or trial.

49. uneth, hardly or scarcely. A.-S. *unēaþe*.

50. with equall brow, with equanimity or favour.

51. foule fordonne, foully destroyed.

52. her lovers drunken mad. Aristotle describes the intemperate man as being like one besotted with drink.

with words and weedes. Like Homer's Circe, who uses herbs and spells to enchant her victims.

all flesh doth frailtie breed. Spenser's Puritanism makes him continually insist on the weakness of man.

54. That me he knew not, neither his owne ill. Cp. Milton:

"Nor once perceive their foul disfigurement" (*Comus*).

55. With cup thus charmd. So Homer's Circe gives to her victims an enchanted cup.

Sad verse. The charm which she utters; sad probably has the sense of serious or powerful.

to him that death does give. Because Mortdant's death is the cause of Amavia's.

her that loves to live. Amavia.

Bacchus with the Nymphe. The poison, the charmed wine, is in his blood, and he is killed by the sudden shock of purity.

56. his head did wreath, he covers his head.

57. Robs reason of her due regalitie. This is Aristotle's theory of intemperance stated in brief: it is that condition in man in which the lower impulses—passion and sensuality—conquer reason.

58. with golden squire, measuring square.

measure out a meane. Aristotle's doctrine that virtue is a mean. (See Introduction III.)

hartlesse griefe, grief without courage to bear it; there is intemperance in pain as well as in joy.

59. doth buriall teene, provides burial; the word will not really bear this sense.

For all so great shame. In the *House of Holiness* (Bk 1 x) one of the seven Bedemen cares for the burial of the dead. Spenser had in this matter a Greek intensity of feeling:

“Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould.”

60. sad Cypresse, boughs of cypress. Cf. Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*, Act II, Sc. 4):

“My shroud stuck all with yew.”

Bynempt, took. A.-S. *niman*, ‘to take.’

61. medling, mixing or mingling. Cp. “The Redde rose medled with the White yfere” (*Shepheards Calender—April*).

CANTO II

Guyon attempts to cleanse the hands of the babe but cannot, for they remain, notwithstanding all his efforts, stained with blood. Spenser probably means this as a piece of Puritan symbolism—to typify the sin of the flesh which is inherent and cannot be removed by any earthly means.

The second portion of the Canto is devoted to an exposition of Aristotle's theory of virtue as a golden mean between two vices of excess and defect. (See Introduction III.)

1. hent, seized or raised. A.-S. *hentan*.

2. borne under cruell starre, under an evil influence.

in dead parents balefull ashes bred. This is really a reference to the story of the Phoenix, but inaccurately remembered; the Phoenix sprang from its own ashes. It was the bird which, as Milton says, “no second knows nor third” (*Samson Agonistes*).

4. **Might not be purgd with water.** Cp. *Macbeth*:

“No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red.” (Act II, Sc. 2.)

5. **to bord**, to accost.

amated, distressed or terrified. Chaucer has:

“Forgeten had to erthe his pore estate
Of wyntir, that him naked made and mate.”

(*Legend of Good Women*.)

7. **hartlesse**, timid, fearful.

Dan Faunus. ‘Dan’ is a common term to add dignity. Chaucer has “this woful loveure daun Arcite” (*Knight’s Tale*).

8. This stanza seems to be based upon the myth of Arethusa; Spenser often takes myths and employs them in his own way, sometimes briefly as here, sometimes at much greater length.

rustick mate, Faunus.

9. **chast and pure, as purest snow**. Hence the shock to Mortant, in whose veins lust and intemperance still lingered.

10. The **bloody hand** was the badge of the O’Neills, and Spenser almost certainly in this passage refers to the O’Neill’s rebellion as an example of intemperance.

11. **whyleare**, formerly.

golden sell, saddle ornamented with gold.

barbe, part of a horse’s armour, the armour for the chest.

13. **in equall fee**, in equal possession.

The eldest did against the youngest goe. Aristotle says that the two extremes are still more opposed to each other than they are to the mean.

14. **well did enterprize**, received well; a use of the word that seems peculiar to Spenser, and is not really warranted.

15. **breaded tramels**, woven or plaited divisions. Everything about Medina is especially neat and precise.

16. **warlike gest**, warlike deeds.

17. **to sew**, to follow.

20. **to quell**, slay or kill. A.-S. *cwellan*.

fouldring, thundering.

21. **sunbroad shield**. Milton uses this of Michael and Satan:

“Two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite.” (P. L. VI 305.)

22. **lybicke Ocean**, probably the African deserts.
surbet, wearied.

23. The knights are, both of them, examples of intemperance in anger, assailing Guyon without any provocation from him.

26. **to darraigne**, to decide by battle. Chaucer has:
 "And wilnest to darreyne her by bataille."

(*Knight's Tale*.)

So love does raine, etc. Cp. Horace (*Serm.* II iii 267):

"In amore haec sunt mala; bellum

Pax rursum."

O miserable men. Spenser means, of course, the love which is mere sensuality and animalism—the Aphrodite Pandemos.

28. **counsell sad**, serious counsel.

33. **treague**, truce. It. *trégua*, 'a truce.'

34. **could not colour**, they could not so far hide their feelings.
as doth an hidden moth. Ps. xxxix 12:

"Like as it were a moth fretting a garment."

35. **Elissa**, too little, the sister who stands for the vice of deficiency. The name is derived from *ελάσσων*, 'too little,' and is really Italianate Greek.

36. **Perissa**, too much, *περισσή*. Aristotle's word is 'Hyperbole,' but Spenser probably felt that too strange for a name.

37. **mincing mineon**, an affected creature. 'Mineon,' Fr. *mignon*, might be used either as a term of affection or contempt, or both.
 Cp. *Twelfth Night*:

"But this your minion whom I know you love." (Act v, Sc. 1.)

franion, an idle, licentious person.

38. **forward paire**, the couple who have too much, Sansloy and Perissa.

froward twaine, the couple who love too little, Elissa and Sir Hudibras.

accourage, encourage.

39. **lofty siege**. Guyon, as the guest of honour, would be seated on the dais.

40. **faire peace and mercy**. Later on in the poem (Bk v, Can. 9) Elizabeth appears as Mercilla.

41. **th'Idole**. The image and symbol of her maker's great magnificence. This is a Platonic idea: all beautiful things are images or symbols of the divine, some more and others less.

42. **Order of Maydenhead**, historically the Order of the Garter. An yearely solemne feast. This is imitated from Arthur's feast which he used to hold in Caerleon upon Usk.

43. a **wicked Fay**, the enchantress 'Acrasia.'

Whose glory is in gracious deeds. Cp. her name 'Gloriana.'

45. **pleasures poyson**. Aristotle says that men should beware of pleasure, since almost all are too strongly tempted by it. Spenser's Puritanism made him prone to entertain the same idea.

46. **Orion, flying fast from hissing snake**. Orion sets as the Scorpion rises.

the chaunged skyes, the different constellations.

CANTO III

In this Canto Guyon is shown as a type of *ἀνδρεία*, or true courage. (See Introduction III.)

The second book is the only one without a heroine, but Spenser makes some amends by giving us the radiant figure of Belphebe, one of his types of the queen.

Belphebe expresses the essence of Spenser's chivalrous creed—his worship of honour. For the men of her time Elizabeth really did stand as one of the noblest of inspirations—a symbol of honour and patriotism.

1. **with purple beames**. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 640), "lumine vestit purpureo." Purple light really means brilliant.

had behight, sworn to, or declared.

2. **gentle noriture**. Teach him all that pertains to a gentle upbringing.

raught, reached, or attained.

3. **Patience perforce**. Part of a proverb.

4. **losell**, contemptible fellow; from the verb *leosan*, 'to lose.'

kestrell. A hawk of a mean kind.

ready dight, ready equipped.

5. **gay portance**, gay bearing.

in greatest gree, held in greatest esteem. Fr. *gré*, 'will,' 'liking.'

6. **avaunting**, moving boastfully.

hart-thrilling, heart-piercing.

seely, harmless. A.-S. *sælig*, 'fortunate,' or 'happy.'

7. **wexed, grew.** A.-S. *weaxan*.

dead dog. A Biblical term of contempt.

8. **dead-doing hand.** A Homeric phrase: *ἀνδροφόνος χείρας*.

Miser, miserable or unhappy person. A Latinism.

cleeped, called or named. A.-S. *clcopian*.

in fee, in service or vassalage. Cp. Wordsworth:

“Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee.”

11. **Archimage.** The enchanter of the first book. One of those who represent the wiles of the Romish church.

did weet, knew. A.-S. *wāt*, ‘knows.’

12. **hard assay, hard trial or attempt.**

13. **foen.** A weak plural.

equall foyle, with the same repulse.

louting, bowing. A.-S. *lūtan*.

gin, trap or snare.

14. **areed, interpret or explain.** A.-S. *arēdan*.

15. **do purvay, provide yourself with.**

16. **eld, old age.** A.-S. *ieldu*.

17. **on even coast, on even terms.**

18. **blive, forthwith, quickly or rapidly.**

what mote that monster make. Probably a Latinism, *monstrum*, ‘a marvellous thing.’ A.-S. *mōt*, ‘be allowed.’

19. **The Northerne wind his wings.** This sudden disappearance is suggested probably by the disappearance of Aeneas in Homer.

20. **bug, terrifying object.**

to faine, dissemble.

21. **dying dread, terrible fear.**

23. **passing persant, very piercing or thrilling.** French form of participle.

wanton darts. Cp. Milton’s *Comus* (of Diana):

“Set at nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid.”

So Shakespeare also says of Elizabeth:

“But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quench’d in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.”

(*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Act II, Sc. 1.)

24. **broad table.** A *tabula* or canvas for painting pictures.

like dropping honny. "Thy words, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue." (*Solomon's Song* iv 11.)

25. *belgards*, gracious looks. It. *bel guardo*.

amorous retrate. Cp. Milton: "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay." (*P. L.* iv 311.)

mirrhour of celestiaall grace. A Platonic idea; Belphœbe's beauty serves as a mirror for the divine beauty of the world (*Phaedrus*).

moniment of mortall vowes, to whom vows are paid.

26. *for heat*, against the heat.

silken Camus, thin robe of silk (M. L. *camisia*, Fr. *chemise*).

Purified, ornamented. Chaucer has:

"I seigh his sleves y-purified at the hond" (*Prologue*).

aygulets, aglet, tag of a lace.

27. *embayld*, enclosed.

Cordwaine, leather. Chaucer has: "His shoon of cordiwane" (*Sir Thopas*).

entayld, carved. It. *intaglio*.

curious antickes, odd fanciful figures.

aumayld, enamelled.

28. *Like two faire marble pillours*. *Solomon's Song*:

"His legs are as pillars of marble" (v 15).

Spenser is here led away, somewhat fantastically, to elaborate the simile for its own sake. Milton's use of the simile is more masterly than Spenser's; he rarely employs one that does not convey exactly what he intends.

29. *queld*, slew. A.-S. *cwellan*, 'to kill.'

bauldricke, scarf or belt. Chaucer has:

"An horn he bar, the bawdryk was of grene" (*Prologue*).

30. *heedlesse hap*, chance.

the flouring forrest. Spenser often has exquisitely graceful and delicate nature-painting.

*rude haire*s, rough or disordered.

31. *forlore*, lost. A.-S. *forleosian*, 'to lose.'

that famous Queene. Penthesilia, who came to the help of Troy and was slain by Achilles. A later version of the legend, found in the spurious *Dares Phrygius*, ascribes her death to the son of Achilles, Pyrrhus.

33. *thy goodlyhed*, thy graciousness.

34. **mewed**, enclosed. A 'mew' was really a cage for a hawk.
sad stowre, sad event. Spenser uses the word 'stowre' in a great variety of meanings; in Chaucer it means conflict:

"The knyght was faire and styf in stour."

(*Romaunt of the Rose.*)

35. **caitive hands**: because cowardly.

36. **silly life**, poor or innocent.

37. **tooles**, weapons: the bow and arrows.

39. **which doest raunge in this wilde forrest**. Cp. Chaucer's Emily in her prayer to Diana:

"I am, thou woost, yet of thy campaignye,
 A mayde, and love huntynge and venerye,
 And for to walken in the wodes wilde."

(*Knight's Tale.*)

40. We may remember that Spenser's dearly-loved friend, Sidney, longed for achievements and hardships.

eath, easy.

41. We may note the particularly beautiful and subtle alliteration in this stanza. It is one of the noblest in all Spenser's works.

42. **her to embrace**. It is more than probable that Braggadocchio is meant to represent the Duke of Anjou; the project of the French marriage was extremely unpopular in England. Sidney protested against it very vehemently and was, for a time, in disgrace at court.

46. **As one unfit therefore**. The management of a horse was one of the things most greatly esteemed in a knight. Spenser's age valued it highly.

We may compare what Sidney says of his master in horsemanship, John Pietro Pugliano: "Hee sayd, Souldiours were the noblest estate of mankinde, and horsemen the noblest of Souldiours. Hee sayde, they were the Maisters of warre, and ornaments of peace: speedy goers and strong abiders: triumphers both in Camps and Courts. Nay, to so unbelieved a peynt he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horseman." (*Apologie for Poetrie.*)

did erne, grieve or regret. A.-S. *geornian*, 'to desire.'

CANTO IV

This Canto typifies Guyon's conflict with one particular form of intemperance or incontinence, i.e. incontinence in anger. (See Introduction III.)

Furor and Pyrochles are both examples in their different ways of such incontinence.

1. **the vulgar and the noble seed.** This stanza corresponds fairly closely to the description of the *εὐφυής*—the well-bred gentleman—as given by Plato in his *Republic* (Bk v). It expresses an Elizabethan ideal.

by **native influence**, the star which presided at their birth; 'influence' is really an astrological term.

2. **to yeed**, to go. This is really an incorrect form; it should be a preterite and not an infinitive. A.-S. *gān* (infin.), *ēode* (pret.).

strong passion or weak fleshliness. The two things which tempt most to intemperance; according to Aristotle the strong are most often tempted to intemperance in anger, and the weak to yield to pleasure.

4. **Her other leg**—a Homeric idiom—the left. *Il.* II 217: *χλωλὸς δ' ἕτερον πόδα.*

This is the hag 'Occasion' who really signifies the cause for wrath or anger.

5. **raught**, reached or handed.

her one leg were. Without it she has only one.

6. **His mightie hands.** Guyon as the knight of Temperance must struggle directly with Furor. It is the essence of such blind rage that it turns as readily upon one person as upon another.

7. **mickle**, great. A.-S. *micel*. This stanza is an example of Spenser's subtle and close psychology.

8. **In faire defence.** Guyon is accustomed to the regular and dignified conflicts of chivalry.

9. **being downe.** None of Spenser's knights conquer easily; the Puritan in him makes him represent the struggle for virtue as a very hard one.

Still cald upon. Occasion urges Furor to kill Guyon now that he has him at a disadvantage.

emboyling, boiling with anger.

11. **amenage, control.**

eath, easy. A.-S. *ēape*.

passion wood, raging anger. A.-S. *wōd*, 'mad.' The Palmer means that a man must first take away the root of anger in his own heart.

12. **before her eyes.** Occasion is represented as blind so that she cannot see what she does.

an yron lock, a kind of scold's bridle.

14. This is again a piece of careful and subtle psychology: the reasonable man conquering his fury which, when he thinks it subdued, rises up again and again.

15. **copper-wire,...tawny beard.** This colour was always associated with a passionate temper and with anger.

17. The story is from Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso* v. (See Introduction II c.)

whelming lap, overwhelming folds, like a python or snake.

18. **of commune nourse.** The Italian phrase for a foster-brother is *fratello di latte*.

22. **my toward good, my future good.** A.-S. *tō-weard*, 'future.'

24. **boorded, accosted.**

boulted all the floure, sifted to the bottom. Chaucer has in the same sense:

"But I ne kan not bulte it to the bren."

(*Nonnë Priestes Tale*.)

bowre, room. A.-S. *būr*, 'a dwelling-place.'

26. **gorgeous geare, raiment;** the word 'gear' means anything that fits out or equips.

27. **treachour, traitor.**

remove his craftie engin, put in action his plot.

28. **Her proper face, her real face.**

29. **chawing vengeance.** We may compare the description of Envy in Bk 1 iv 30:

"But inwardly he chawed his owne maw."

30. **faytour, deceiver.** O. F. *faitour*.

31. **mischiefe.** The word has a much stronger sense in Elizabethan English than with us.

32. **Feare gave her wings.** Virgil, *Aen.* viii 224:

"Pedibus timor addidit alas."

chauffed at my stay, enraged by being delayed.

34. **affections, strong emotions; a Latinism.** Both Plato and

Aristotle say that virtue is largely a habit; Aristotle declares that a man grows temperate through continually practising temperance and just through continually practising justice.

35. This stanza is an extreme example of poetic 'conceits'; Lyly's *Euphues* and Sidney's *Arcadia* abound in such conceits; so do many Elizabethan sonnets; Spenser is more free than most writers of his time.

36. **Phedon.** In the edition of 1590 it reads 'Phaon.'

37. **A varlet, Atin or Strife:** his name is obviously adapted from 'Ate,' the goddess of mischief.

38. **A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,** the fury which is continually stirring up bloodshed.

word, sentence or phrase as in A.-S.

flit, swift.

dight, equipped. A.-S. *dihtan*.

39. **in presence came.** A Latinism, *in praesentiam*.

40. **t'abye,** to remain, i.e. 'abide.'

41. **Pyrochles.** The name is found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. It means the 'fiery' in allusion to his rash and impetuous temper; he represents the excess of passion (*θυμός*), where Braggadochio is the defect and Guyon the mean (Gr. *πυροκλής*).

Cymochles (Gr. *κυμοκλής*), rage like that of a raging sea.

Acrates, ungoverned love of pleasure (Gr. *ἀκρατής*).

Despight, malice.

Phlegeton. Mentioned in Virgil both as a river and as an infernal deity (*Aen.* vi 265, 550).

Jarre. The 'Discordia' of Virgil (vi 280).

Herebus and Night. A classical pair; very fitly represented as the ancestors of so many vile affections of the mind. We may compare Milton's

"Loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

And also (*P. L.* π 959):

"when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos

with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign
And Discord with a thousand various mouths."

sonne of Aeternitie. This is Spenser's own invention.

The whole stanza is a good example of Spenser's method of taking classical mythology and intermingling it with a quite new and almost equally excellent mythology of his own. Milton describes Chaos and Night as being the parents of 'Tumult' and 'Confusion'; so Spenser describes them as being the parents of his 'Cymochles' and 'Pyrochles,' who stand for violence and wrath.

42. **So from immortal race.** This is quite true. So in Milton the great opponents of man are sprung from immortal race, and the more terrible thereby.

fearefull stead, dreadful place.

43. **in his jeopardie,** in danger or jeopardy from him: a Latinism.

45. **upbray,** reproach or disgrace. A.-S. *upp-bregdan*.

silly, poor.

46. **thrillant,** piercing. A.-S. *þyrlan*.

CANTO V

Guyon in this Canto enters into conflict with Pyrochles, one of the types of angry passion. (See Introduction III.)

1. **stubborne perturbation,** wrath when persisted in: the character of Furor is meant.

2. **pricking,** spurring or riding.

3. **couching,** placing the spear ready for conflict.

4. **so fell,** fiercely. Spenser, like Chaucer, will employ the same word as a rhyme if it is used as a different part of speech, or with different meanings.

sell, the saddle.

fowly dight, soiled him.

5. **shent,** scolded.

Disleall knight. To strike a horse was considered a disgraceful deed; Guyon has done it by accident, but Pyrochles pretends that he thought it deliberate.

6. **sevenfolded shield.** Like the shield of Ajax in Homer (*Il.* vii).

targe, a round shield. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"And sonne wold have a Puce sheeld or a targe."

bever, the front part of the helmet.

7. **inly bate**, bit inwards. The A.-S. form of the pret. is *bāt*.

8. **eke**. A.-S. *ēac*, 'also.'

hurtle round in warlike gyre, skirmish round in a circle. Lat. *gyrus*.

cruell Tygre. The lion in Spenser is nearly always represented as a noble beast, but the tiger is his type of savage ferocity. Cp. xi 20.

9. **foynd**, thrust. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"with sharpe speres stronge

They foynen ech at oother wonder longe."

plate, plate-armour. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"And somme woln have a paire plates large."

throwes, attacks causing pain: the word really means pain or affliction (A.-S. *prēa*).

10. Cp. with this stanza *Julius Caesar* (Act II, Sc. 1):

"he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees."

stowre, attack. Cp. Chaucer (*Romaunt of the Rose*):

"The knyght was faire and styf in stour."

precious horne. The horn of the unicorn was supposed to possess great medicinal value.

11. **queint**, quenched. This is a Chaucerian form of the participle: cp. 'drenchen,' 'dreynt.'

the Saint, the image of Gloriana.

12. **Ne deeme thy force** etc. These lines can only be conjecturally interpreted; Pyrochles probably means that Guyon has overcome him, not by 'force' or strength, but only by good luck, 'fortunes doome unjust.'

Maugre must be used in its original sense of ill-will (*mal gré*), a curse upon her spite.

13. **advizement slow**. It is an essential part of Aristotle's definition of Temperance that it considers or deliberates.

th'equall dye, the just judgment.

heedlesse hazardrie. Pyrochles is a type of that recklessness which is opposed to true courage. (See Introduction III.)

15. **to be lesser then himselfe**. A Latinism, *minor seipso*.

17. **great tort**, great wrong; really a legal term.

18. **thrall**, *thrāl*: a word of Scandinavian origin, meaning slave or captive.

scath, shall injure you greatly.

19. *assoyled*, set free, the literal meaning of the word; O. Fr. *asoldre* (Lat. *absolvere*).

her use, her custom.

20. *algates*, by all means.

wood, furious; A.-S. *wōd*, 'mad.'

21. *wroke*, avenged; A.-S. *wrecan*, 'to avenge.'

vaine occasions, foolish causes for anger.

22. *Stygian lake*, ay burning bright. Spenser seems to have confused the Styx with the fiery river Phlegeton; he had, however, Virgil's warrant for speaking of the Styx as a lake; cp. "Bis Stygios innare lacus" (*Aen.* vi 134), and "vides Stygiamque paludem" (*Aen.* vi 324). The infernal rivers were supposed to form or flow into lakes or marshes, since they themselves were slow and sluggish. There is an appropriateness in the mention of the Styx here as it was the river of hate. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* ii 577—80):

"Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 fierce Phlegeton,
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."

23. *corse*, O. Fr. *cors*; used of the living body by Spenser.

wight, person; A.-S. *wiht*.

24. *him dight*, prepared himself.

25. *Atin*, the mischief-maker. The name is taken from 'Ate,' goddess of mischief.

funerall, death: a Latinism, *funus*, 'violent death.'

26. *On gallow trees*, as the worst disgrace he could think of. Giant Despair almost persuades Trevisan to hang himself, which is the most ignoble form of death. (i ix.)

27. *hewes*, shapes. The A.-S. *hiw* means the whole outward appearance.

horribly misshapes, turned to swine.

mewes, prisons: a 'mew' was really a cage for hawks.

Titan, the sun.

29. *wanton Yvie*, probably so-called because sacred to Bacchus.

Eglantine, the dog-rose.

30. *pumy stones*, pumice stones.

sowne, sound: a Chaucerian form of the word. Cp. *Prologue*:

"A baggepipe well koude he blowe and sowne."

With this Canto should be compared Chaucer's account of the house of Morpheus in the *Book of the Duchesse*.

31. **the stately tree.** This may mean either the oak which was sacred to Jove, or the poplar which was consecrated to Alcides—Heracles; Spenser probably means the latter, and the confusion is due to an error in mythology.

in Nemea. Heracles slew the lion near the city of Nemea. Spenser's original reading was the inaccurate form of 'Nemus.' The poplar had nothing to do with the victory of Heracles over the Nemean lion, but was granted to him after his visit to the infernal regions, its two-coloured leaves (white beneath and green above) signifying his conquests over the two realms of light and darkness.

35. **forlorne.** The A.-S. verb is *forlēosan*.

36. **prowest might, best power.**

weetlesse, ignorant.

on senselesse ground, senseless on the ground; a Greek construction.

37. **But he would not endure, i.e. Atin who refuses to wait.**

CANTO VI

1. **A harder lesson.** This is opposed to the dictum of Aristotle who says that it is easier to learn continence in pleasure than to face pain (*Nic. Ethics* III xv).

3. **A Ladie.** Phaedria, who represents mirth and wanton idleness.

5. **More swift then swallow.** Ariosto XXI ii:

“Per l' acqua il legno va con quella fretta

Che va per l' aria ironidine, che varca.”

she turn'd a pin. Phaedria's boat was a magic boat. The flying horse in Chaucer is guided in the same way:

“This same steede shal bere yow ever moore,

Withouten harm, til ye be ther yow leste,

Though that ye slepen on his bak, or reste;

And turne ageyn with writhyng of a pyn.”

(*Squire's Tale*.)

6. **nothing well they her became.** The character has been compared to the *βωμολοχία* of Aristotle which signifies unseasonable and foolish merriment, merriment which is in bad taste, and like buffoonery. (Kitchin, Ed. of *Faerie Queene* II.)

7. aguize, adorn.

dight, placed.

rushes plight, plaited or woven.

8. sovenaunce, remembrance. Fr. *souvenance*.

vow'd revenge, that against Guyon.

wench. Generally used with the implication of immorality.

9. cot, small boat (Irish).

Phædria. Gr. Φαιδρός, 'beaming,' 'radiant.'

10. Ne swelling Neptune, the stormy sea.

ne loud thundring Jove, the sky in a thunderstorm.

bourne, a boundary: used somewhat loosely here for the Idle Lake.

11. That floted. Delos was, according to the legend, a floating island.

12. Todd gives a comparison to Cicero (*De Oratore* i 44): "Patriæ tanta est vis et tanta natura, ut Ithacam illam in asperrimis saxulis, tanquam nidulum, affixam sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret."

13. woxe. A.-S. *weaxan*, 'to grow.'

15. Tasso, *Ger. Lib.* xiv 62.

nothing envious. A Latinism, *nihil invida*.

Yet no man for them taketh. Cp. St Matthew vi 26—9.

16. Flowre-deluce, fleur-de-lys, the iris. Cp. *Shepherds Calendar—April*:

"match with the fayre flowre Delice."

Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, "they toil not neither do they spin." The words of sacred writ themselves are transposed to an evil meaning.

17. What bootes it all to have, and nothing use? Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"If all the world

Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,

Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,

The allgiver would be unthanked, would be unpraised."

18. griesly. An alternative reading (ed. 1590) is 'griesy,' but 'griesly' is probably better.

weft, started out from, was wafted. This form is Spenser's own invention.

19. for price or prayers. A Latinism, *aut prece aut pretio*.

W. S.

20. **flit**, rapid, swift.

timely tides, the tides at their appropriate times.

sluggish sourse. The water is dead water, and lies where it had always lain.

21. **merimake**, merrymaking, pleasure.

23. **Better safe port etc.**, better to be in a safe port rather than distressed in the sea.

24. **The fields did laugh**. Cp. Psalm lxx: "The valleys shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." Also Petrarch, Sonnet 42, "Ridono i prati."

26. **thewed ill**, bad-mannered. Cp. Chaucer (*Compleynte of Mars*):

"And therte so wel fortunéd and thewed."

fairely tempring etc., tempered fairly and so restrained his fond desire.

27. **his molten hart to steme**, permit his anger to evaporate in idleness.

28. **debonaire**, gracious and beautiful. Cp. Chaucer (*Dethe of Blaunche*):

"And whiche yēn my lady hadde:

Debonair, goode, glade."

29. **to field**, to take to battle, to fight.

haberjeons, armour for the neck and breast. Cp. Chaucer (*Prologue*):

"Of fustian he wered a gipoun

Al bismotered with his habergeon."

spalles, shoulders.

entayld, carved or cut (It. *intaglio*).

giambeux, boots or leggings. Cp. Chaucer (*Sir Thopas*):

"Thire jamboux were of quyrboilly," i.e. leather.

Spenser deliberately uses a number of old words in this account of a knightly conflict to give the flavour of the old romances as much as he can.

31. **as Titan shone**, shone like the sun.

32. **Ah well away**, A.-S. *wala wa*.

wo worth the man, woe be to the man. A.-S. *weorthan*, 'to be.'

34. **dce men in bale to sterve**, cause men to perish in suffering. A.-S. *steorfan*, 'to die.'

scarmoges, slight conflicts or battles. O. Fr. *escarmouche*.

35. **Debatefull strife**, grave or serious strife. Cp. Chaucer when speaking of the furious conflict of Palamon and Arcite (*Knight's Tale*):

“And no thyng but for love was this debate.”

shend, injure or disgrace.

Mars is Cupidoes frend. Homer, *Od.* 8.

37. **Still solemne sad**, ‘sad’ means ‘serious’ but not ‘melancholy.’ Cp. Chaucer (*Dethe of Blaunche*) where the knight speaks of his lady’s eyes as being ‘glade and sadde.’

38. **Tho**, then. A.-S. þā.

shard, passage or channel: a very rare use of the word. A.-S. *sciēran*, ‘to cut,’ *sceard*, ‘a broken piece.’

39. **debatement**. See note to 35.

salvage. An old form M. Lat. *salvaticus*.

trade, tread or spoor.

41. **wan**, pret. of *winnan*, ‘to fight or win.’

hartlesse, without courage.

43. **to weet**, to know, an irregular form.

Harrow now out, and well away, an exclamation of grief. Cp. Chaucer (*Nonnē Preestes Tale*):

“And cryden, ‘Out! harrow! and weylaway!

Ha! ha! the fox!’”

what is thee betyde? what has befallen thee?

44. **under unhappie starre**, under some star of evil influence.

46. The victim of passionate anger cannot lose his wrath in solitude and idleness.

49. **thee hent**, hath seized upon thee.

drent, drowned. M. E. *drenchen*, ‘to drown,’ Chaucerian ‘dreynt.’

50. **his infernall brond**, that dipped in the Styx. See V 22.

51. **disarmd**, relieved him of his grief.

made a priefe, examined.

CANTO VII

1. a **stedfast starre**, the pole star.

yblent, blinded.

2. **yode**, went, *ēode*.

reedes, accounts or considers. A.-S. *rædan*.

4. **enveloped with gold.** Milton's Mammon is a very different person from Spenser's, but they are alike in their passion for gold. Milton says of his Mammon (*P. L.* i 680—4):

“for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.”

antickes, fanciful figures.

5. **Mulciber, Vulcan.** Milton also makes Mammon dig in the earth for gold and extract the “precious bane.” Milton's Mulciber is the architect of Pandemonium.

moniment, impression.

7. **right usaunce**, right usage.

8. **swinck**, labour or toil. A.-S. *swincan*.

9. **sew**, follow. Lat. *sequi*.

This stanza plainly contains an illusion to the temptation in the Wilderness.

11. **purvay**, provide.

I lust, I please. A.-S. *lystan*, ‘to desire.’ Spenser's form is really the noun, the A.-S. verb is impersonal.

14. **in Caspian sea.** The Caspian was famous for its storms. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* ii 714—16):

“as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian.”

on Adrian gulfe. The Adriatic, or Gulf of Venice, also famous for storms.

fond, foolish.

15. **But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice.**

Cp. Milton (*Comus* 768—771):

“If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess.”

empeach, hinder or prevent.

accloyes, encumbers or chokes with weeds.

16. Cp. again Milton (*Comus* 762—4) :

“Imposter! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance.”

17. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* i 690—2):

“Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.”

19. **Me list not.** A.-S. *lystan*, ‘to desire,’ an impersonal verb taking the dative.

till I know it well be got. Cp. Milton (*Comus* 704—5):

“And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.”

20. **thy wonne, thy dwelling.** A.-S. *wunian*, ‘to dwell.’

A darkesome way: ‘*ibant obscuri*,’ Virgil (*Aen.* vi 268).

21. **a beaten broad high way.** Cp. Milton (*P. L.* ii 1024—30):

“Sin and Death amain,
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss
. reaching the utmost Orb
Of this frail world.”

Plutoes griesly raine, Pluto’s kingdom. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight’s Tale*):

“Right as the hunters, in the regne of Trace.”

Cp. also Milton (*P. L.* i 543):

“Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.”

tumultuous Strife. Probably suggested by Chaucer (*Knight’s Tale*):

“Contek, with bloody knyf, and sharpe manace.”

Payne is not suffering but *Pæna*, the avenging deity.

22. **trembling Feare still to and fro did fly.** Cp. Spenser’s later description (iii xii 12):

“Next him was Feare, all arm’d from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to and froe;
And, his own armes when glittering he did spy.”

23. **Owles and Night-ravens, birds of evil omen.**

sad Celeno. Virgil (*Aen.* iii 245):

“consedit rupe Celaeno, infelix vates.”

clift, a cliff.

24. which **gaped wide**. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 127). Also Milton (*P. L.* ii 884—6):

“the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
. . . . might pass through.”

26. An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day. This passage also Milton recollects in his description of Death (*P. L.* ii 670—1):

“black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell.”

27. **likt him best**, pleased him best.

28. **every rift**, every crack in the wall.

Arachne, the spider.

subtile net, finely woven. Cp. ii xii 81:

“A subtile net, which only for that same.”

29. **But a faint shadow of uncertain light**. Cp. Tasso (xiii 2):

“E luce incerta, e scolorita, e mesta,
Quale in nubilo ciel dubbia si vede.”

33. **n'll**, will not: negative and verb are frequently run together in Chaucerian English.

34. **More light then Culver**, the dove. Virgil (*Aen.* xi 721).

36. Milton probably remembers this stanza. Cp. *P. L.* i 700—4:

“Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.”

In Milton as in Spenser the fiends are the real discoverers of wealth.

38. **the fountaine**, the source.

39. **idle offers**, worthless.

mesprise, contempt.

41. **Disdayne**. Probably the pride that goes with wealth.

Titans race, the gods of mythology.

42. **glitterand**, glittering: ‘and’ is a northern form of the participle.

43. **Carle**, as man or countryman. A.-S. *ceorl*.

Gyeld, the house of some trade guild.

massy rooffe. Cp. Milton (*Il Penseroso*):

“With antique pillars massy-proof.”

44. a stately siege, a throne.

46. to sty, to mount. A.-S. *stīgan*, 'to ascend,' whence also 'stirrup' and 'stile.'

49. Philotime: Aristotle's *Φιλοτιμή*.

50. Gramercy, great mercy or thanks.

51. to faine, to dissemble.

direfull, deadly blacke; perhaps suggested by Dante, *Inferno* XIII:

"Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco."

52. mournfull Cypresse: planted around cemeteries in Italy and elsewhere.

Heben, ebony.

Hellebore. A name applied to different plants, but all poisonous.

Coloquintida, colocynth, a kind of gourd.

Tetra mad, *tetrum solanum*, deadly nightshade.

Mortall Samnitis. No such herb is known, and Upton suggests that Spenser really means the *arbor sabina*, or savine tree, a dark plant with deadly properties.

Cicuta bad, the hemlock.

the faire Critias. Socrates spent the last hours of his life with his friends discussing the immortality of the soul and similar problems, but it is a grave error on Spenser's part to place Critias among them, as Critias was one of the thirty tyrants who had been opposed to Socrates and had died some five years previously. The name is possibly a mistake for 'Crito,' who was one of the best friends of Socrates and who was present at his death (*Phaedo*).

54. Hercules. The eleventh labour of Hercules was to obtain the golden apples from Mount Atlas.

According to the usual form of the legend the golden apples grew in an island beyond Mount Atlas, watched, *not* by the daughters of Atlas, but by the Hesperides or daughters of Hesperus. Spenser seems to confuse the two.

th'Eubæan young man, Hippomenes. Eubæa is an island near Bœotia. Atalanta was the swiftest of mortals; she challenged all her suitors to race with her, and promised to wed the one who could conquer her; those who lost were to be put to death. Hippomenes provided himself with the golden apples which he flung one by one in front of her, and she, stopping to pick them up, was delayed and lost the race.

55. Acontius. This is the tale of Acontius and Cydippe told by

Ovid (*Heroides*). Acontius took a golden fruit from the garden of Venus and wrote an inscription on the rind, an oath by Artemis to marry Acontius. Cydippe read the inscription aloud, thus unwillingly taking the vow which she was compelled by the goddess to fulfil.

amongst the gods, the apple of discord. See also *F. Q.* vi i 19—22. The apple was thrown on the board of the gods inscribed 'to the fairest'; Aphrodite, Athena and Hera contested for it, and Paris, deciding on Mount Ida, awarded the apple to Aphrodite, who gave him Helen as his reward, thus bringing about the Trojan war.

partial Paris. Because he wished to gain Helen and therefore was not an impartial judge. See also Tennyson's *Oenone*.

56. laden with rich fee, with the fruit.

Cocytus deepe,

In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

Cp. Milton (*P. L.* II 579):

"Cocytus, named of lamentation loud."

57. of cruell Sprights, by cruel fiends who torment them.

58. See Introduction II b.

swinke. A.-S. *swincan*, 'labour or toil.' Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

"And the swinked hedger at his supper sat."

59. wont whylome feasted bee. According to one version of the legend Tantalus betrayed the secrets of the gods; according to another he had given them unhallowed flesh to eat. Spenser prefers to make him guilty of greediness. Jove was only *once* feasted by Tantalus.

give to eat. A Greek idiom.

60. let him dye, suffer eternally.

61. filthy feculent, soiled and filthy. A Latinism.

63. fruit of gold. The fruit of gold probably typifies 'greediness,' and the silver stool 'idleness.'

64. did beguile the Guyler, cheated the tempter.

66. lenger time. A.-S. *lengra*.

CANTO VIII

1, 2. These are among the loveliest and most famous stanzas in Spenser. They were recollected and copied by Milton.

We may compare (*P. L.* iv 797):

"So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon"

and (iv 977):

“the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx.”

We note also the description of Raphael and his ‘golden pineons’ (v 280—283):

“the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in heaven.”

2. *flying Pursuivant*, a herald. So Milton compares Raphael to ‘Maia’s son,’ Mercury, the herald of the gods.

3. *whyleare*, a while before.

4. *delve*, a cave or cleft.

5. *his equall peares*, those of the same age as himself.

like painted Jayes, as bright as the feathers of a jay, probably coloured blue.

6. *Cupido on Idæan hill*. Cupid had no special connection with Mount Ida except through the story of Paris.

his goodly sisters, Graces three. Spenser is again inventing his own mythology; the Graces were not really the sisters of Cupid though it seems appropriate to make them so.

7. *the child*, the angel who resembles a child. Spenser’s angels, notwithstanding their beauty, are much less dignified than Milton’s.

8. *arret*, entrusted. M. E. *aretten*.

9. *covrd*, brooded over, cherished. O. Fr. *covrir*.

10. *two sonnes of Acrates, Pyrochles and Cymochles*. See iv 41.

Foreby that idle strand, beside the Idle Lake.

11. *tynd*, probably kindled. A.-S. *tynder*, ‘tinder.’ Spenser seems to have invented a verb of his own. Cp. Proverbs xxvi 21: “As coals are to burning coals and wood to fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife.”

12. *crownd his coward crest with knightly stile*, wore a knightly helmet.

13. *sleeping fame*, the fame of one who sleeps. A Greek idiom.

15. *I will him reave of armes*. In the *Iliad* the armour of a knight was quite lawfully the spoil of the victor, but the custom of chivalry was different since it was considered disgraceful to rob the dead. In Malory’s *Morte d’Arthure* he mentions, as the last horror

of desolation, that the 'robbers and pillers' come upon the field to 'rob and pill' the noble knights who were slain.

17. **coverd shield**, because, when uncovered, it could dazzle and blind.

amenaunce, bearing. O. Fr. *amener*.

Lybian steed, Arabian horse.

18. **by live**, swiftly or rapidly.

thousand Sar'zins. In the epics of Ariosto and Tasso, 'Saracens' are always among the chief opponents of the Christian knights. Chaucer's knight also had fought three times at 'Tramysse' (i.e. in North Africa), and always slain his foe (*Prologue*).

19. **Beteeme to you**, entrust to you, deliver or give.

20. **Which Merlin made**. Spenser calls it 'Morddure.' In Malory's book Arthur's sword is called Excalibur, and is given to him by the Lady of the Lake; it also is magical.

Medæwart, meadow-wort. This is apparently a plant which is a remedy against enchantment, so that the sword anointed with it cannot be bewitched into uselessness. We may compare it with the Haemony in *Comus* (638):

"He called it Haemony, and gave it me,

And bade me keep it as of sovran use

'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast or damp."

The weapons of nearly all great champions were supposed to be of supernatural origin; we may remember that those of Achilles were wrought by Vulcan.

21. **The vertue is**, its power or quality.

fone, weak plural of 'foe.'

Morddure, the hard-biter. Fr. *mordre-dur*.

22. **vertuous steele**, because possessed of magic properties. Cp. the Palmer's 'vertuous staffe' (xii 86).

23. **salved them**, saluted them.

stomachous disdaine, proud disdain.

demaine, demean or appearance; a Spenserian use of the word: it generally means 'behaviour.'

24. **her fatal date**, her destined date. Spenser seems to have been a believer in predestination. We may compare

"Their times in his eternall booke of fate

Are written sure, and have their certeine date."

(I ix 42.)

25. whose honorable sight; probably a Latinism: the sight of whom—an honourable man.

26. a sleeping ghost, one whose senses are asleep. *gāst* is used in A.-S. of the spirits of the living as well as of the dead.

where oddes appeareth most, honour is least where the odds in favour are greatest.

28. his dayes-man, umpire or arbitrator.

let, hinder.

deare abie, suffer for.

29. Cp. with the phrase in the second commandment: "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." The strong Puritan tone of this stanza should be noted.

30. Termagaunt was supposed to be a Mohammedan deity or idol. The word is used by Shakespeare also (*Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 2).

more sad then lomp of lead, more heavy, to show his strength.

31. to strike foe undefide, before the challenge had been given and accepted.

32. the bitter stound, the bitter attack. This is a Spenserian use of the word and not quite warrantable. The A.-S. *stund* means 'time.'

34. Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight. The spear was the weapon for horseback, but the sword for those who were dismounted.

35. importable powre, power not to be borne.

his ground to traverse wide, to shift his ground repeatedly to ward off their attack.

stowre, battle, conflict. A Chaucerian word.

36. poinant speare, piercing.

gryde, pierce or cut. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* vi 329):

"The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him."

37. rayle adowne, flow down.

dreadfull Death behind thy backe. This reminds us of the figures in Holbein's *Dance of Death*, where Death is represented as a skeleton standing behind each victim.

38. troncheon, probably the broken part of the spear. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"He foyneth on his feet with his tronchoun."

hacqueton, a jacket worn under the armour, often quilted to keep the armour from the body. Cp. Chaucer (*Sir Thopas*):

“And next his sherte an aketoun,
And over that an haubergeoun.”

40. raught, reached. Cp. Chaucer (*Prologue*):

“Ful semely after hir mete she raughte.”

yond, fierce.

41. his throwes, his strokes. A.-S. *prēa*, ‘calamity.’

twice so many fold, twice as many as to Cymochles.

hart-thrilling, heart-piercing. M. E. *thyrlan*, ‘to pierce.’

42. engore, pierce.

43. pourtract. The portrait of The Faerie Queene upon Guyon’s shield.

44. linked frame, chain mail.

45. renfierst, reinforced or, possibly, made more fierce.

burganet, close-fitting helmet.

46. german, his brother. A Latinism, meaning born of the same father and also of the same mother: a full brother.

49. devoyd of dreed, without fear.

50. Bittur, bittern.

51. miscreaunce, false faith: here Mohammedanism.

dismall day, day of evil fate.

55. embayd, drenched or steeped.

Patrone of his life, a Latinism, *vitae patronus*.

56. the Infant, the Prince (Spanish).

aggrace, from It. *aggraziare*, ‘to lend a charm to.’

CANTO IX

This Canto gives a separate allegory of its own. The house of Alma or the dwelling of the soul is described with all its physical and mental qualities. This Canto was imitated by Phineas Fletcher in a long poem called *The Purple Island*. Fletcher introduces a far more detailed and elaborate description of the body, including a great deal of curious physiology and psychology. As is the case with Spenser, Fletcher’s description of the physical qualities of the body is rather tiresome and unpoetical, but the description of the mental qualities is exceedingly fine.

1. **Of all Gods workes.** The substance of this stanza should be specially noted. It expresses the intense reverence and admiration felt by the men of the Renaissance for the human body and all its powers. The idea that the body is noble when the soul governs the baser passions is found both in Plato and in Aristotle.

2. **yfere, together.** A.-S. *gefēra* means a travelling companion.
bord, accost. Fr. *aborder*.

the substance dead. It is only a picture of the living lady.

3. **the beautie of her mind.** Another expression of the Platonic doctrine of love, that it is essentially a noble reverence for noble minds (*Phaedrus*).

4. Spenser's expression of reverence for Queen Elizabeth should be taken quite seriously. To the men of his day she was the heroine who inspired the great spirit of England, and she was also the champion and representative of the Protestant faith.

retrait, portrait. It. *ritratto*.

And with her light the earth enlumines cleare. 'Enlumines' is a Chaucerian word. Cp.

"Fraunceys Petrak, the lauriat poete,
 . . . whos rethorike sweete
 Enlumyned al Ytaille of poetrie."

(*Clerk's Prologue.*)

6. **her sold to entertaine, to take her pay, i.e. to become her servant.** O. F. *solde*.

knights of Maydenhed. The Order of the Garter is probably meant.

Arthegall, the knight of Justice, the hero of Bk V; he seems to stand for Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, Spenser's patron and friend.

Sophy, does not occur in *The Faerië Queene*, but Spenser probably intended him to be the hero of one of the later books.

7. **Now hath the Sunne etc., one year is past.** Spenser always assumes the Ptolemaic system in his poem.

8. **Fortune, the foe.** Probably an allusion to the famous ballad of *Fortune, my foe*.

chevisaunce, achievement. This seems to be a Spenserian use of the word and scarcely warranted; in Chaucer it means an agreement.

10. **avale, alight.**

loup, fastening. Sir Guyon's horse had been stolen, but Spenser does not mention how he became possessed of another.

11. **wind his horne**. A common way of announcing reproach in the romances of chivalry.

12. **from neare decay**, from the destruction which threatens you.

This portion of the poem is probably suggested by Plato's *Republic* (Bk VIII), where he mentions the perturbed affections seizing upon the citadel of the human soul: *τῆς ψυχῆς ἀκροπόλιν*.

Seven yeares this wize. Todd notes that the seven years perhaps allude to the seven ages of the world: (1) Adam to Noah. (2) Noah to Abraham. (3) Abraham to the Exodus. (4) The Exodus to the Building of the Temple. (5) From the Building of the Temple to the Captivity in Babylon. (6) From the Captivity to the Birth of Christ. (7) From the Birth of Christ to the end of the world. Man's life was also divided into seven ages. Cp. Shakespeare, *As You Like It* (Act II, Sc. 7).

13. **Vile caytive wretches**. This reminds us of the description of the unhappy Irish as given by Spenser himself. He says that the winter is the best time for making war upon Ireland: "then the trees are bare and naked, which use both to clothe and house the kearne; the ground is cold and wet which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter which useth to blowe through his naked sides and legs; the kine are barren and without milk which useth to be his only food." (*View of the Present State of Ireland*.) In Spenser's symbolism these wretches are, of course, the evil desires, vices and temptations.

14. **from the forest nye**. Spenser mentions that the wild Irish were always taking refuge in the woods.

15. **their cruell Captaine**. Maleger who is described later, **their idle shades**: because desires and temptations, when they are stoutly resisted, fade away. But we may also compare it with what Spenser says of the Irish: "They looked like anatomyes of death, they spake like ghostes crying out of theyr graves."

16. **As when a swarme of Gnats**. This is one of the most realistic similes in Spenser. Cp. what he says of the Irish kearne and his mantle: "For the wood is his howse against all weathers and his mantell is his cave to sleep in. Herein he wrappeth himself rounde, and encloseth himself strongly against the gnattes, which in

that countrey doe more annoy the naked rebelles, whilst they keepe the woodes, and doe more sharply wound them then all theyr enemyes swordes or speares which can come seldome nigh them." (*View of the Present State of Ireland.*)

the fennes of Allan, the great Bog of Allen.

18. **Cupides wanton rage.** Cupid is used in Spenser as synonymous with the baser kind of love: it is he who keeps Amoret a prisoner and tortures her cruelly:

"Next after her, the winged God him selfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous

His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kynde,
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde."

(III xii 22.)

We may compare also the description of Charissa:

"Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated." (I x 30.)

19. **In robe of lilly white.** As the sign of purity. Cp. with the dress of Una:

"And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withouten spot or pride,
That seemd like silk and silver woven neare."

(I xii 22.)

Braunched, ornamented with branching embroideries.

tyre, ornament or head-dress: an abbreviation of 'attire.'

Rosiere, a rose-bush. O. F. *rosier*. Cp. Chaucer (*Romaunt of the Rose*):

"A roser chargid full of roses."

20. **mildnesse virginall**, maidenly.

21. **sensible**, sensitive.

of thing like to that **Ægyptian slime**. The clay of which man is made. 'Ægyptian' must be a slip for Assyrian for Spenser is speaking, as the next line shows, of Babylon; according to the legend the walls of Babylon were built of brick and bitumen, the latter may be the 'slime.'

Nine. Ninus is nowhere spoken of as the founder of Babylon; Spenser seems to confound him with Nimrod.

22. This is a very difficult passage, partly derived from the *Timæus* of Plato, but, even so, obscure. An elaborate explanation is given by Sir Kenelm Digby. The circle seems to be man's soul and the triangle his body.

The quadrate possibly stands for the 'sacred quaternion,' including all the powers and energies of man; the seven refers to the seven planets influencing all the life of man, and the nine, 'the circle set in heavens place,' is the ninth sphere which enfolds and encloses all things. **Dyapase** or diapason (*διὰ πασῶν*) means a harmony of all these together.

Another explanation, less mystical, is given by Professor Child:

"This verse describes the plan and proportions of Alma's castle, the human body. The circular part is the head, the triangular the legs, the base of the triangle being wanting. The quadrate or parallelogram, which forms the base of both, is the trunk. The triangle and the circle are called 'the first and last proportions,' because they include respectively the least and the greatest space in the same perimeter, or perhaps simply because they are the extremities. The triangle is imperfect, as wanting a base and denoting the animal nature; mortal, because it is altogether fleshly, and contains no spiritual part; feminine, because it includes the generative power, of which the female is the type. The circle is immortal, for it contains the imperishable mind; perfect, not only as complete in itself, but because the soul is made in the image of God; and masculine, because it is the seat of the spiritual principle which exercises sway over the body.

The breadth of the trunk, including the arms, is to the length from the shoulders to the thigh nearly as seven to nine, and the longer side of the parallelogram is affirmed to be equal to the circumference of the head."

Nine was the circle set in heavens' place, or topping this noble structure. All parts of the edifice fitly joined together made 'a goodly diapase' or concord. The first explanation is more likely to be correct.

23. The one before, the mouth.

24. Marble far from Ireland brought. There was a marble quarry in the neighbourhood of Kilcolman, the poet's home (Todd).

a wandering vine, probably the beard and moustache.

a faire Portcullis, the nose.

25. Barbican, a watch-tower.
a Porter, the tongue.
26. Twise sixteen warders, the teeth.
lout, bow. A.-S. *lūtan*.
27. drapets festivall. Linen cloths (It. *drappo*).
28. ne spard for nicenesse none, was not held back by overdelicacy or false modesty.
29. It was a vault. This description is like the kitchen of a Cambridge college.
Mongiball is really an alternative name for Ætna.
30. An huge great paire of bellowes, the lungs.
accoyld, collected, gathered together.
31. Achates, provisions. Chaucer has the form 'achatour,' meaning one who buys provisions (*Prologue*):
"A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple
Of which achatours myghte take exemple."
33. a goodly Parlour, the heart.
with royall arras. Spenser often describes the figures wrought upon such arras.
34. amate, keep company with.
aggrate, to please. It. *aggraziare*.
35. did gnaw a rush, to express anger or moroseness.
36. Themselves to court, to act in courteous style.
37. long purple pall, long flowing cloak or garment. Cp. Milton (*Il Penseroso*): "In sceptred pall come sweeping by."
- a Poplar braunch. The poplar branch was worn in athletic games and was sacred to Hercules.
with sadnesse spill, destroy with sadness. The word has the same sense in A.-S. *spillan*, 'to destroy.'
38. twelve moneths sought one, i.e. The Faerie Queene.
39. with faire samblaunt, keeping his countenance.
40. with many a plight, with many a fold.
the bird, which shonⁿeth vew, the owl.
how rude Pan did her dight. Spenser seems to think that Pan had changed her into a bird, but there is no legend to that effect.
41. pure Castory, a red or vermilion colour supposed to be taken from the 'castor' or beaver.
42. it discure, discover or reveal it.
43. Shamefastnesse it selfe. Aristotle's 'αἰδώς.'

44. a stately Turret, the head.

ten steps of Alabaster, the neck.

45. antique Cadmus...built, the acropolis of Thebes.

which Alexander did confound, in 335 B.C.

though richly guilt. Virgil is Spenser's authority for this (*Aen.*
II 448):

“Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
Devolvunt.”

young Hector's blood. Euripides in his play of the *Troädes* tells how Astyanax was flung from the walls of Troy.

46. flowers and herbars, the hairs of the head.

Two goodly Beacons, the eyes.

of substance sly, finely wrought, thin or fine substance.

47. three honorable sages, Imagination, Judgment, Memory.

48. By Phœbus doome, the wisest thought alive. Socrates whom the Delphic oracle declared to be the wisest man alive.

sage Pylian syre. Nestor, the wisest councillor in the *Iliad* and their oldest chieftain; it was largely due to his counsel that Troy was taken.

in praise of pollicies, could rival their wisdom.

49. the first did in the forepart sit, Imagination or Phantastes. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

“rather lyk manye
Engendred of humouër maléncolyk,
Biforn, in his owene celle fantastik.”

Spenser also notes the connection of Imagination with melancholy (52).

prejudize, pre-judgment.

50. Infinite shapes, the creatures of imagination.

Hippodames, sea-horses.

51. Shewes, visions. The difference between these is probably the difference between the 'Shew of kings' and the air-drawn dagger in Macbeth: the latter would be a vision.

sooth-sayes, fore-tellings. A.-S. *sōth* means 'truth,' and 'sooth-sayes' at first signifies true prophecies.

leasings. A.-S. *lēasung*, 'lie.'

52. Phantastes, *φαντάστης*.

of yeares yet fresh. The Imagination is pre-eminently the faculty of youth.

crabbed hew, sad appearance.

ill disposed skyes, born under unlucky stars.

Where oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonyes. Saturn was always supposed to be unlucky, a planet when 'oblique' was unluckier still; the 'house' was that region or division of the sky in which a planet rose; the 'house of Agonyes' or struggles (*ἀγῶνες*) was probably the sign of the Lion (Leo), in which Chaucer says that Saturn's influence was most malignant of all. Cp. (*Knights Tale*):

“My deere doghter Venus’ quod Saturne
 ‘My cours, that hath so wyde for to turne,
 Hath moore power than woot any man;
 Myn is the drenching in the sea so wan,
 Myn is the prison in the derke cote,
 Myn is the strangling and hanging by the throte,
 The murmure and the cherles rebellyng,
 The groynynge and the pryvce empoysonyng,
 I do vengeance and pleyn correccioun
 Whyl I dwelle in signe of the leoun.’”

Arcite also alludes to a 'bad aspect' of Saturn as having probably caused their imprisonment (*Knights Tale*):

“Som wikhe aspect or disposicioun
 Of Saturne, by sum constellacioun
 Hath yeven us this.”

53. memorable gestes, great deeds.

decretals, probably decrees.

wittily, intelligently or brilliantly: a common 16th century use of the word.

55. better scorse, exchange.

56. eld, age. A.-S. *ieldo*.

doth weld, wields or governs.

king Nine, Ninus of Babylon.

old Assaracus, a mythical king of Troy, ancestor of Aeneas. Cp.

“From royall stocke of old Assaracs line.” (II x 9.)

Inachus divine, the first king of Argos, father of Io; also a river-god, whence the epithet 'divine.'

58. Anamnestes, ἀναμνήστης, the reminder.

Eumnestes, εὐμνήστης, one who remembers well.

59. Briton monuments, the history of Britain.

Regiments, independent kingdoms.

CANTO X

For the material of this Canto see Introduction II a.*

1. **my most dreaded Sovereigne.** The British kings are represented as the ancestors of the Tudors, and so of Elizabeth.

2. **And all the world with wonder overspred.** Cp. the Introductory Stanzas to Book I:

“Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine.”

3. **Mœonian quill,** the pen of Homer. Homer was styled ‘Mæonides’ because supposed to be born in Mæonia or Lydia.

Phœbus rote, the lyre of Phœbus: as the god of poetry.

Phlegræan Jove, because victor over the giants at Phlegra.

His learned daughters, the daughters of Jove, i.e. the Muses. Cp. Milton (*Il Penseroso*):

“hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove’s altar sing.”

4. **this renowned Prince,** Arthur.

5. This description is found both in Holinshed and in Camden.

Unpeopled, unmanurd, unprov’d, unpraysd. The construction with repeated negatives is a Greek idiom, also used by Milton. Cp.

“Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved” (*P. L.* II 185).

pasyd, poised or balanced. This is a curious anticipation of what is now known to be a geological fact; Great Britain was certainly at one time a part of the Continent.

Celticke mayn-land, Gallia Celtica or France. Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

“Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields.”

6. The information in this stanza appears to be from Hardyng, who says that Albion was so-called from its white rocks.

7. Apparently from Holinshed and Camden, who say that the giants differed little from brute beasts.

the fen, the marsh.

8, 9. In these two stanzas Spenser follows mainly Holinshed, but

* N.B. For notes as to sources in this Canto I am mainly indebted to Miss C. A. Harper’s monograph *The Sources of the British Chronicle History in Spenser’s Faerie Queene.*

Holinshed substitutes Danao for Dioclesian; another possible source is Hardyng.

uneath, difficult. A.-S. *un-ēape*.

assot, befool.

shene, beautiful. Chaucer is fond of using this word as an adjective after a noun (*Troilus and Criseyde* II 920):

“Ful loude song ayein the mone shene.”

filthy Sprights, evil spirits.

9. **their owne mother**, the earth. Spenser assumes that, like the giants of classical mythology, they were earth-born.

unkindly crime, unnatural crime: ‘kind’ is regularly used for ‘nature’ in Chaucer.

Brutus, supposed to be descended from Aeneas; the date of his arrival in Britain was usually fixed some time in the 12th century B.C.

Assaracs line, Assaracus, ancestor of the Trojan kings.

fatal error, an error ordained by the fates because he was destined to found the kingdom of Britain.

10. From Holinshed and Geoffrey of Monmouth.

fone, weak plural of ‘foe.’

The **westerne Hogh**, Plymouth Hoe. This detail is not in Geoffrey, but was a local tradition which Spenser might also have found in Camden.

Goëmot. Geoffrey’s form is Goemagot, another form is Gogmagog.

11. No source is known for this stanza.

eight lugs of grownd, a lug or log is a perch.

Hercules in Fraunce. Holinshed gives the extraordinary legend of Hercules fighting in France. Spenser employs it again (IV xi 16). He says that Albion:

“Out of his Albion did on dry foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleped France,
To fight with Hercules.”

12. Probably from Geoffrey of Monmouth.

his worthy lot. Geoffrey, ‘*sorti suae cesserat*.’

The habit of inventing imaginary persons in order to explain place-names is common in early histories.

13. Geoffrey of Monmouth, though Geoffrey says that ‘Ignogen’ came from Greece.

14. From Geoffrey, Holinshed and Hardyng.

15, 16. From Geoffrey and possibly Holinshed.
strong munificence, fortifications.

16. *Abus*. Name not found in Geoffrey: possibly due to the *Mirror for Magistrates*. Changed into 'Humber.'

17, 18, 19. This story is mainly from Geoffrey, but Spenser adds certain details of his own: the capture and imprisonment of Loctrinus, the fact that Guendolene was killed at the moment of capture and Sabrina alone drowned in the river.

The story of Sabrina is told also in Milton's *Comus*.
disease, wantonness or wrong.

18. *faire Leman*, his paramour.
overhent, overtook.

19. *attached*, seized upon.

innocent of all. Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

"She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragèd stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood."

20, 21. The account of Madan is probably taken from Holinshed, for it is only the later chroniclers who say that he was a bad ruler.

The details concerning Memprise and Manild seem to be due to both Geoffrey and Holinshed.

21, 22. The history of Ebranck seems to be derived from Stow and Caxton—for the derivation of the name Germany, the name of Brunchild and the final defeat of Ebranck in Gaul are not to be found in Geoffrey.

22. *so many weekes as the yeare has*. The number of his children is usually given as fifty, but Caxton alters it to fifty-three: fifty-two is Spenser's own emendation.

germans, full brothers. L. *germanus*.

23, 24. The account of the second Brutus is apparently taken mainly from Stow and Holinshed, but part of it seems due to another unknown authority.

No known authority gives the Welsh words for 'red shield' or 'green shield' or mentions the moor 'twixt Elversham and Dell.

recur'd, recovered, atoned for.

24. *Scaldis*, the river Scheldt.

Hania, Hainault.

Estham bruges, Bruges.

The second Brutus was usually known as 'Brutus Greenshield.'

Scuith guiridh. The spelling of these words is Irish and not Welsh. Sir Edward Anwyl gives me as the correct forms 'ys gwyd wyrd' (Med. Welsh), 'ys gwyd wyrdd' (Mod. Welsh); similarly 'y scuith gogh' should be 'ys gwyd goch.'

25. The account of 'King Leill' is probably taken from Caxton and Stow, but Stow says that his reign was not peaceable; Spenser is probably writing carelessly, for if Leill's reign had been peaceful it would not be necessary to say of Hudibras that he made the land 'from wearie warres to cease.'

The account of Hudibras comes from Geoffrey, the form of the name being the one employed by him.

25, 26. The account of Bladud is obviously taken from chroniclers later than Geoffrey, possibly in part from Grafton and the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

sweet science, knowledge or learning.

26. **quicke Brimston**, sulphur. This explanation is given in *Robert of Gloucester*.

27—31. Spenser's story of King Lear is taken mainly from Geoffrey; he alters it, however, by condensing it. A few details in phrasing appear to be suggested by Holinshed and Hardyng.

The genius of Shakespeare has made this the most interesting portion of the chronicle; we note now Shakespeare has altered and made more tragic the conclusion of the story.

28. **as behoov'd**, as was fitting.

wanting colours faire, being too blunt and plain.

29. **king of Scots.** In Geoffrey and Holinshed the husbands of the daughters are not kings but dukes.

Aganip of Celtica. Holinshed says that France was ruled over by twelve princes of whom 'Aeganippus' was one.

30. **regiment**, rule or government.

cheare empayrd, spoilt his pleasure or comfort.

31. **gan...avise**, considered.

32. The statement that Cordelia hanged herself is not found in Geoffrey: this appears to be due to Spenser himself.

33. Probably from Geoffrey and Hardyng.

Cundah, Cunedag in Holinshed, Conedage in Hardyng.

34, 35. Mainly from Geoffrey.

Gorbogud. The story of this king under the name 'Gorboduc'

was made the source of a tragedy by Sackville written upon severely classical lines.

Arraught, seized by violence. A.-S. *ā-rācan*.

35. kinred. A.-S. *cynrāden*.

36. From Holinshed and the tragedy of Gorboduc.

seven hundred yeares. Holinshed says that the accession of Dunwallo was 703 years after the arrival of Brutus.

forlorne, lost. A.-S. *forlōsan*, *forloren*.

no monument, no relic.

37—39. Mainly taken from Geoffrey. Certain details, however—the special laws against stealing and the statement that Dunwallo was the first king in Britain to wear a crown of gold—are apparently due to Holinshed and Hardyng.

39. Travelers high way, ... Ploughmans portion. Dunwallo gave the right of sanctuary to high-roads and also to the husbandman's plough, "so that whosoever fled to them, should be in safeguard from bodily harme, and from thence he might depart into what country he would." (Holinshed.)

Numa, Numa Pompilius. The second king of Rome, according to tradition a great law-giver.

40. From Geoffrey and also from some later chronicler—probably Stow. Geoffrey does not mention the conquest of Greece.

Donwallo was styled 'Dunwallo Molmutius,' and his laws were styled the 'Molmutian' laws.

their perjured oth. Geoffrey recounts that the two brothers subdued Gaul and then marched to Rome; they made a treaty with the Romans and invaded Germany; the Romans, however, broke their treaty; Brennus then marched upon Rome and, joined later by his brother, the two besieged Rome. The date assigned is B.C. 365.

41. From Geoffrey and Holinshed, but the reference to 'Easterland' seems Spenser's own.

Easterland. The merchants of Norway were called 'Ostomanni,' and Easterland seems to mean Norway.

Holinshed mentions the 'Easterlings' trading into Ireland but says nothing of the conquest of their country.

foy, tribute. F. *foy*; L. *fidem*.

42. Almost certainly from Hardyng as the resemblance in phrasing is very close.

Guitheline his hayre. Hardyng:

“Guthelyn, his sonne, gan reigne as heyre

Who wedded was to Marcyan full fayre.”

Hardyng mentions also that he made laws called the ‘lawes Marcyane’ and was ‘full juste’ in all his judgment.

Aegerie, one of the ‘Camenae’ or goddesses of prophecy and song; she instructed Numa and helped him to his wisdom.

43. The main source of this stanza appears to be Geoffrey. Geoffrey, however, and most of the other chroniclers say Morindus was devoured by a sea-monster, while Spenser says he sleeps in peace.

Giles Godet seems to be the only chronicler who gives this detail.

Sisillus. Hardyng has ‘Sicilius,’ Grafton ‘Cecilius’ or ‘Sisillus’; Geoffrey’s form is ‘Sisilius.’

cruell rancour etc. Geoffrey has (ch. 14): “nimia probitate famosissimus esset, nisi immoderatae crudelitati indulisset.”

forreine Morands. He defeated a king of the Moriani, though what nation they were is not clear.

44, 45. Probably from Geoffrey and Holinshed.

Gorboman. This description seems due to Holinshed, who calls him ‘very devout.’

pitteous Elidure. Geoffrey has ‘Elidurus’: “qui postea propter misericordiam, quam in fratrem fecit, Pius vocatus fuit.”

45. reseized, reinstated.

Spenser compresses this portion very considerably.

46. Mainly from Geoffrey. One detail differs: Geoffrey says that Lud had three sons whereas Spenser mentions only two.

he did reædifye. Geoffrey (III 20): “renovavit muros Trinovanti.” Troynouant, London.

47—49. Mainly from Geoffrey, but the position given to the story of Nennius seems to be due to Hardyng. Certain details, such as the sword which is ‘yet to be seen’ and the reference to Arthur, seem to be Spenser’s own; at least they are due to no known source. Spenser again abbreviates considerably.

their Eme, their uncle. Cp. Chaucer (*Troilus and Criseyde* I 1022):

“Of thee, her eem, she n’il no such thing here.”

48. did foyle, repulse or defeat.

50, 51. Mainly from Geoffrey and Hardyng. Geoffrey, however, mentions that 'Kimbeline' had two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, the former of whom succeeded him and refused tribute to the Romans; Spenser omits all mention of Guiderius and ascribes his exploits entirely to Kimbeline.

51. a Treachetour. Geoffrey says (iv 11—13) that Hamo, a general under Claudius, disguised himself as a Briton and so was able to approach and slay Guiderius.

Aruirage. Geoffrey says that Arviragus took his brother's place in the battle and the Britons fought under him unconscious of the change, until they had defeated the Romans.

52. Forwasted, laid waste; 'for' is an intensive prefix in A.-S.

53. Apparently from Holinshed, but the mention of the holy grayle Spenser seems to have added from the romances.

54—56. The story of Bonduca is not to be found in Geoffrey. The main substance of it is given in Holinshed and Stow, but Spenser does not follow either of them closely; his details are either his own invention or from some unknown source. Holinshed places Bonduca in a slightly different period; he says that she was probably the wife of Arviragus.

Fletcher has a very fine play entitled *Bonduca*. Spenser probably includes this story as a compliment to Elizabeth. The more usual form of Bonduca is Boadicea. The main classical authority for her story is Tacitus.

besides the Severne. According to Tacitus Boadicea was an eastern queen and her followers were eastern tribes.

55. her selfe she slew. Holinshed leaves her fate doubtful; "some say she perished by her own hand."

56. Semiramis, queen of Nineveh, supposed to be its founder.

Hysiphil', queen of Lemnos; she saved her father when the other women agreed to slay all the men. She is somewhat curiously chosen as a heroine, but Spenser is perhaps influenced by the fact that Chaucer celebrates her in his *Legend of Good Women*.

Thomiris, queen of the Massagetæ, who defeated Cyrus.

57. Substantially from Geoffrey.

tirannize anew. Geoffrey says that Carausius obtained a fleet from Rome to defend the coast of Britain, then became a pirate and finally king of the Britons; he attacked the Romans.

57, 58. **Allectus...Asclepiodate.** Apparently from Stow.

treacherously slew. Stow says that Carausius was treacherously slain by Allectus, his best friend.

58. **Coyll.** Caxton appears to be Spenser's authority for the details relating to 'Coyll' or 'Coel.'

59. The account of Helena and her skill in musical instruments is taken from Geoffrey; the detail that Coel gives Helena to Constantius in marriage is, however, only to be found in later chroniclers such as Caxton and Holinshed.

godly thewes, virtues.

60. From Geoffrey.

Slaying Traherne. Geoffrey says that Constantius sent Traherne against Octavius, that Traherne was at first successful but, later on, was slain in ambush. The name is quite unhistorical.

61. Mainly from Geoffrey.

the Empire wan. Geoffrey says that Maximian conquered Germany and placed the seat of his empire at Triers.

friends of Gratian. According to Geoffrey these were the kings of the Huns and the Picts.

Maximinian. Apparently an alternative form of Maximian.

62, 63. The first two lines are a translation of Geoffrey's Latin, but the remainder differs from him considerably and seems to be derived from Holinshed and Stow.

63. **bordragings, border ravagings.**

Scatterlings. Probably the same as Easterlings, i.e. Scandinavians.

he heapt a mightie mound. The wall from the Forth to the Clyde.

Alclud, on the Clyde.

Panwelt, Falkirk.

64. Partly from Geoffrey, but the statement that Vortigern invited the Saxons is from the later chroniclers. Spenser omits much in Geoffrey.

Armorick, Armorica or Brittany.

three hoyes, three boatloads. Bede says that the Angles and the Saxons came from the district near the mouth of the Elbe.

65, 66. Mainly from Holinshed.

Hengist and Horsus, the stallion and the horse: the horse was a sacred animal with the early Teutons.

66. **faire daughter, Rowena.**

at **Stonheng**. According to Geoffrey and others the stones at Stonehenge were raised as a monument to the men slaughtered in this treacherous attack. Stonehenge is, of course, far older, and dates from prehistoric times.

67. A brief summary of Geoffrey.

the **sonnes of Constantine**, Constantius, who became a monk, Aurelius Ambrose and Uther Pendragon.

through **poyson**. Geoffrey says he was poisoned by Eopa, a Saxon.

68. **it did end**, because the chronicle has come down to the reign of Arthur's father.

other **Cesure**, other break: *cacsura*.

offence empeach, prevented his feeling anger.

69. **How much to her we owe**. The zealous patriotism of this stanza should be observed; such patriotism is one of the distinguishing characteristics of *The Faerië Queene*.

70. **Guyon...his booke**, *The Antiquitee of Faerie Lond*, dealing with the immediate ancestry of Elizabeth.

Prometheus. According to Aeschylus Prometheus bestowed the gift of fire upon man, and also taught him the arts. Spenser, however, follows Ovid (*Met.* 1).

hart-strings of an Ægle rived. A vulture fed upon his liver which continually grew again. Jove, however, did not deprive him "Of life him selfe," for Prometheus was an immortal.

71. **Quick, alive**. A.-S. *cwic*. It has nothing to do with the word 'elf,' A.-S. *ielfe*. Spenser's derivation is quite fantastic.

gardins of Adonis. Described at length in Spenser's third book (Canto vi).

either **Spright, or Angell**, probably Lilith is meant.

72. **warrayd**, made war upon. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"On Thesëus to helpe him to werreye."

all that now America, originally thought to be a part of India.

Cleopolis, London. κλέος, 'fame,' 'glory'; πόλις, 'a city.'

73. **Gobbelines**, probably 'goblins': hideous enemies of the fairies.

Panthea, possibly Windsor.

75. **Elficleos**, the famous Elf, Henry VII.

eldest brother, Prince Arthur.

mightie Oberon, Henry VIII.

Doubly supplide, because he married his brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon, and also succeeded to the crown.

76. **Tanaquill, Elizabeth.** Spenser carefully and ingeniously omits all mention of Edward VI and Mary.

CANTO XI

1, 2. These stanzas form another example of Spenser's Platonism; according to Plato the man whose soul subdues and reigns over the evil passions of the body is like a well-governed state, but the man in whom evil passions are predominant is like a state given over to a dreadful tyrant (*Republic*).

strong affections, strong passions.

sinfull vellenage, the service of sin. O. F. *villain*, 'a serf.'

3. **cremosin**, crimson.

4. **let them pas.** The adventures of Guyon and the Palmer are resumed in Canto XII.

6. **Them in twelve troupes.** Todd suggests that this number may represent the seven deadly sins and also those evils which assail the five senses.

offend his proper part, do most damage to the part to which he was most fitly opposed.

7. **the five great Bulwarkes**, the five senses.

importune toyle, violent labour.

8. **Gryphons, griffins**: a fabulous monster that was half an eagle and half a lion.

Lynces eyes, the eyes of a lynx, sharp and clear.

9. **with hault**, withholds or withdraws.

wicked engins, probably frauds or deceits; an 'engin' means any contrivance, and can be used in a mechanical or in a mental sense.

10. **Leasings, lies.** A.-S. *lēasung*.

crakes, braggings.

11. **Puttockes, kites.**

abusions, deceits, frauds.

13. **fierce of force**, violent.

Urchins, hedgehogs.

feeling pleasures, pleasures of the touch.

14. **Ordinance**, either cannon or battering engines.

wicked Capitaine, Maleger.

15. ward, the guardians or defenders of the castle.
two brethren Giants, Arthur and his squire Timias.

16. remerciéd, thanked.

Patrone of her life: a Latinism.

17. courteous conge, courteous leave.

Faire mote he thee, well may he thrive. A.-S. *thēon*, 'to thrive.'

most gent, most noble.

18. his vowes make vaine, the vows he has made to his rural deities.

19. dried stockes, dried branches. Cp. Milton's simile of the rebel angels:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa." (*P. L.* i 302.)

Spumador, the foaming one.

Such as Laomedon. The famous horses of Troy which were of divine race, though they had nothing to do with the horses of the sun. Laomedon was the father of Priam; the horses had been given by Jupiter to Tros.

20. yode. A.-S. *ēode*, 'went.'

Upon a Tygre. To typify the ferocity of lust.

subtile substance, fine substance.

21. so inly they did tine, injure.

22. This is a fine psychological picture of lust: worn out by his excesses and yet formidable.

belt of twisted brake. Probably bracken, to typify feebleness.

24. felly prickt, spurred it fiercely.

quarrell, arrow.

25. Infant, prince.

28. her attaching, taking her prisoner.

29. the villein, Maleger.

his gentle Squire, Timias.

30. in assurance, in safety.

The strong Puritan tone of this stanza should be observed.

31. His chiefest lets, hindrances.

they should behind invade, they should attack from behind.

to purge himselfe from blame, because he despised his antagonists.

32. grudge, murmur, complain. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

“And whoso gruccheth ought, he dooth folye.”

unto his native seat. The region of fire which was supposed to exist beyond and around the region of air; fire was supposed to be ever striving to rise to its native sphere.

33. touzd, pulled about, worried. Bear-baiting was a popular sport at the time.

deadly quar'le, his arrows.

marle, ground.

34. manhood meare, his own personal strength.

36. shunne the engin of his meant decay, the means of his intended death.

her souse, her swoop.

39. magicall illusion, an illusion created by some magician or enchanter.

wandring ghost that wanted funerall. According to Greek and Latin mythology the souls of the unburied could not cross in Charon's boat but remained lamenting by the waters of Hades. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 325):

“Haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est,
Portitor ille Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.”

aerie spirit under false pretence. Such as the one with which Archimage beguiles the Redcrosse Knight (i i 45):

“And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes.”

40. himselfe appeach, himself accuse.

a person without spright, a body without a spirit.

41. Give over to effect, cease from attempting.

42. This is probably suggested by the combat of Hercules with Antaeus. See also Introduction III.

43. Joves harnesse-bearing Bird, the eagle which carries Jove's weapons, i.e. his thunderbolts.

46. scruzd, squeezed or crushed.

standing lake, still or calm lake.

47. Hedlong her selfe. The fit ending for Impatience.

48. he began to faint. This reminds us of Guyon after issuing from Mammon's Cave. The struggle with temptation makes even the conqueror weak and faint.

49. fairest Alma. It was always the part of the ladies to play physician to those wounded in battle.

costly spicery. Probably means drinks of herbs. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

“To othere woundes and to broken armes,
Somme hadden salves and somme hadden charmes,
Fermaciës of herbes and eek save
They dronken.”

CANTO XII

1. perilous sted, perilous place.

3. the Gulfe of Greedinesse. Suggested by Charybdis. (See Introduction II b.)

4. loadstone. Spenser makes the rock of Scylla a magnet, so that it attracts all ships and destroys them, like the rock in the *Arabian Nights*.

ragged rift, pieces of the cliff which threaten to break off.

helplesse waves, waves which permit of no help.

6. darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 134):

“bis nigra videre

Tartara.”

drent, drowned. A.-S. *drenchen*.

7. to ruinate, to fall down.

exanimate, lifeless.

blent, defiled or stained from; *blenden*, ‘to mix.’

8. Seagulles hoarse and bace. It is notable that Spenser has no affection for the sea nor for the birds associated with it.

despairefull drift, driving or shipwreck.

9. luxurie. Generally used to mean licentiousness in 16th century English.

10. stiffe oares. Virgil (*Aen.* v 15):

“validisque incumbere remis.”

hoare waters, white with foam.

floting the floods emong. Floating islands are a natural phenomenon on certain lakes; they are spongy and made of reeds and water plants. Spenser is more probably thinking of the classical legend of Delos. (See 13.)

11. seeming now and than, appearing from time to time.

certain wonne, fixed dwelling. A.-S. *wunian*, ‘to dwell.’

12. **may never it recure**, may never draw back.

13. **hard assay**, harsh persecution.

her faire twins, Apollo and Artemis.

did rule the night and day, Artemis as goddess of the moon, and Apollo as god of the sun.

highly herried, highly praised. Cp. Chaucer (*Man of Law's Tale*):

“heryed be Goddes grace.”

14. **a litle skippet**, a skiff.

15. **left her lockes undight**, loose and flowing.

withouten ore. It was driven by turning a pin (vi 5).

the departing land. Probably because the island floated away.

16. **and purpose diversly**, accosted them in different ways.

wite, blame. A.-S. *witan*.

17. **gate**, way or passage; of Scandinavian origin.

18. **hidden jeopardy**, hidden danger.

checked wave, the wave which was ‘checked’ or broken by the quicksand.

Unthriftyhed, extravagance.

19. **mesprize**, neglect.

20. **Whirlepoole of decay**, of Destruction.

haplesse doole, dole or sorrow.

21. **th'utmost sandy breach**, the end of the quicksand.

the measure of his guise, his accustomed level.

22. **Eftsoones**, soon after.

23. **Or shame**, feel shame.

cunning hand, skilful hand.

pourtraicts of deformitee, veritable images of deformity.

Spring-headed Hydraes. Because when one head was cut off more sprang in its place.

According to Olaus Magnus (Bk xxi, Ch. 44) the hydra is a kind of sea-serpent; it is twenty cubits long, and very fierce, and belongs to the same species as the dragon. It sometimes attacks land-animals, and even men: “qui certo anni tempore armenta et pastores ipsos totaliter devorant.”

sea-shouldring Whales, because they seem immense enough to push the sea aside.

Great whirlpooles. Olaus Magnus (Bk xxi, Ch. 6) says that these are a kind of whale; “it spouts water like a whale, and its custom is to attack shîps by spouting water upon them and so overwhelming

them ; when it cannot overwhelm a ship in this manner it will attack with blows from its tail." (Lat. *physeter.*)

Scolopendra, a fish resembling a centipede.

Mighty Monoceros. A kind of sea-unicorn, an exaggerated sword-fish. Olaus Magnus says: "Monoceros est monstrum marinum, habens in fronte cornu maximum, quo naves obvias penetrare possit ac destruere et hominum multitudinem perdere." He adds that by divine grace the monoceros, though so fierce, has been made slow so that it is not difficult to evade.

24. **that hath deserv'd the name of Death.** This is probably the Mors. Olaus Magnus says (Bk XXI, C. 19): "Norvagicum littus... maximos ac grandes pisces elephantis magnitudine habet, qui morsi seu rosmari vocantur." According to Olaus this and the 'rosmarin' are the same creature ; he adds that they are of extraordinary ferocity and very quick ; if they can see a man upon the seashore they catch him, and destroy him by biting him in pieces.

griesly Wasserman, a kind of sea-demon, "homo marinus."

Sea-satyre, another kind of sea-demon, "Satyrus marinus."

Huge Ziffius. Olaus Magnus (Bk XXI, C. 14) gives a long account of this monster ; he says it is as large as a whale and has a mouth like an enormous gulf, horrible eyes and a back furnished with long sword-like points which could destroy a ship.

Rosmarines. Apparently the same as the Mors ; the creature was really a walrus and the description of its capture given by Olaus Magnus (Bk XXI, C. 17) is plainly a walrus-hunt ; he says that they were captured for the sake of their teeth, which the Scythians and other races used as ivory because they were hard, white and heavy, and excellently adapted for carving.

25. **bugs, terrifying objects.**

Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall. Olaus Magnus (XXI 8) declares that sea-creatures are far larger and more terrible than land-animals: "Quod vero in mari majores bestiae sunt terrestribus animalibus, facit humoris luxuria, et alta profunditas, in qua et abundantia victus est."

26. **that same wicked witch, Acrasia.**

worke us dread, cause us fear.

vertuous staffe, having magic power.

Tethys bosome. Tethys, the sea-goddess, wife of Oceanus.

28. **inly nothing ill apayd, she has no real grief.**

womanish fine forgery, deceit.

29. stayed stedfastnesse, resolutely.

to bayt, to rest. The word is really the causative of *bītan*, 'to bite,' and means to give food to, e.g. to 'bait horses.' Spenser's use is not quite correct.

30. halfe Theatre, semicircle.

five sisters, sensual pleasures: therefore five.

31. They were faire Ladies. This stanza represents Spenser's own mythology; it is excellently imagined.

Heliconian maides, the Muses.

one moyity, one half.

surquedry, pride.

their hew, form. A.-S. *hīw*, 'shape or form.'

32. The worlds sweet In. In the older language 'inn' has the sense of dwelling place: it is probably so taken here.

35. wastfull mist, desolate or far-spreading.

harmefull fowles, birds. Cp. Chaucer, *Parlement of Fowles*.

36. fatall birds, birds of evil omen.

The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere. Cp. Chaucer (*Parlement of Fowles*):

"The oule eke, that of deth the bode bryngeth."

We may compare also *Macbeth* where the owl 'clamours' all night long on the night of Duncan's murder.

trump of dolefull drere, messenger of gloom and sadness.

The ruefull Strich. The screech-owl that was also an omen of death.

Whistler shrill. Another bird of evil omen, not identified.

hellish Harpies. The harpies were winged monsters, greedy and foul: half woman and half bird.

37. sacred soile. A Latinism, *sacer*, 'accursed.'

38. of nought ydred, afraid of nothing.

39. with fell surquedry, with fierceness and pride.

40. fraying, frightening.

41. Orcus, the god of the infernal regions: Pluto. Cf. Milton (*P. L.* II 964):

"Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon."

42. aggrate, please (It. *aggraziare*).

43. Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win. 'Their force' seems to refer to the beasts; the inmates within do not fear them, but they do fear wisdom and temperance.

44. a worke of admirable wit, a work of genius, as we should say. In Tasso's description of Armida's bower the gate also is wonderfully wrought, but it is of silver and the figures are quite different from Spenser's.

His falsed faith. Cp. Chaucer (*Legend of Good Women*), where he says of Jason :

"Ther other falsen one, thou falseste two."

too lightly fit, too readily passing away.

wondred Argo. Jason's ship which carried the Argonauts 'the flour of Greece.'

the Euxine seas. Colchis, which Jason had to visit to obtain the golden fleece, lay on the eastern side of the Black Sea.

45. the boyes bloud. Medea's two sons whom she slew in revenge when Jason deserted her for Creüsa.

th'enchanted flame, which did Creüsa wed. Medea sent her rival a wedding present of a most beautiful robe, but it was subtly poisoned and, when Creüsa donned it, it burst into flame and destroyed her and also her father who hastened to her aid. The story is told in the *Medea* of Euripides.

47. celestiaall powre. This is the Genius of whom Socrates spoke, who stood by him always and gave him admonitions and warnings.

generation of all. The marriage bed was called 'lectus genialis'; the genius was the inspirer of good acts and good thoughts, the bestower of plenty and joy.

That is our Selfe. Spenser interprets the genius not as a deity but only as the moral nature of man.

48. Agdistes. The ancients did *not* call the genius Agdistes: that identification really comes from Natalis Comes (iv 3) (Warton's Note).

that good envyes to all. This was an evil genius: *Δαίμων κάκος*.

guilefull semblaunts. He suggests ideas of lust and pleasure.

49. Mazer, a large drinking-bowl.

overthrew his bowle disdainfully. We notice here and elsewhere the Puritan severity of Guyon; he shows no tolerance for the powers of ill and destroys the whole Bower.

50. **pleasauns**, pleasantness.

Wherewith her mother Art. Spenser means that it was an artificial garden and not a natural landscape.

51. **alwayes Joviall**, under the aspect of Jupiter: favourable.

52. **Rhodope**, a high mountain in Thrace.

the Nimphe. This story is told by Plutarch (*De Fluviis*, p. 23), and also by Ovid (*Met.* vi 87).

Ida, the mountain range near Troy.

Parnasse, a high mountain in Phocis; it was sacred to Apollo and the Muses; on its slopes was the city of Delphi and the Castalian spring.

54. Perhaps suggested by Calypso's grotto in the *Odyssey*.

empurpled as the Hyacint, the hyacinth or jacinth, a stone which was dark purple in colour. Lat. *hyacinthus*.

56. **without fowle empeach.** 'Empeach' ought to mean 'hinder' but seems used very loosely here: without unpleasant delay. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* v 344):

"For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must."

57. Cp. again Milton, where the brothers break the cup of Comus by dashing it against the ground.

59. **ensude Art**, followed after art. This stanza is translated from Tasso. Cp. Perdita's speech in the *Winter's Tale* (Act iv, Sc. 4).

60. **them selves embay**, drench or steep.

61. **lascivious armes.** The ivy is probably so styled as sacred to Bacchus. Cp. Spenser's *Shepherds Calender*—Oct.:

"O! if my temples were distaind with wine
And girt in garlonds of wild yvie twine."

62. **an ample laver**, a large basin.

64. **unhele**, uncover. A.-S. *helan*, 'to cover.'

65. **that faire Starre.** Venus when appearing as the Morning Star, Lucifer.

69. **all our drift despise**, all our plan.

70. **what manner musicke**, what kind of music.

71. This is closely modelled on Tasso (*Ger. Lib.* xvi).

base murmure, the bass.

74, 75. These two stanzas are a close translation from Tasso (*Ger. Lib.* xvi).

doest faine to see, is glad to see.

75. many a Paramowre, many a lover; the word had not a bad sense in Spenser's time.

Cp. with these stanzas the speech of Comus to the Lady:

“Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk, with languished head.”

76. The constant paire, i.e. Guyon and the Palmer.

77. the fine nets, gossamer.

80. sleeping praise; a Latinism.

full of old monuments, heraldic symbols bestowed as the reward for the great deeds of his ancestors.

fowly ra'st. This was the last disgrace for a knight.

did blend, blinded.

81. a subtile net, fine-woven.

82. distraine, pull asunder, break.

83. banket houses, banqueting houses.

86. an hog...hight Grille. This incident is from Plutarch's dialogues.

87. Delights in filth and foule incontinence. Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

“they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.”

PR 2358 .A1 W55 1915 v.2
SMC

Spenser, Edmund,
1552?-1599.

The faerie queene /

BAD-2680 (mcsk)



